

# Rights to Your Soul

Street Dogs

Walking on a summer day down in Warland Square  
When we came upon a begging flower with dreadlocks in her hair  
A younger girl, cyanotic too soon  
She shoots us back a look, keep that pity to yourself  
Then she turns away so violently and fixes up again  
Life-stealing chill digging into her

Why have you turned out this way?  
Have all those cheap shots got you running so far away?

Because it owns, owns the rights to your soul  
Numb like a mortician, funeral parlor cold  
Somewhere beneath the rot lies a rose  
Before the poison stream stole the rights to your soul  
Rights to your soul, rights to your soul

Reluctantly I throw some cash and pity in her can  
Knowing full well that the money is earmarked for a bad plan  
Admit kindness to a fault, I guess  
She half smiles, half cries, catch that pity in my eyes  
Then she looks away within a hurry for her begging cry  
Christ, she looks on her last leg

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How do you concede young life to a dragon?  
How about kicking your demons loose for a ride on the wagon?

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Owens, owns the rights to your soul  
Numb like a mortician, funeral parlor cold  
I remember such a little rose  
Before the heroin stole the rights to your soul  
Rights to your soul, rights to your soul