

SWITCH YOU ON

My life consists of begging, bending
over to the floor
Worse than some kind of urban animal
I remain at the door
They come and go
Ignoring the sidewalk

Bridge :
Queuing for eating
Queuing for some sleep

Chorus :
I'm invisible, invisible
They walk on me
Without any trouble
What if
I'd beat'em all, beat'em all
They would realize
How hard it is to fall

I'm locked up in the street
Can't even cry any tear
As worthless as a shrink
Shelters've become a bliss

From the bottom of the pit, I dream
That one day i'll stand up
Here I am, granting for some gleam