

# Fairwell

## Benefit

I'm gonna leave the past alone  
I used to have a blast at home  
And a cellular phone, now I'm a walking skeletal bone  
My stomach's eating itself because I'm so damn hungry  
I'm homeless, just about worthless and stumbly  
'cause I just finished that last bit of Guinness  
why should i buy food bitch, mind your own business  
Now tend to mine, sometimes I tend to find  
A little piece of sandwich somebody left behind  
And I'll eat that the whole day, I beg thee always  
Say will work for food, have no place to stay  
Starvation has me living on my last chance  
I make a fast dash and hit up all the trashcans  
If I'm lucky I'll find a piece of bread, often instead  
I like to slash my neck leaving my shirt awfully red  
But I can't put the knife to my neck, my life is a wreck  
And I'd shoot myself if I had a rifle or tek  
Prolonged death through malnutrition is unbearable  
I try to find a job, I'm filthy plus I smell terrible  
So nobody wants to pay me, no hottie wants to lay me  
I tell the prostitutes to give me head, they disobey me  
Maybe, I'll join the military, join the Navy  
But I have no identification and no bravery  
So fuck it, I'm just gonna be alcohol's puppet  
Get really drunk, find a tall building and climb up it  
And then I'll jump off, but wait, I'm afraid of heights  
I have to turn off my lights some way with no frights  
What's the difference if I go out quietly or with a bang?  
There's a ledge, there's a rope, guess I might as well hang  
But that's some bullshit because I know it won't work  
What if my neck doesn't break on the first jerk?  
What type of shit is this? I guess I'll just slit a wrist  
But that's way too slow, and plus, what if the veins missed?  
I've abandoned all chances of begging and all chances of living  
Guess there's no obvious circumstances of giving  
Now if I'm gonna move on of free will  
The only way to eat a meal is to rob, steal and kill  
But I don't have it in me and I'm too damn friendly  
You're my enemy because I'm broke and you have plenty  
That's how I justify it in my own mental riot  
You're well fed and I'm about to die from this diet  
So you be quiet, and give up all your shit calmly

I'm ornery and I have a rusty screwdriver on me  
And if you try to fight then it's going in your neck quick  
I'm a derelict but this is no lunatic rhetoric  
So take it seriously and don't try to screw with me  
Don't get furious or curious, I want your jewelry  
Yes all of it, hurry up I'm being tolerant  
If I choose to kill you, huh, the police ain't solving it  
'cause I'm a nobody and nobody is witnessing this robbery  
And after I kill you, I'll kill myself probably  
That's right, I'm gonna kill you now I'm so sorry  
But I got all of your money plus the keys to your Ferrari  
And that's all I need I knew that he would fall indeed  
Then the cops pulled up while I watched his neck bleed  
And they pulled out all their guns at me and yelled "Freeze"  
I put the screwdriver to my throat and fell to my knees  
God please, tell me who's at fault, is it me?  
I told the cops I used to be a productive MC  
And I signed a record deal with a shady company  
Who exploited me and left me homeless without a penny  
I was excited, the first label interested  
I did what I did 'cause I was a foolish young kid  
Oh well, if I live, I'm on a road to hell  
So I guess this is it, goodbye, farewell

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>