

# Outsiders

Jesse Malin

Get your man-child off the street  
Tell your fortunes to the thieves  
From the wastelands of the world  
Through the shadows of a girl  
Moving to the rhythm of the primal drum  
You've been working all  
your life  
'Nother slave to all that jive  
Like an actor in the rain  
With somebody else's fame  
Moving to the rhythm of the final drum  
Whatever you believe in, we all get corrupted  
I'm an outsider after the party's over  
I'm an outsider after the show  
I'm outsider trying to kick it over  
I'm an outsider, that's all I know  
Moving to the rhythm of the final drum  
Whatever you believe in, we all get corrupted

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