Canvas Homes (E)

Rent's gone to fuck, the wage stayed low
Keys were taken, nowhere to go
Packed our lives in plastic bins
Now we lay with rats and tins

Neighbours call it "condos closed"
We live in tents, the street exposed
We light a fire, we warm some beans
We drag around, the same blue jeans

We had a house, we had thread
Now the pavement is our bed

Canvas homes,
Canvas homes,
Canvas homes,
We work all day, our hope grows old

Shower's gone, we wipe our skin
Cold meals echo in the tin
We go to work, our faces plain
Not sure what street still knows our name

The rent is steel, the laws are glass
The canvas grows, the days just pass
Sirens come, the map may fall
The scraps we keep mean fuck-all

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Now the pavement is our bed

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Every morning, fear begins
Will the tent, the clothes be gone again?
Every evening, when the workday ends
We dream a home that still pretends

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