

Presidents of the United States of America, The

"Meanwhile Back In The City"

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I was standing quiet alone in a crowded disco
When a man I did not know showed me the door
And told me I had to go
Well that kind of humiliation never happens on farm
That's why city living does the pysche such harm
And I said

Fire escapes don't work until theres a fire
You gotta sleep on the floor
Live in the mud
There's no need to go higher
Once you taste a brick you won't want more
Saving sanity is no trick when your livin' outdoors

Well it did not take me long to realise my mistake
When garbage trucks messed up my dreams I knew my
dreams were fake
Don't know how people gonna live like this
Pigeons might enjoy it but I cant live in this mess and I
said

Fire escapes don't work until theres a fire
You gotta sleep on the floor
Live in the mud
There's no need to go higher
Once you taste a brick you can't chew and talk
Saving sanity is no trick when your livin' in a room the
size of a shoebox

So finally all the wires and plastic got to me
Ideas and realisations were passing right through me
I did not take a train a plane or bus with wings
Man wasn't meant to fly
Besides walking does the same thing: gets me outta
here

Fire escapes don't work until theres a fire
You gotta sleep on the floor
Live in the mud
There's no need to go higher
Oce you taste a brick you won't want more

Saving sanity is a trick when you livin' on someone
elses floor

Hi, wazzup, how you doing, its good to see ya
What's your name again, I cant remember
Times up gotta go

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