

Row Skid**"LIVIN' ON A CHAIN GANG"**

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Turn on the TV, 'cause I got nowhere to go
Seems that there's a little trouble down in Mexico
A 13-year-old boy robs a store so he can eat
And they got him doing time while killers walk the streets

A hungry politician is the wolf that's at the door
Hell-bent on submission and feedin' on the poor
We could stare into the sun if we would open up our eyes
But we paint ourselves into a corner colored in white lies

Busted on the rockpile, getting dusted in the heat
Shackled to the system, and draggin' my feet

CHORUS

I'm riding on a breakdown
Another whiteknuckled shakedown
Feels like I'm livin' on a chain gang
I'm riding on a breakdown
A suicidal shakedown
Feels like I'm on a chain gang

A con man's intuition can wash your sins away
Send your contribution and he'll save your soul today
What can he know, has he been through hell and back
He takes the cash and drives it home in a brand new Cadillac

Spitting at the guard dog, burning in his wicked deal
Screamin' down the railroad with no one at the wheel

CHORUS

Faith healin' superstition
Cold-blooded criminal mind
Getting off on high position
Hey brother can you spare a dime
To get me off this slaughter line

CHORUS

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