

Sharp Dave "In The City"

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Smokestack in a rainstorm

Long way to move on

I've chained here too long

No moon, and sun gone

Rode up on a lifeline

Tracked up on a train line

bad luck

thin line

Bus ride on a greyhound

Waking up in a bad land

Warm heart and cold hands

I can't sit and I can't stand

Thank God on a bad day

Bad job on a low pay

No right and no way

Be up again some day

Chorus:

Way down in the city

Way down in the city

Ain't nothing too pretty

Way down in the city

Wife dead on a gun boke?

Way jokes

Bad rust and bad smoke

I get a no joke

Green house of big heat

Dead trees and dead meat

Fast food you can't eat

Stuff kids dead beat

I don't free the hostage

Bank raid get rich

Fuel pumping oil slick

Black gold that you dig

Six feet and gravestone

Testify

I burned up on a gun run man you know?

I just can't get satisfied

Chorus

Scream

Way down

Straight down a states street

Hot tub and a hair grease

Dark brown and big freeze

Bad trouble and police

Street backs switchblade

No sense a crusade

Long tail and no pace

This land that go[td] made

White world of moonshine

Black bear of bad time

I lost sight and I gone blind

Last chance of a lifetime

Black deuce of love stone?

White rose a milestone

Sat down a unknown

Last stop to headstone

Chorus

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