

10Cc "Fresh Air For My Mama"

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So say one and so say all
Say what you gotta say
Or don't say nothing at all
You been tossin' and turnin' through soft sticky nights
While the Bronx below you fights to stay alive

So say one and so say all
Be what you gotta be
Or don't be nothing at all

Be gracious to your mother
When you leave this neighbourhood
The change is going to do her good
Next to me you look bad
'Cos there ain't no fresh air for my momma, my
momma

But the drop is shear
When you break away

Take me away
It's just about time to hit the road
And say
You gotta believe in something

It's easy to see
My God is fading away
So pick up your bible and pray for me

We're all alone in the darkness
But our eyes are wide open
We don't see nothing
And our hands are tied
To the railings of the Bowery
And the humid city slickers

So say one and so say all
We had a lot to say
And we said it all

The cost of living in dreams
Is rising like a crime wave

The American way of dying

And it gets you every time

And it looks like it's got to my momma

My momma

May she rest in peace

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