

## Dave Sharp "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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