

Degarmo And Key "War Zone"

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Dancing Jimmy got a place on the floor
He sleeps at the foot of the stairs
He likes to talk about Carnegie Hall
But dancing Jimmy has never been there
He's just a castaway in this city
A shell of someone we used to know
He wants a lot, but he doesn't want pity
Ah he really needs a home
He's livin' in a war zone
Livin' in a war zone

Down the street there's a mixed up man

In a wig and a red satin dress

Memphis vice in an unmarked car
Looking for someone to arrest
Out on the front we need someone to lead us
Someone who can love through the hate
We need somebody who's just like Jesus
He better come before it's too late
Livin' in a war zone
Livin' in a war zone
Livin' in a war zone

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