

Eric Burdon

"City Boy"

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Well, I came back to the city
And it wasn't very pretty,
It was dying
There were some who had more than they could eat
And other with no shoes up on their feet,
They were crying
I saw a brother sell his brother
While the cops held another,
They were laughing
I saw two dogs in the street,
A black one and a white one,
They were fighting
If it isn't very pretty
Why do they stay in the city
And watch it dying?
Why don't I go back to the country
And sit beneath a plum tree with my sweet little girl,
And listen to her singin'?
It's because I'm caught in a trap
Lord, and you know where that's at
It sure ain't the country
Oh, Lord knows, it ain't the country
It's because it's the way I see it every night and day
I hope to change it
I'm just at city boy,
City boy, that's me
Hey! City boy, city boy
Yeah, yeah, city boy,
Oh Lord, city boy

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