

## J. Holiday

### "Downtown L. A"

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Downtown l.a. is a depressing place  
You can see young men with deep lines in their face  
They could all be something if somebody cared  
But nobody knows they're even down there  
Old woman walking with a sack on her back  
Picking up the garbage people put out back  
Men down there trying to walk the line  
Trading their soul for a bottle of wine  
In the inner city it ain't no good  
It's a long, long way from hollywood  
Bad kind of people got a hold of the street  
They got something that the poor people need  
At two in the morning they bust your head  
Fat chance walking you'll end up dead  
It' the law of the jungle with a gun and a knife  
If you stay long enough you lose your life  
Man down there he couldn't be lying  
He was sleeping in the street and he couldn't keep  
from crying  
Said he'd been there for twenty one years  
Through the bars and the brawls and the blues and the  
tears  
Prop up the front the back falls down  
All around the canyons of l.a. town  
When he asked me for a dollar I looked him in his face  
Downtown l.a. is a depressing place

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