

Jane's Addiction "City"

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In the city there is something to see
In the city there is nothing to breathe
I'm goin' 'bout my business
I'm wondering what I'm missing and

And on my way home
Hid in my coat
I wrote my name on the city wall
Being famous

In the city there is a park bench you can sleep out on
The city there is a trash can you can eat out of
I'm goin' 'bout my business
Ahh, I'm wondering what I'm missing

And on my way home
A cop said no
I said, "There is a man with a stick and a gun in his
hand"
Being famous

Red man in the city, poor man in the city
Black man in the city, fat man in the city
Ahh, red man, black man, fat man, blue man
I don't know the rest of the words
'Cause I made it up just for you, ohh, ohh, ohh
Just for you

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