

Lit

"Skid Row"

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Alarm goes off at seven
and you start up-town.
You put in your eight hours
for the powers
that have always been.
(Sing it child)
'Til it's five-pm...

"Then you go..."

Downtown
Where the folks are broke. You go
Downtown
Where your life's a joke. You go
Downtown
Where you buy a token. You go...
Home to Skid Row.

"Yes you go..."

Downtown
Where the cabs don't stop.
Downtown
Where the food is slop.
Downtown
Where the hop-heads flop in the snow...
Down on Skid Row.

Uptown you cater to a million jerks.
Uptown you're messengers and mailroom clerks.
Eating all your lunches at the hot-dog carts.
The bosses take your money and they break your
hearts.

And Uptown you cater to a million whores.
You disinfect terrazzo on their bathroom floors.
The jobs are really menial you make no bread.
And then at five-o'clock you head

"By subway..."

Downtown
Where the guys are drips.
Downtown
Where they rip your slips.
Downtown
Where relationships are no go.
Down on Skid Row.

Poor, all my life I've always been poor.
I keep askin' God what I'm for.
And he tells me, "Gee, I'm not sure."
"Sweep that floor, kid!"
Oh! I started life as an orphan,
A child of the street, here on Skid
Row! He took me in gave me shelter
A bed, crust of bread and a job.
Treats me like dirt and calls me a slob,
Which I am...
So I live

Downtown
That's your home address, you live
Downtown
When your life's a mess, you live
Downtown
Where depression's just status quo.
Down on Skid Row.

Someone show me a way to get outta here.
'Cause I constantly pray I'll get outta here.
Please won't somebody say I'll get outta here.
Someone gimme my shot, or I'll rot here!

(Downtown)
Show me how and I will, I'll get outta here.
(There's no rules for us)
(Downtown)
I'll start climbin' up hill and get outta here.
(Cause it's dangerous)
(Downtown)
Someone tell me I still could get outta here.
(Where there rainbow just doesn't show)
Someone tell lady luck that I'm stuck here!
(When you get...)

(Downtown)
Gee it sure would be swell to get outta here.
Bid the gutter farewell and get outta here.
I'd move heaven and hell to get outta Skid.
I'd do I don't know what to get outta Skid.
But a hell of a lot to get outta Skid.

People tell me there's not a way outta Skid.
But believe me I gotta get outta Skid
Row!

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