

## **Luther Allison**

### **"Big City"**

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Sun sinking deep, fires burning down  
Hard to see the moon, when the smoke is all around  
I live in a big city  
And they tell me we are free  
I hear babies cryin'  
There'll be killing in these streets

How many heartaches, how many years of pain  
Just how many funerals, before the streets be safe  
again  
I live in a big city  
And they tell me we are free  
I hear babies cryin'  
There'll be killing in these streets

Evening sun going down, police using his billy stick  
When the blood start to flowin', and it'll be flowin' till  
the mornin' come again  
I live in a big city  
And they tell me that we are free  
Now I hear these babies cryin'  
Do you know what that's doin' to me?  
Lord it's tearin' my heart apart

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