

Rodriguez "Inner City Blues"

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Going down a dirty inner city side road,
I plotted.
Madness passed me by, she smiled hi,
I nodded.
Looked up as the sky began to cry,
she shot it.

Met a girl from Dearborn
early six o'clock this morning,
a cold fact.
Asked about her bag,
suburbia's such a drag,
won't go back.
'Cause Papa don't allow no new ideas here,
and now he sees the news,
but the picture's not too clear.

Mama, papa, stop
treasure what you've got,
soon you may be caught
without it.
The curfew's set for eight,
will it ever all be straight,
I doubt it.

Seven jealous fools
playing by her rules,
can't believe her.
He feels so in between,
can't break the scene,
it would grieve her.
And that's the reason
why he must cry,
he'll never leave her.

Crooked children, yellow chalk
writing on the concrete walk,
their King died.
Drinking from a Judas cup,
looking down, but seeing up,
sweet red wine.
'Cause Papa don't allow no new ideas here,
and now you hear the music,
but the words don't sound too clear.

Mama, papa, stop
treasure what you've got,
soon you may be caught
without it.
The curfew's set for eight,
will it ever all be straight,
I doubt it.

Going down a dusty,
Georgian side road,
I wonder.
The wind splashed in my face,
can smell a trace
of thunder.

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