

## Royal City Riot

### "The Stranger"

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One kid from Brooklyn  
The other from Queens  
Met on a crosstown train  
They cut from class, and they both agreed  
A bottle down at Coney's all they need

A handful of kicks they stashed under their belts  
But Queens stepped on Brooklyn's time  
Now a new gang's there with icy stares  
The stranger said hello and that's goodbye

He's got more faces than the cards you drew  
You can't say spit, but you know it's true  
When it all comes down, and the deal is through  
The stranger made a buyer of me and you

She smoked the filters, and he smoked 'em straight  
On gin and jazz they agreed  
A pack of nights, went spinnin' round  
In no time they were shacking up midtown

A vow it would seem, to fill out that dream  
But life ain't what you think  
Cause where once stood two, there now stand three  
The stranger now divides their company

Mr. Down On His Luck  
Living shopping cart dreams  
He works the end of my street  
With gushing words and daily dimes  
I buy myself a little peace of mind

The workday is long  
And when night draws her shadow  
I get tired and so beat  
I passed right by the man in need  
The stranger led me faster up the street

I thought I was in a different place  
The stranger just looked me dead in the face  
I bought his wares in stead of grace

Bought a bill of sale instead of grace

He's got more faces than the cards you drew  
You can't say spit, you know it's true  
When it all comes down, and the deal is through  
The stranger, he made a buyer of me and you

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