Skid Row "Livin' On A Chain Gang"

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Turn on the TV, ´cause I got nowhere to go
Seems that there´s a little trouble down in Mexico
A 13-year-old boy robs a store so he can eat
And they got him doing time while killers walk the streets

A hungry politician is the wolf that´s at the door
Hell-bent on submission and feedin´ on the poor
We could stare into the sun if we would open up our eyes
But we paint ourselves into a corner colored in white lies

Busted on a rockpile - getting dusted in the heat Shackled to the system - and draggin´ my feet

I´m riding on a breakdown - another whiteknuckled shakedown Feels like I´m livin´ on a chain gang I´m riding on a breakdown - a suicidal shakedown Feels like I´m on a chain gang

A con manâ´s intuition can wash your sins away
Send your contribution and heâ´ll save your soul today
What can he know, has he been through hell and back
He takes the cash and drives it home in a brand new Cadillac

Spitting at the guard dog, burning in his wicked deal Screamin´ down the railroad with

no one at the wheel

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Faith healin´, superstition Cold-blooded criminal mind Getting off on high position Hey brother can you spare a dime To get me off this slaughter line

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