

## **Monika Brodka**

### **"Inner City Blues"**

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Dah, dah, dah, dah  
dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah  
Dah, dah, dah, dah  
Dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah  
Dah, dah, dah  
Rockets, moon shots  
Spend it on the have nots  
Money, we make it  
Fore we see it you take it  
Oh, make you wanna holler  
The way they do my life  
Make me wanna holler  
The way they do my life  
This ain't livin', This ain't livin'  
No, no baby, this ain't livin'  
No, no, no  
Inflation no chance  
To increase finance  
Bills pile up sky high  
Send that boy off to die  
Make me wanna holler  
The way they do my life  
Make me wanna holler  
The way they do my life  
Dah, dah, dah  
Dah, dah, dah  
Hang ups, let downs  
Bad breaks, set backs  
Natural fact is  
I can't pay my taxes  
Oh, make me wanna holler  
And throw up both my hands  
Yea, it makes me wanna holler  
And throw up both my hands  
Crime is increasing  
Trigger happy policing  
Panic is spreading  
God know where we're heading  
Oh, make me wanna holler  
They don't understand  
Dah, dah, dah

Dah, dah, dah  
Dah, dah, dah

Mother, mother  
Everybody thinks we're wrong  
Who are they to judge us  
Simply cause we wear our hair long

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