

Powerman 5000 "City Of The Dead"

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(C'mon!)

Well it's alright now (Okay)
It's alright now (Okay)
It's alright now (Okay)
It's alright now (Okay)

Well the tables have turned, I've learned no hope
For the ones who live to extremes
I mean, six A.M. and no sleep yet
A home is a city of fear and threads

I grew up in the streets at night
Yeah, just tryin' to get it right
What you know that the flow
Is flown from the gutter

I go slow, yeah, as I know
That's the truth and I swear it's no joke
Cause time is all to real
When you're tired and broke

For the pain of the lies and the prejudice
Ya can't stop all the crapulous
From the ends of the earth to the ends of the street
Yeah, that's how ya meet

And when you're gone
You're gone ya see red
In the city of the dead

In the city, in the city of the dead
In the city, in the city of the dead
In the city, in the city of the dead
(Well it seems like a blocked, dead path)

In the city, in the city of the dead
In the city, in the city of the dead
In the city, in the city of the dead
(Well it seems like a blocked, dead path)

Well it's alright now (Okay)

It's alright now (Okay)
It's alright now (Okay)
It's alright now (Okay)

Where is the hope when it's falling like a drunk
As I look around I see punks, yeah
Trying to make the move to improve
But the fuckin' word you lose

Though the grips getting tighter than ever
And that's a long time to never be found
Take a look around, yeah
Put my feet on the ground

But who I am ain't what I am
And what I am is where I am, yeah
I wanna know if you can get that
A home is a city straight up fact

Lost souls, they roam with no conscience
Arrive life to thrive on the nonsense
Back on words goes straight to your head
In the city of the dead

In the city, the city of the dead
In the city, in the city of the dead
In the city, in the city of the dead
(Well it seems like a blocked, dead path)

In the city, the city of the dead
In the city, in the city of the dead
In the city, in the city of the dead
(Well it seems like a blocked, dead path)

The city of the dead runneth over with bullshit
Get ready for the hard hit, yeah
Got a head like a head for a radio
When your time comes in your head

You know you gotta go
Gotta know that you
Shouldn't over-simplifiy it
These are the rules, yeah, you can't deny it

Born and raised on a
One wa trip to hell
I'm on my way, hey
Can I get it, yeah

Check it out, the countdown has begun
4, 3, 2, 1 more time and I swear

It's over with a quickness
The city of the dead is a sickness

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