

## The Prize Fighter Inferno

### "Dreaming In Hell's Kitchen"

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(chorus:)

Of passion, love, and bravery  
A brown bag lunch, and a mug of tea,  
Through gates of horn and ivory,  
We're dreaming in Hell's Kitchen.

A pugnacious politician in his armor-plated suit  
Propitiates the wealthy while he fiddles with his flute  
He's crusader, Alexander, and Napoleon to boot  
He's seeking fresh objectives on the borders of the  
Kitchen  
So there's this one and there's that one,  
Gracie Mansion & the 'Street,  
Denouncing some poor devil who has nothing left to  
eat,  
And he's not allowed to sleep here so he'd best stay on  
his feet  
For we care so much about him that we'll kick him from  
the Kitchen.

There's many on the breadline who never tried to fight  
And there's many that have earned their bread  
By working day and night  
But with all their sweat and labor was there chance that  
saw them right  
While a hazard of the dice left the others by the  
kitchen?  
He stinks and he's a drunkard, that bum we just passed  
by  
And I think but for the grace of God that likewise there  
go I  
And the buck inside his cup is less compassion for a  
sigh  
Than libation when I'm dreaming in Hell's Kitchen.

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