

Ellen Greene**"Skid Row"**

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[Michelle Weeks]

Alarm goes off at seven
and you start uptown.
You put in your eight hours
for the powers that have always been.
(Sing it, child.)
Til it's five p.m.

(Then you go)
Downtown
Where the folks are broke
You go
Downtown
Where your life's a joke
You go
Downtown
When you buy your token, you go-
Home to Skid Row!
Home to Skid Row!
(Yes, you go)

Downtown
Where the cabs don't stop.
Downtown
Where the food is slop.
Downtown
Where the hop-heads flop in the snow!
Down on Skid Row!

[Weeks, Arnold, Campbell]
Uptown you cater to a million jerks
Uptown your messengers and mailroom clerks
Eatin' all your lunches at the hot-dog carts
The bosses take your money
And they break your hearts

And uptown you cater to a million whores
You disinfect terrazzo on their bathroom floors
Jobs are really meanial, You'll make no bread
And then at five o'clock you head
(By subway)

[Ellen Greene]

Downtown

Where the guys are drips.

Downtown

Where they rip your slips.

Downtown

Where relationships are no-go.

Down on Skid Row!

[Rick Moranis]

Poor!

All my life, I've always been poor!

I keep asking God what I'm for,

And he tells me,

"Gee, I'm not sure...

Sweep that floor, kid"

Oh!

I started life as an orphan,

A child of the street, here on Skid Row!

He took me in, gave me shelter,

A bed, crust of bread, and a job-

Treats me like dirt,

Calls me a slob,

Which I am!

So I live...

Downtown

That's your home address, ya live

Downtown

When your life's a mess, ya live

Downtown

Where depression's jes' status quo!

Down on Skid Row!

Someone show me a way to get outa here

Cause I constantly pray I'll get outa here

Please won't somebody say I'll get outa here

Someone gimme my shot or I'll rot here!

Show me how and I will, (Downtown)

I'll get outa here (There's no rules for us)

I'll start climbin' up hill (Downtown)

and get outa here (Cause it's dangerous)

Someone tell me I still (Downtown)

could get outa here (Where the rainbow's just)

Someone tell lady luck (A no-show)

that I'm stuck here

(When you live)

[Rick Moranis & Ellen Greene]

Gee, it sure would
be swell to get outta here
Bid the gutter farewell and get outta here
I'd move heaven and hell to get outa Skid
I'd do I-dunno-what to get outta Skid,
But a hell of a lot to get outta Skid,
People tell me theres
not a way outta Skid
But believe me I
gotta get outta
Skid Row!

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