

## Johnny Lang

### "Livin' for the city"

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A boy is born in hard time Mississippi, surrounded by  
four walls that ain't so pretty.  
His parents give him love and affection to keep him  
strong moving in the right direction,  
living just enough, just enough for the city.

His father works some days for fourteen hours and you  
can bet he barely makes a dollar.  
His mother goes to scrub the floors for many and you'd  
best believe she hardly gets a penny.  
Living just enough, just enough for the city.

His sister's black but she is sure 'nuff pretty, her skirt is  
short but Lord, her legs are sturdy.  
To walk to school she's got to get up early. Her clothes  
are old but never are they dirty.  
Living just enough, just enough for the city.

Her brother's smart, he's got more sense than many.  
His patience's long but soon he won't have any.  
To find a job is like a haystack needle cause where he  
lives, they don't use colored people.  
Living just enough, just enough for the city.

Living just enough for the city. Ain't nothing but a pity.

His hair is long, his feet are hard and gritty,  
he spends his life walking the streets of New York City.  
He's almost dead from breathing in air pollution. He  
tried to vote, but to him there's no solution  
Living just enough, just enough for the city.

I hope you hear inside my voice of sorrow and that it  
motivates you to make a better tomorrow.  
This place is cruel, no where could be much colder.  
If we don't change, the world will soon be over.  
Living just enough, stop giving just enough for the city.

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