

Lookouts

"Living behind bars"

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My friends live in a bad part of town
And when I go to see them it always brings me down
Theres bars across their windows iron gates upon their door
And the whole neighborhood looks like the middle of a war
We crawl through the back streets in the dead of night
Windows rolled up and doors locked tight
Creep up the alley trying not to make a sound
Always looking round for what might be coming down
You know we havent got a nickel havent got a dime
Cant even get on welfare cause we havent got the time
To be pushed and pulled through those bureaucratic slots
And have our lives filed away in some plastic box
I dont know why it is
That people have to live like this
Gotta get out before its too late
Gotta get out whatever it takes
Because were living behind bars and we got no choice
Living behind bars and we got no voice
Living behind bars and we got to get away
On the other side of town theres a great big wall
Where the rich man lives hes afraid of it all
Hes worried about the people he might happen to meet
If he ever set foot out on the street
And the red lights flash and the sirens howl
And the burglar alarms ring and the guard dogs growl
Old lady fishing through a garbage can
but I still cant seem to understand
Why were living behind bars and its time to move
Living behind bars what have we got to lose
Living behind bars and we got to get away
Living behind bars it seems like we got missed
Living behind bars how did it come to this
Living behind bars and we got to get away
Living behind bars every night and day
Living behind bars we cant go on this way
Living behind bars and we got to get away

