

City Screaming

Concrete Blonde

Been on the bus
Since a quarter to one
I'm baking like a chicken
On the bus in the setting sun

Home, home, home
Under the window
Is that a shot or a car?
I don't know, I don't know
I don't know

The city smoke and city choke
And crackin' open
I hear the city screaming
I hear the city screaming

Twenty-four hours
All night, all day
The city hums and boils
And cracks and bleeds away

Stir 'em around
Stick 'em over a fire
No wonder everybody's strung up
Tighter than a god-damn piano wire

The city smoke and city choke
And crackin' open
I hear the city screaming
I hear the city screaming

Crack the whip
And Mister Jack, the knife
Were doing their trip on the corner
Underneath the streetlight late last night

One of the homeboys
Just take it on home sweet home
Well, you can blow your own self away
But leave the rest of us alone

The city die and city cry
Dehumanizing
I hear the city screaming
I hear the city screaming
I hear the city screaming
I hear the city screaming