

## Inner City Pressure

## Flight of the Conchords

Inner city life, inner city pressure  
The concrete world is starting to get ya  
The city is alive, the city is expanding  
Living in the city can be demanding  
You've pawned everything, everything you own  
Your toothbrush jar and a camera phone  
You don't know where you're going  
You cross the street  
You don't know why you did  
You walk back across the street  
Standing in the sitting room, totally skint  
And your favorite jersey is covered in lint  
You want to sit down but you sold your chair  
So you just stand there  
You just stand there  
You just stand there

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Counting coins on the counter of the 7-Eleven  
From a quarter past six till a quarter to seven  
The manager, Bevan, starts to abuse me  
"Hey man, I just want some Muesli."  
Neon signs, hidden messages  
Questions, answers, fetishes  
You know you're not in high finance  
Considering second hand underpants  
Check your mind, how'd it get so bad?  
What happened to those other underpants you had  
Look in your pockets, haven't found a cent yet  
Landlord's on your balls, "Have you paid your rent yet?"

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So you think maybe you'll be a prostitute  
Just to pay for your lessons, you're learning the flute  
The ladies wouldn't pay you very much for this  
Looks like you'll never be a concert flautist  
You don't measure up to the expectation  
When you're unemployed there's no vacation  
No one cares, no one sympathizes  
You just stay home and play synthesizers

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What are you searching for, hidden treasure

All you'll find is

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You've lost perspective like a picture by Escher

It's the pressure