

Soulsville

Huey Lewis & The News

Black man, born free
At least that's the way it's supposed to be
The chains that binds him are hard to see
Unless you take this walk with me

Place where he lives got plenty of names
Slums, ghetto and black belt
They are one and the same
And I call it Soulsville

Any kind of job is hard to find
That means an increase in the welfare lines
The crime rate is rising too
If you were hungry what would you do?

Rent is two months past due
On a building that's falling apart
Little boy needs a pair of shoes
This is only a part of Soulsville

Some of the brothers got plenty of cash
The tricks on the corner, gonna see to that
Some like to smoke and some like to blow
Some are even strung out on a fifty dollar Jones

Some are trying to ditch reality by getting so high
Only to find out you can never touch the sky
'Cause your roots are in Soulsville, oh, yeah

Every Sunday morning
I can hear the sisters sayin'
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Trust in the Lord to make a way, oh yeah

I hope that He hears their prayers
'Cause deep in their souls they believe
One day He'll put an end to all this misery
That they have here in Soulsville
Soulsville, Soulsville, Soulsville