

Downtown L.A.

J. J. Cale

Downtown L.A. is a depressing place
You can see young men with deep lines in their face
They could all be something if somebody cared
But nobody knows they're even down there
Old woman walking with a sack on her back
Picking up the garbage people put out back
Men down there trying to walk the line
Trading their soul for a bottle of wine

In the inner city it ain't no good
It's a long, long way from Hollywood
Bad kind of people got a hold of the street
They got something that the poor people need
At two in the morning they bust your head
Fat chance walking you'll end up dead
It's the law of the jungle with a gun and a knife
If you stay long enough you lose your life

Man down there he couldn't be lying
He was sleeping in the street and he couldn't keep from crying
Said he'd been there for twenty one years
Through the bars and the brawls and the blues and the tears
Prop up the front the back falls down
All around the canyons of L.A. town
When he asked me for a dollar I looked him in his face
Downtown L.A. is a depressing place