

City

Jane's Addiction

In the city there is something to see
In the city there is nothing to breathe
I'm goin' 'bout my business
I'm wondering what I'm missing
And on my way home, I hid in my coat
Wrote my name on the city wall
Being famous
In the city there is a park bench you can sleep out on
The city there is a trash can you can eat out of
I'm goin' 'bout my business
Wondering what I'm missing
And on my way home a cop said "No"
I said "There is a man with a stick and a gun in his hand"
Being famous. . .
Red man in the city
Poor man in the city
Black man in the city
Fat man in the city
Red man
Black man
Fat man
Blue man
I don't know the rest of the words
'Cause I mad it up just for you. . .