

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. . .