

(lyrics: j. harte, music: b. walker)

Everybody wants a shot in culture clash city.
Cut throats sell their souls to taste a little piece.
A rat race melting pot, boiling without pity.
The tinsel town fools the fools and brings them to their knees.

Japanese business man makes the market steal.
While the long haired hippie deadhead on the corner makes a deal.
Small town girl with starry eyes, desperate for a break.
Vicious slick tongue vultures circling for the take.

Fortune, fame, hypnotize. success is all that matters.
A game of chance, they risk it all to find what they are after.
In the city of winners and losers;
Dreams come true, but only for a few.

Cus' life's a crap shoot in culture clash city.
From all over the world, from your town to mine.
They pay the price, to roll the dice, in culture clash city.
Trying to find a way to slice a piece of the pie.

Sky scraper castle, jewish penthouse king.
Puerto rican grifter making dirty money stings.
Smell the dollar in the air and everywhere in sight.
Cold cash hungry connoisseurs savor every bite.

Neon nights, mesmerize, seducing like a lover.
A poison drug that sucks them in and hooks them like no other.
In the city of angels, dreams come true, but only for a few.

(chorus)

Black is white, there's no wrong or right.
It's a dirty fight to the top, don't stop.
No one cares who gets burned to get there.
So many faces, races, from different places,
Draw their cards play those aces.

In the city of winners and losers,
Dreams come true, but only for a few.

(chorus)