

# Crime In The City

Neil Young

Well the cop made the show-down  
He was sure he was right  
He had all of the low-down  
From the bank-heist last night

His best friend was the robber,  
And his wife was a thief  
All his children were killers,  
He couldn't get no relief

The bungalow was surrounded  
When a voice loud and clear  
Said "Come on out with your hands up  
Or we'll blow you out of here"

There was a face in the window  
The t.v. cameras rolled  
Then they cut to the announcer,  
And the story was told

The artist looked at the producer  
the producer sat back  
He said "what we have got here  
is a perfect track

But we don't have a vocal  
and we don't have a song  
If we could get these things accomplished  
nothing else could go wrong"

So he balanced the ashtray  
as he picked up the phone  
And said "send me a songwriter  
who's drifted far from home

And make sure that he's hungry  
and make sure he's alone  
Send me a cheeseburger  
and a new 'rolling stone'  
Yeah

"There's still crime in the city",  
said the cop on the beat  
"I don't know if i can stop it,  
I feel like meat on the street"

They paint my car like a target  
I take my orders from fools  
Meanwhile some kid blows my head off  
well I play by their rules

That's why I'm doin' it my way  
I took the law in my own hand  
So here i am in the alleyway

a wad of cash in my pants

I get paid by a ten year old  
he says he looks up to me  
There's still crime in the city  
but it's good to be free  
Yeah

Well I come from a family  
that has a broken home  
Sometimes I talk to daddy  
on the telephone

When he says that he loves me  
I know that he does  
But I wish I could see him  
I wish I knew where he was

But that's the way all my friends are  
except maybe one or two  
Wish I could see him this weekend  
wish I could walk in his shoes

But now I'm doing my own thing  
sometimes I'm good then I'm bad  
Although my home has been broken  
it's the best home I ever had  
Yeah

Well I keep getting younger  
my life's been funny that way  
Before I ever learned to  
talk I forgot what to say

I sassed back to my mom  
I sassed back at my teacher  
I got thrown out of bible school  
for sassing back at the preacher

Then I grew up to be a fireman  
put every fire in town  
Put out anything smokin'  
but when I put the hose down

The judge sent me to prison  
gave me life without parole  
Wish I never put the hose  
down wish I never got old