

# Roll with the Punches

Randy Newman

They say that people are livin' in the street  
No food in their belly no shoes on their feet  
Six black children livin' in a burned up room  
One bare light bulb swinging  
Little black kid come home from school  
Put his key in the door  
Mr. Rat's on the stairway Mr. Junkie's lyin' in his own vomit on the floor  
You gotta roll with the punches little black boy  
That's what you got to do  
You got to roll with the punches  
Tap it baby

There's all these boring people, you see 'em on the TV  
And they're making up all these boring stories  
About how bad things have come to be  
They say "You got to, got to, got to feed the hungry"  
"You got to, got to, got to heal the sick"  
I say we ain't gotta do nothin' for nobody  
Cause they won't work a lick, you know  
They just gonna have to roll with the punches, yes they will  
Gonna have to roll with them  
They gonna have to roll with the punches, yes they will  
It don't matter whether you're white, black or brown  
You won't get nowhere putting down  
The old Red, White and Blue  
Tap it baby. Alright. All right!  
Look at those little shorts he's got on, ladies and gentlemen  
You can see all the way to Argentina  
Get it  
So pretty

Let 'em go to Belgium, let 'em go to France  
Let 'em go to Russia  
Well at least they ought to have the chance to go there  
We have talked about the red, we have talked about the blue  
Now we gonna talk about the white  
That's what we're gonna do  
Now we had to roll with the punches, yes we did  
We had to roll with 'em  
We had to roll with the punches  
Yes we did  
We had to roll with 'em  
I don't care what you say  
You're livin' in the greatest country in the world  
When you're livin' in the USA  
Tap it baby, alright  
All right