

Suicide

Suzi Quatro

Goodbye American dream
With your life insurance and pension schemes
Whoah
It's a lonely ride down golden highways
Hope is blind
But shoot for the skyways
Promises - turn to dust

And it's suicide
I'm a prisoner in 72nd Street
And it's suicide
I'm a prisoner in 72nd Street

Assembly line living machine
Mass production bought sight unseen
Whoah
Rule and regulation daze
Please the man
Or lose your pay
And you sell your soul to society

And it's suicide
I'm a prisoner of 72nd Street
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Rise now
No more lies
Deep depression after feeling high
When promises come all undone
All your promises
Turn to dust

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