

# New York, New York

## The Dictators

Smoking marijuana  
And watching channel five  
I got to get my strength up  
This struggle to survive

Well, everyone's an asshole  
Everyone's a creep  
I look out the city  
There's bungalows in the streets

I live in the city  
I breathe dirty air  
I ride trains with b-boys  
Junkies, queens and squares

Safely someone's smiling  
The fat man waits his turn  
Soon he'll count his money  
While the south Bronx slowly burns

Get out for the children  
Get your ass and run  
Get out of this stinking mess  
To a safe suburban slum

I live in the city  
I breathe dirty air  
I ride trains with b-boys  
Junkies, queens and squares

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