

It's kinda hard to relax when the city's alive

Man, what a place
Got to hustle
Got to show everyday
Being good ain't enough
Got to beat other guys
This approach ain't a race
It's a fight to the death
There is no second place
Only first
Kinda weird don't you think?
Only thing is there's no time to think
If you do reach a point
Late at night
Then you will fall asleep
Even then time is off like a train
Got to hold on tight

It's kinda hard to relax
When the city's alive
24 hours a day
Every day
Hey hey hey
It's kinda hard to reach out
When they don't know you're alive
Keep up
Look ahead
Gather your chutzpah

Rich is the man
With the sense that a self
Is a part of the sum
Of the whole entity
Meet the man who provides nothing more
Than a life for himself
He will eat, never taste
Never feel what it is
To give all this away
And receive in return
More than he ever had
In the land of the free
And the home of the brave
May the brave be the meek
And the free be the brave

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When the city's alive
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Every day
Hey hey hey
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When they don't know you're alive

Maybe on account of the economy
Troubles on the up
Seem a little more pronounced