Livin' the Street Life

Tom Paxton

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When I left my home behind me
And I heard that screen door slam
I fell that no one knew me
And that no one gave a damn
Always scrappin' with my momma
Always fightin' with my old man
We had one hard fight too many
So I packed my bags and ran
Yeah, I headed for the city
Where the knock-down people go
Where the lights are on till morning
And it's anything but slow
So I fell in with some strangers
And the first thing that they done
Was to take my leather jacket
And then kick my head for fun
And it's hard, hard
Livin' the street life
Sleepin' in doorways wrapped in cardboard
Gettin' sicker day by day
Yes, it's hard, hard
Livin' the street life
And I wish I had some way of gettin' away
I met up with a kid named Luis
And he knew his way around
He knew ev'ry inch of the subway
And his life was underground
He was very hard on people
Who would work from nine to five
But he sold his body to them
And he called it stayin' alive
When it's cold and wet and lonely
It can hurt you really bad
And you think about the family
That you never really had
With a hunger in your belly
And a fever startin' to burn
You've got the freedom of the city
But you've got nowhere to turn
'Cause it's hard, hard
Livin' the street life
Sleepin' in doorways wrapped in cardboard
Gettin' sicker day by day
Yes, it's hard, hard
Livin' the street life
And I wish I had some way of gettin' away
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Always scrappin' with my momma
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Yes, it's hard, hard
Livin' the street life
And I wish I had some way of gettin' away
Gettin' away (Gettin' away)
Gettin' away (Gettin' away)
Gettin' away (Gettin' away)
Gettin' away (Gettin' away)
Gettin' away
Gettin' away
(Hard, hard, hard)
(Hard, hard, hard)