

In the city there is something to see
In the city there is nothing to breathe
I'm goin' 'bout my business
I'm wondering what I'm missing
And on my way home, I hid in my coat
Wrote my name on the city wall
Being famous
In the city there is a park bench you can sleep out on
The city there is a trash can you can eat out of
I'm goin' 'bout my business
Wondering what I'm missing
And on my way home a cop said "No"
I said "There is a man with a stick and a gun in his hand"
Being famous. . .
Red man in the city
Poor man in the city
Black man in the city
Fat man in the city
Red man
Black man
Fat man
Blue man
I don't know the rest of the words
'Cause I mad it up just for you. . .