

# Underground

Jane's Addiction

I try to find some love from up high  
There just ain't enough to go around

How you doing, bro? Is New York  
Holding you up or is it letting you down?  
I have missed you all heaps  
And I've re-planted my feet back in the underground

I'm a hustler, hustler  
I'll never give up the underground

I came back to pay respect  
To another fallen angel at the old canteen  
Someone had to float the cash  
To pay up for the wake and so we all agreed

We're all hustlers, hustlers

I try to find some love from up high  
There just ain't enough to go around  
Someone had to pay up for the wakes  
Taking place down in the underground  
Oh, come on, I couldn't get up

We're all hustlers, hustlers

I try to find some love from up high  
There just ain't enough to go around  
Someone had to pay up for the wakes  
Taking place down in the underground  
Whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh