

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

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I breathe dirty air
I ride trains with b-boys
Junkies, queens and squares

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