A chorus of car alarms, shoes on the powerlines Young kids stealing cars and having switchblade fights Two little kids out selling lemonade in the sun If you want them raised right you I guess you start them young A homeless woman walking around in the snow Tired father at the bus stop hey bus driver take him home Boy down at the corner store copping some smokes In a sea of perfect stripes it's hard to stay afloat Well the urgency Oh man I feel it in the streets All the people they're rhyming They're stomping their feet Got the shake of the grass roots beat There's a preacher down on 24th and farnam street Where the shattered glass is lying always glittering And a prostitute with money spilling out her hands Both screaming about some high tide rising A protester's sandwich board in the park Said you know the world is big and got a loose heart You've only got what you've just polished clean So you either start screaming or start singing