

# Subcity

Tracy Chapman

**A**

People say it doesn't exist

**Hmi**

'Cause no one would like to admit

**D**

**A**

That there is a city underground

**A**

Where people live everyday

**Hmi**

Off the waste and decay

**D**

**A**

Off the discards of their fellow man

**A**

**Hmi D**

Here in subcity life is hard

**A**

**Hmi**

**E**

We can't receive any government relief

**A**

**Hmi**

**D**

I'd like to please give Mr. President my honest regards

**E**

**A**

For disregarding me

**A**

**Hmi**

They say there's too much crime in these city streets

**D**

**E**

My sentiments exactly

**A**

**Hmi**

Government and big business hold the purse strings

**D**

**E**

When I worked I worked in the factories

**A**

**Hmi**

**D**

I'm at the mercy of the world

**E**

**A**

I guess I'm lucky to be alive

They say we've fallen through the cracks

They say the system works

But we won't let it

**Help**

I guess they never stop to think

We might not just want handouts

But a way to make an honest living

Living this ain't living

What did I do deserve this

Had my trust in god

Worked everyday of my life

Thought I had some guarantees

That's what I thought

At least that's what I thought

Last night I had another restless sleep

Wondering what tomorrow might bring

Last night I dreamed

A cold blue light was shining down on me

I screamed myself awake

Thought I must be dying

Thought I must be dying