

# 10CC, Fresh Air For My Mama

So say one and so say all  
Say what you gotta say  
Or don't say nothing at all  
You been tossin' and turnin' through soft sticky nights  
While the Bronx below you fights to stay alive

So say one and so say all  
Be what you gotta be  
Or don't be nothing at all

Be gracious to your mother  
When you leave this neighbourhood  
The change is going to do her good  
Next to me you look bad  
'Cos there ain't no fresh air for my momma, my momma

But the drop is shear  
When you break away

Take me away  
It's just about time to hit the road  
And say  
You gotta believe in something  
It's easy to see  
My God is fading away  
So pick up your bible and pray for me

We're all alone in the darkness  
But our eyes are wide open  
We don't see nothing  
And our hands are tied  
To the railings of the Bowery  
And the humid city slickers

So say one and so say all  
We had a lot to say  
And we said it all

The cost of living in dreams  
Is rising like a crime wave  
The American way of dying

And it gets you every time  
And it looks like it's got to my momma  
My momma  
May she rest in peace