

Billy Joel, Rockin' In The Free World

There's colors on the street
Red, white and blue
People shufflin' their feet
People sleepin' in their shoes
But there's a warming sign on the road ahead
There's lot of people sayin' we'd better off dead
Don't feel like satan, but I am to them
So I try to forget it, any way I can.

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I see a woman in the night
With a baby in her hand
Under an old street light
Near a garbage can
Now she puts the kid away, and she's gone to get a hit
He hates her life and what she's done to it
There's one more kid that will never go to school

Never get to fall in love, never get to be cool

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We got a thousand points of light
For the homeless man
We got a kinder, gentler,
Machine gun hand
We got department stores and toilet paper
Got styrofoam boxes for the ozone layer
Got a man of the people, says keep hope alive
Got fuel to burn, got roads to drive

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