

Chapman Tracy, Subcity

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Collection

Subcity

People say it doesn't exist

'Cause no one would like to admit

That there is a city underground

Where people live everyday

Off the waste and decay

Off the discards of their fellow man

Here in subcity life is hard

We can't receive any government relief

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

For disregarding me

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

My sentiments exactly

Government and big business hold the purse strings

When I worked I worked in the factories

I'm at the mercy of the world

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