

Impellitteri, Victim Of The System

Living in the city where the poverty prevails
Sleeping on the side walk you can hear the sirens wail
Dining with the rats down on 42nd street
Begging for some money, hungry for something to eat
Wasted and falling through the cracks
Dying while lying on your back

VICTIM OF THE SYSTEM

Freezing by the fire while you're chilling to the bone
Faceless in the crowd
And there's no place you call home
Crazy from the heat and lost in deep despair
Is there no solution, doesn't anybody care?
Can't get your feet back on the ground
Can't you hear your voice, you can't be found
Victim of the system, there's no place you can go
Stranded by your country, left here on your own
Victim of the system, isn't a pity
Victim of the system, living in the city

[solo]

Wanted and falling through the cracks
Dying while lying on your back
Victim of the system there's no place you can go
Left here by your country, left here on your own
Victim of the system isn't it a pity?
Victim of the system living in the city