

Steve Winwood, Dirty City

The gangster came to see by boy
When I was working nights to pay one more bill
He promised the kid a sweeter life
Said, "Gotta understand it's dog eat dog out there"
Well I looked in his room when I got home
And underneath the covers found a loaded gun
He looked at me with empty eyes
He said, "It's time for me to be moving on"

Dirty city, this is a dirty town
Where's the pity, I can't move on up to higher ground

I spoke to my woman the other day
She said, "I need more cash we can't pay our way"
She said, "Everything gets really hard
And I need something sweet, don't you understand?"
The roar of the train runs by my room
And on these summer nights I can't sleep anymore
I walk in the streets to greet the dawn
Or stay at home all night and stare at the floor

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Help me now
Move on to a higher ground
Help somehow
Make a move to a higher ground
Won't you help somehow
Make a move to a higher ground
Won't you help somehow
I need a little help...

Dirty city, this is a dirty town
Where's the pity, I can't move on up to higher ground...