

Tracy Chapman, 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