

Badlands, Streets Cry Freedom

In the coldness of the city
Where the neon sleeps
The streets show the pity
And the nights run deep
And every shadow seems to hold a hidden story
And every heart, oh, is a refugee

And the old ones hope
And the lost ones scream
The hustlers float
And the young ones dream
In the city
Livin' in the soul of the city

And the streets cry freedom
Do you stand or retreat
As you stare by the neon gods above
While you bask in the heat

And the streets cry freedom
As the blood runs cold
As you stare into the eyes of the walking ghosts
Who've lost their souls

In the summer's heat I'm weary
In the soul of the city
Potential's burning bright
In the Harlem halls
Have you ever lived looking down a shotgun barrel
When they said hey boy, this ain't your home

There ain't no cure for the bleeding heart
'Cause when you fall
There's no second start in the city
There'll always be the soul of the city

And the streets cry freedom

As it burns in the heat
As you stare by the neon gods above
While you bask in the heat

And the streets cry freedom
As the blood runs cold
You stare into the eyes of the walking ghosts
Who've lost their souls

(Solo)

There is no reason
For livin' in sin
I don't believe when they say hey boy, you better give in
You know I'll fight for what I know
Till the day that I die
'Cause I'm better off dead
Then buried along with my pride

And the streets cry freedom
Till the day that I die, yeah
Till the day that I die
And the streets cry freedom
Till the day that I die, yeah
Till the day that I die, yeah

Till the day that I die
Till the day that I die, die, die, die, die, oh
Streets cry freedom

Potential's burning bright

Ohhh, oh
Till the day that I die
Till the day that I die
Till the day that I die
Till the day that I die