

Down By Law, Concrete Times

I remember a time when there was nothing but trees and green grass
now I look around in concrete times and stay behind the glass
crowds of people but I'm all alone
staring at the bill for the telephone

sometimes I miss those days, when the world was green and growing
but there's too many people now too mean and too knowing

they say you've got to be hard in a hard world -
say goodbye to suburban boys, cause urban joy is hard to find

what you gonna do? It's all around you
sounds of the street start to surround you
what you gonna do in concrete times?

now I know these memories are just my naivete
and I know that boyhood's gone and this is where you stay

but so much has changed that I can see
now I hear sirens and turn up the t.v.

I remember knowing every house and every name on our street

now I don't even know our next door neighbors, just the sound of their feet - cause your eyes are m
but the wide eyes of childhood are gone forever - you see more and less

and school plays have been replaced

and too many friends have joined the race

the newspaper brings sad news through my door

acceptance and gritted teeth when you walk outside at night

guns and knives replaced the schoolyard fight

and the street lights blinking on and on, keep me up for hours
along with my thoughts, in a pretty concrete tower