

Eighteen Visions, Paradise City (Guns N' Roses T

Just a' urchin
livin' under the street
I'm a hard case
that's tough to beat
I'm your charity case
So buy me somethin' to eat
I'll pay you at another time
Take it to the end of the line

Ragz to richez or so they say
Ya gotta-keep pushin'
for the fortune and fame
It's all a gamble
When it's just a game
Ya treat it like a capital crime
Everybody's doin' their time

Take me down
To the paradise city
Where the grass is green
And the girls are pretty
Take me home

Strapped in the chair
of the city's gas chamber
Why I'm here I can't quite remember
The surgeon general says
it's hazardous to breathe
I'd have another cigarette
but I can't see
Tell me who you're gonna believe

So far away
So far away
So far away
So far away

Captain America's been torn apart
Now he's a court jester
with a broken heart
He said
Turn me around and
take me back to the start
I must be losin' my mind
"Are you blind?"
I've seen it all a million times