

# Flight Of The Conchords, Inner City Pressure

Inner city life, inner city pressure  
The concrete world is starting to get ya  
The city is alive, the city is expanding,  
Living in the city can be demanding,  
You've pawned everything, everything you own,  
Your toothbrush jar, and a camera phone  
You don't know where you're going  
You cross the street  
You don't know why you did,  
You walk back across the street.  
Standing in the sitting room, totally skint  
And your favorite jersey is covered in lint  
You want to sit down, but you sold your chair  
So you just stand there  
You just stand there  
You just stand there

Inner  
Inner city  
Inner city pressure  
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Counting coins on the counter of the 7-11,  
From a quarter past six til a quarter to seven  
The manager Bevan starts to abuse me  
"Hey man, I just want some Muesli."  
Neon signs, hidden messages,  
Questions, answers, fetishes  
You know you're not in high finance,  
Considering second hand underpants  
Check your mind, how'd it get so bad?  
What happened to those other underpants you had,  
Look in your pockets, haven't found a cent yet,  
Landlord's on your balls, "Have you paid your rent yet?"

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So you think maybe you'll be a prostitute,  
Just to pay for your lessons, you're learning the flute,  
The ladies wouldn't pay you very much for this,  
Looks like you'll never be a concert flautist

You don't measure up to the expectation  
When you're unemployed there's no vacation  
No one cares, no one sympathizes  
You just stay home and play synthesizers.

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What are you searching for, hidden treasure  
All you'll find is  
Inner city pressure  
You've lost perspective like a picture by Escher

It's the pressure