

# Jimmy Buffett, In The City

As a child on the farm  
I was warned of the wiles of the city  
Of that demon disguise  
As the dirt in the skies of the city

Well they say the proximity warps their minds  
Until they're shooting one another just pass the time  
And we live it appears  
Both in spite and in fear of the city

I was constantly told  
How our lives were controlled by the city  
How they keep us in debt  
With the trends that they set it's a pity

Now the beautiful people in the magazines  
Got the normal ones living beyond their means  
And the things that they said  
Made me go in my head to the city

When I finally came  
There's some things still the same in the city  
You still lie under the thumb  
Of the rich and the young and the pretty

Well they weren't much different than we might act  
If there was that many others that closely packed  
It's an ancient idea  
But it struck me so clear in the city