

# Marvin Gaye, Inner City Blues

Dah, dah, dah, dah  
dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah  
Dah, dah, dah,  
dah  
Dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah  
Dah, dah, dah  
Rockets, moon  
shots  
Spend it on the have nots  
Money, we make it  
Fore we see it you  
take it  
Oh, make you wanna holler  
The way they do my life  
Make me wanna  
holler  
The way they do my life  
This ain't livin', This ain't livin'  
No,  
no baby, this ain't livin'  
No, no, no  
Inflation no chance  
To increase  
finance  
Bills pile up sky high  
Send that boy off to die  
Make me wanna  
holler  
The way they do my life  
Make me wanna holler  
The way they do my  
life  
Dah, dah, dah  
Dah, dah, dah  
Hang ups, let downs  
Bad breaks, set  
backs  
Natural fact is  
I can't pay my taxes  
Oh, make me wanna  
holler  
And throw up both my hands  
Yea, it makes me wanna holler  
And  
throw up both my hands  
Crime is increasing  
Trigger happy policing  
Panic  
is spreading  
God know where we're heading  
Oh, make me wanna holler  
They  
don't understand  
Dah, dah, dah  
Dah, dah, dah  
Dah, dah,  
dah