

# Michael McDonald, Living For The City

A boy is born in hard time Mississippi  
Surrounded by four walls that ain't so pretty  
His parents give him love and affection  
To keep him strong moving in the right direction  
Living just enough, just enough for the city...

His father works some days for fourteen hours  
And you can bet he barely makes a dollar  
His mother goes to scrub the floor for many  
And you'd best believe she hardly gets a penny  
Living just enough, just enough for the city...

His sister's black but she is sho 'nuff pretty  
Her skirt is short but Lord her legs are sturdy  
To walk to school she's got to get up early  
Her clothes are old but never are they dirty  
Living just enough, just enough for the city...

Her brother's smart he's got more sense than many  
His patience's long but soon he won't have any  
To find a job is like a haystack needle  
Cause where he lives they don't use colored people  
Living just enough, just enough for the city...  
Living just enough...  
For the city...

His hair is long, his feet are hard and gritty  
He spends his love walking the streets of New York City  
He's almost dead from breathing on air pollution  
He tried to vote but to him there's no solution  
Living just enough, just enough for the city...

I hope you hear inside my voice of sorrow  
And that it motivates you to make a better tomorrow  
This place is cruel no where could be much colder  
If we don't change the world will soon be over  
Living just enough, just enough for the city!