

Neil Young, Crime In The City

Well, the cop made the showdown
He was sure he was right
He had all of the lowdown
From the bank heist last night
His best friend was the robber
And his wife was a thief
All the children were killers
They couldn't get no relief
The bungalow was surrounded
When a voice loud and clear
Said, Come on out
with your hands up
Or we'll blow you out of here.
There was a face in the window
The TV cameras rolled
Then they cut to the announcer
And the story was told.

The artist looked at the producer
The producer sat back
He said, What we have got here
Is a perfect track
But we don't have a vocal
And we don't have a song
If we could get
these things accomplished
Nothin' else could go wrong.
So he balanced the ashtray
As he picked up the phone
And said, Send me a songwriter
Who's drifted far from home
And make sure that he's hungry
Make sure he's alone
Send me a cheeseburger
And a new Rolling Stone.
Yeah.

There's still crime in the city,
Said the cop on the beat,
I don't know if I can stop it
I feel like meat on the street
They paint my car like a target
I take my orders from fools
Meanwhile some kid
blows my head off
Well, I play by their rules
That's why I'm doin' it my way
I took the law in my hands

So here I am in the alleyway
A wad of cash in my pants
I get paid by a ten year old
He says he looks up to me
There's still crime in the city
But it's good to be free.
Yeah.

Now I come from a family
That has a broken home
Sometimes I talk to Daddy
On the telephone
When he says that he loves me
I know that he does
But I wish I could see him

I wish I knew where he was
But that's the way
all my friends are
Except maybe one or two
Wish I could
see him this weekend
Wish I could walk in his shoes
But now I'm doin' my own thing
Sometimes I'm good, then I'm bad
Although my home has been broken
It's the best home I ever had
Yeah.

Well, I keep gettin' younger
My life's been funny that way
Before I ever learned to talk
I forgot what to say
I sassed back to my mom
I sassed back to my teacher
I got thrown out of Bible school
For sassin' back at the preacher
Then I grew up to be a fireman
Put out every fire in town
Put out anything smokin'
But when I put the hose down
The judge sent me to prison
He gave me life without parole
Wish I never put the hose down
Wish I never got old.