

# Neil Young, Life In The City

People sleepin' on the sidewalks  
On a rainy day  
Families livin' under freeways  
It's the American way  
Starvin' in the city  
While the farm goes to seed  
Murder in the home  
And crime on the streets.

Don't that trouble you brother?  
Don't that trouble you pal?  
Don't that trouble you sister?  
Well, that's life in the city.

All our old hangouts  
Are boarded up and closed  
Or being sold to someone  
Nobody knows  
I got a woman that loves me  
And I love her so  
She's all dressed up now  
With nowhere to go.

Don't that trouble you brother?  
Don't that trouble you pal?  
Don't that trouble you sister?  
Well, that's life in the city.

That's life in the city.

Listen to me people  
Hear what I have to say  
Ever since I was knee high  
I rocked my blues away  
But people  
sleepin' on the sidewalks  
And families in need  
Murder in the home  
And crime on the streets.

Don't that trouble you brother?  
Don't that trouble you pal?  
Don't that kill you sister?  
Well, that's life in the city.