

# Powerman 5000, Return To The City Of The Dead

(One, Two, Let's Go!)

Just south of heaven and north of hell is what lies in between  
Over the streets and below the sky that's choked by gasoline  
When the dogs break free and the walls talk back and the meek turn down the lights  
It might take a miracle to make it home at all tonight

We're in the city  
The city of the dead  
Ain't nuthin pretty  
When you've lost your head (your head!)

No god won't save you 'cause he don't care about this town no more  
And given the choice of eternal voice, well it's seems we've been ignored  
So strap on your boots and pick up yourself and run as fast as you can  
The only way in is the only way out and it's time to take a stand

We're in the city  
The city of the dead  
Ain't nuthin pretty  
When you've lost your head  
We're hanging on to the last worn thread  
We're in the city, the city of the dead (of the dead!)

This town is all we've got and we know it ain't allot  
First chance we get we're gonna get out  
The streets are cold and the skies are grey people hanging on day by day  
First chance we get we're gonna break out

In the city  
The city of the dead  
We're in the city  
The city of the dead

In the city  
The city of the dead  
We're in the city  
The city of the dead

In the city  
The city of the dead  
In the city  
The city of the dead

We're in the city  
The city of the dead  
We're in the city  
The city of the dead  
Of the dead! Of the dead! Of the dead!