

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 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!