

# Rodriguez, Inner City Blues

Going down a dirty inner city side road  
I plotted  
Madness passed me by, she smiled hi  
I nodded  
Looked up as the sky began to cry  
She shot it.  
Met a girl from Dearborn, early six o'clock this morn  
A cold fact  
Asked about her bag, suburbia's such a drag  
Won't go back  
'Cos Papa don't allow no new ideas here  
And now he sees the news, but the picture's not too clear.  
Mama, Papa, stop  
Treasure what you got  
Soon you may be caught  
Without it  
The curfew's set for eight  
Will it ever all be straight  
I doubt it.  
7 jealous fools playing by her rules  
Can't believe her  
He feels so in between, can't break the scene  
It would grieve her  
And that's the reason why he must cry  
He'll never leave her.  
Crooked children, yellow chalk  
writing on the concrete walk  
Their King died  
Drinking from a Judas cup,  
looking down but seeing up  
Sweet red wine  
'Cos Papa don't allow no new ideas here  
And now you hear the music  
but the words don't sound too clear.  
Mama, Papa, stop  
Treasure what you got  
Soon you may be caught  
Without it  
The curfew's set for eight  
Will it ever all be straight  
I doubt it.  
Going down a dusty, Georgian side road  
I wonder  
The wind splashed in my face  
can smell a trace  
Of thunder.