

Duran Duran, Sin Of The City

Coat check girl up in Happyland
Has a violent row with a Cuban man
Julio leaves in a drunken rage
Comes back with the gasoline
The club has no fire exit
The club had no door
Only five people came out alive

The sin is that 89 died
89 dead
89 dead
89 dead
89 dead

The sin is that a year and a half
Before the fire chief's out
And he's raising cain brands
Happyland hazzard close down but no.

No-one ever paid him no mind
City living heavy trouble
City living rough
We are given angry heart
But angers not enough

Daily News reviews of the landlords life
Found six thousand code violations light.
The city has more a hundred thousand wars
All for one of Forbes' Four Hundred whores.
Just one fire cracker on a big bonfire
Of self serving penny pinching wiseguy style.
Never allowing for the human condition.
The sin is that these guys survive.

City living heavy trouble
City living rough.
We are given angry heart
But anger's not enough... rpt.

You're using your people up.
Stop killing your people now.
Stop wasting your people now
Sin of the City.