

# Jane's Addiction, City

In the city there is something to see  
In the city there is nothing to breathe  
I'm goin' 'bout my business  
I'm wondering what I'm missing

And on my way home, I hid in my coat  
Wrote my name on the city wall  
Being famous

In the city there is a park bench you can sleep out on  
The city there is a trash can you can eat out of  
I'm goin' 'bout my business  
Wondering what I'm missing

And on my way home a cop said &quot;No&quot;  
I said, &quot;There is a man with a stick and a gun in his hand&quot;  
Being famous

Red man in the city  
Poor man in the city  
Black man in the city  
Fat man in the city

Red man, black man  
Fat man, blue man  
I don't know the rest of the words  
'Cause I made it up just for you