

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.