

Broken glass everywhere  
People pissing on the stairs, you know they just  
Don't care  
I can't take the smell, I can't take the noise  
Got no money to move out, I guess I got no choice  
Rats in the front room, roaches in the back  
Junkie's in the alley with a baseball bat  
I tried to get away, but I couldn't get far  
Cause the man with the tow-truck repossessed my car

Chorus:  
Don't push me, cause I'm close to the edge  
I'm trying not to lose my head  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder  
How I keep from going under

Standing on the front stoop, hangin' out the window  
Watching all the cars go by, roaring as the breezes  
Blow, crazy lady, livin' in a bag  
Eating out of garbage piles, used to be a fag-hag  
Search and test a tango, skips the life and then go  
To search a prince to see the last of senses  
Down at the peepshow, watching all the creeps  
So she can tell the stories to the girls back home  
She went to the city and got so so so ditty  
She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own

Chorus:  
It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder  
How I keep from goin' under

My brother's doing fast on my mother's t.v.  
Says she watches too much, is just not healthy  
All my children in the daytime, dallas at night  
Can't even see the game or the sugar ray fight  
Bill collectors they ring my phone  
And scare my wife when I'm not home  
Got a bum education, double-digit inflation  
Can't take the train to the job, there's a strike  
At the station  
Me on king kong standin' on my back  
Can't stop to turn around, broke my sacroiliac  
Midrange, migraine, cancered membrane  
Sometimes I think I'm going insane, I swear I might  
Hijack a plane!

Chorus:

My son said daddy I don't wanna go to school  
Cause the teacher's a jerk, he must think I'm a fool  
And all the kids smoke reefer, I think it'd be cheaper

If I just got a job, learned to be a street sweeper  
I dance to the beat, shuffle my feet  
Wear a shirt and tie and run with the creeps  
Cause it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny  
You got to have a con in this land of milk and  
Honey  
They push that girl in front of a train  
Took her to a doctor, sowed the arm on again  
Stabbed that man, right in his heart  
Gave him a transplant before a brand new start  
I can't walk through the park, cause it's crazy  
After the dark  
Keep my hand on the gun, cause they got me on the run  
I feel like an outlaw, broke my last fast jaw  
Hear them say you want some more, livin' on a seesaw

Chorus:

A child was born, with no state of mind  
Blind to the ways of mankind  
God is smiling on you but he's frowning too  
Cause only God knows what you go through  
You grow in the ghetto, living second rate  
And your eyes will sing a song of deep hate  
The places you play and where you stay  
Looks like one great big alley way  
You'll admire all the number book takers  
Thugs, pimps, pushers and the big money makers  
Driving big cars, spending twenties and tens  
And you wanna grow up to be just like them  
Smugglers, scrambles, burglars, gamblers  
Pickpockets, peddlers and even pan-handlers  
You say I'm cool, I'm no fool  
But then you wind up dropping out of high school  
Now you're unemployed, all null 'n' void  
Walking around like you're pretty boy floyd  
Turned stickup kid, look what you done did  
Got send up for a eight year bid  
Now your man is took and you're a may tag  
Spend the next two years as an undercover fag  
Being used and abused, and served like hell  
Till one day you was find hung dead in a cell  
It was plain to see that your life was lost  
You was cold and your body swung back and forth  
But now your eyes sing the sad sad song  
Of how you lived so fast and died so young

Chorus: