

Pot Holes

Ezra Furman

It's a beautiful city
We've been living in latest
Never go to the South side
(Don't you go down to the South side.) And there's pot holes
Sleeping in the black concrete
And your little rebel rebel's
Just a pebble in a big stream Yes, we're living underneath a
World imperial empire
And it's built on the flimsy web of
Your money and your desire We built this city on the ruins of
Rock and roll
One minute you're driving on smooth pavement
Then you're down in a dark pot hole
And there's black me sleeping on
Your white concrete
You go and see a ten dollar movie
Then you're caught in the web of
The waking dream It's a beautiful city
But the streets are full of holes
I spend my whole life on the North side
(I don't go down to the South side.) And I drive on the concrete
And I pay my taxes too
And I could write a letter to the mayor
But we both got a lot to do And I admit it's inconvenient
To get robbed in a combat zone
Well, shit, I had to cancel my credit card
Had to buy me a brand new phone
But it's a beautiful city
And the cops are on our side
I mosey down to check out the
Angry mob just to keep myself occupied And you can talk about Chicago
You can talk about New York
You can talk about London, England
You can have a nice day, take a walk in the park But there's always at least two
Different cities in your town
And if you can't look at the dark one
Then you'll spend your life living
Down in a dark pot hole

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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