

# Crime In The City (Sixty To Zero, Pt. 1)

Neil Young

Well, the cop made the showdown  
He was sure he was right  
He had all of the lowdown  
From the bank heist last night  
His best friend was the robber  
And his wife was a thief  
All the children were killers  
They couldn't get no relief  
The bungalow was surrounded  
When a voice loud and clear  
Said, come on out with your hands up  
Or we'll blow you out of here.  
There was a face in the window  
The tv cameras rolled  
Then they cut to the announcer  
And the story was told. The artist looked at the producer  
The producer sat back  
He said, what we have got here  
Is a perfect track  
But we don't have a vocal  
And we don't have a song  
If we could get these things accomplished  
Nothin' else could go wrong.  
So he balanced the ashtray  
As he picked up the phone  
And said, send me a songwriter  
Who's drifted far from home  
And make sure that he's hungry  
Make sure he's alone  
Send me a cheeseburger  
And a new rolling stone.  
Yeah. There's still crime in the city,  
Said the cop on the beat,  
I don't know if I can stop it  
I feel like meat on the street  
They paint my car like a target  
I take my orders from fools  
Meanwhile some kid blows my head off  
Well, I play by their rules

That's why I'm doin' it my way  
I took the law in my hands So here I am in the alleyway  
A wad of cash in my pants  
I get paid by a ten year old  
He says he looks up to me  
There's still crime in the city  
But it's good to be free.  
Yeah. Now I come from a family  
That has a broken home  
Sometimes I talk to daddy  
On the telephone  
When he says that he loves me  
I know that he does  
But I wish I could see him  
I wish I knew where he was  
But that's the way all my friends are  
Except maybe one or two  
Wish I could see him this weekend  
Wish I could walk in his shoes  
But now I'm doin' my own thing  
Sometimes I'm good, then I'm bad  
Although my home has been broken  
It's the best home I ever had  
Yeah. Well, I keep gettin' younger  
My life's been funny that way  
Before I ever learned to talk  
I forgot what to say  
I sassed back to my mom  
I sassed back to my teacher  
I got thrown out of Bible school  
For sassin' back at the preacher  
Then I grew up to be a fireman  
Put out every fire in town  
Put out anything smokin'  
But when I put the hose down  
The judge sent me to prison  
He gave me life without parole  
Wish I never put the hose down  
Wish I never got old.

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

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