Urgency

Debmaster

A chorus of car alarms, shoes on the power lines
Young kids stealing cars and having switchblade fights
Two little kids out selling lemonade in the sun
If you want them raised right guess you start them youngA homeless woman walking around in the snow
Tired father at the bus stop hey, bus driver take him home
Boy down at the corner store, copping some smokes
In a sea of perfect stripes it's hard to stay afloatUr-ur-urgency, oh, man I feel it in the streets
All the people they're rhyming, they're stomping their feet
Got the shake of the grass roots beatUr-ur-urgency, oh, man I feel it in the streets
All the people they're rhyming, they're stomping their feet
Got the shake of the grass roots beatThere's a preacher down on 24th and Farnam Street
Where the shattered glass is lying always glittering
And a prostitute with money spilling out her hands
Both screaming about some high tide risingA protester's sandwich board in the park
Said you know the world is big and got a loose heart
And only God will choose who's polished clean
So you either start screaming or start singingUr-ur-urgency, oh, man I feel it in the streets
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