City Screaming

Concrete Blonde

Been on the bus
Since a quarter to one
I'm baking like a chicken
On the bus in the setting sunHome, home, home
Under the window
Is that a shot or a car?
I don't know, I don't know
I don't knowThe city smoke and city choke
And crackin' open
I hear the city screaming
I hear the city screamingTwenty-four hours
All night, all day
The city hums and boils
And cracks and bleeds awayStir 'em around
Stick 'em over a fire
No wonder everybody's strung up
Tighter than a god-damn piano wireThe city smoke and city choke
And crackin' open
I hear the city screaming
I hear the city screamingCrack the whip
And Mister Jack, the knife
Were doing their trip on the corner
Underneath the streetlight late last nightOne of the homeboys
Just take it on home sweet home
Well, you can blow your own self away
But leave the rest of us aloneThe city die and city cry
Dehumanizing
I hear the city screaming
I hear the city screaming
I hear the city screaming
I hear the city screaming

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