

Subcity

Tracy Chapman

People say it doesn't exist
'Cause no one would like to admit
That there is a city underground
Where people live everyday
Off the waste and decay
Off the discards of their fellow man Here in subcity life is hard
We can't receive any government relief
Won't you please, please give the President my honest regards
For disregarding me They say there's too much crime in these city streets
My sentiments exactly
Government and big business hold the purse strings
When I worked I worked in the factories
I'm at the mercy of the world
I guess I'm lucky to be alive Here in subcity life is hard
We can't receive any government relief
Won't you please, please give the President my honest regards
For disregarding me They say we've fallen through the cracks
They say the system works
But we won't let it help
I guess they never stop to think
We might just want handouts
Way to make an honest living
Living this ain't living Here in subcity life is hard
We can't receive any government relief
I'd like to please, please give the President my honest regards
For disregarding me What did I do deserve this
Had my trust in god
Worked everyday of my life
Thought I had some guarantees
That's what I thought
At least that's what I thought 'Cause here in subcity life is hard
We can't receive any government relief
I'd like to please give the President my honest regards
For disregarding me Last night I had another restless sleep
Wondering what tomorrow might bring
Last night I dreamed
A cold blue light was shining down on me
I screamed myself awake
Thought I must be dying, dying

Thought I must be dying, dying 'Cause here in subcity life is hard

We can't receive any government relief

I'd like to please give the President my honest regards

Oh, for disregarding me

Disregarding me

Disregarding me

Disregarding me

Disregarding me

Disregarding me

Disregarding me

Disregarding me

Disregarding me

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>