

# **Livin' On A Chain Gang**

## **Skid Row**

Turn on the TV, 'cause I got nowhere to go  
It seems like there's a little trouble down in Mexico  
A 13 year old boy robs a store so he can eat  
And they got him doing time while killers walk the streets  
A hungry politician is the wolf that's at the door  
He's hellbent on submission and he's feedin' on the poor  
We could stare into the sun if we would open up our eyes  
But we paint ourselves into a corner colored in white lies  
Busted on a rock pile  
Getting dusted in the heat  
Shackled to the system  
And draggin' my feet  
I'm riding on a breakdown  
Another white knuckled shakedown  
Feels like I'm livin' on a chain gang  
I'm riding on a breakdown  
Suicidal shakedown  
Feels like I'm livin' on a chain gang  
A common situation can wash your sins away  
Send your contribution and he'll save your soul today  
What does he know, has he been to hell and back?  
He takes the cash and drives it home in a brand new Cadillac  
Spitting at the guard dog  
Burning in his wicked deal  
Screamin' down the railroad  
With no one at the wheel  
I'm riding on a breakdown  
Another white knuckled shakedown  
Feels like I'm livin' on a chain gang  
I'm riding on a breakdown  
Suicidal shakedown  
Feels like I'm livin' on a chain gang  
Faith healin' superstition  
Coldblooded criminal mind  
Getting off on a high position  
Hey brother can you spare a dime  
To get me off this slaughter line  
I'm riding on a breakdown  
Another white knuckled shakedown

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