

no shoes

American Gangster OST

No food on my table.
And no shoes to go on my feet.
No food on my table.
And no shoes to go on my feet.
My children cry for mercy.
They got no place to call your own.Hard times, hard times.
Hard times seem like a jealous thing.
Hard times, hard times.
Hard times seem like a jealous thing.
If someone don't help me.
And I just can't be around three months long.No shoes on my feet.
And no food to go on my table.
Oh no, too sad.
Children crying for bread.

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