

Soulsville

Huey Lewis & The News

Black man, born free
At least that's the way it's supposed to be
Chains that binds him are hard to see
Unless you take this walk with me
Place where he lives is God plenty of names
Slums, ghetto and black belt, they are one and the same
And I call it "Soulsville" Any kind of job is hard to find
That means an increase in the welfare line
Crime rate is rising too
If you are hungry, what would you do? Rent is two months past due and the building that's falling apart
Little boy needs a pair of shoes and this is only a part of Soulsville
Some of the brothers' got plenty of cash
Tricks on the corner, gonna see to that
Some like to smoke and some like to blow
Some are even strung out on a fifty dollar Jones
Some are trying to ditch reality by getting so high
Only to find out you can never touch the sky
'Cause your hoods are in Soulsville, oh yeah
Every Sunday morning, I can hear the old sisters say
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, trust in the Lord to make a way, oh yeah
I hope that He hear their prayers 'cause deep in their souls they believe
Someday He'll put an end to all this misery that we have in Soulsville
Oh yeah, Soulsville, Soulsville, Soulsville, Soulsville, Soulsville

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