

# Suicide

## Suzi Quatro

Goodbye American dream  
With your life insurance and pension schemes  
Whoah  
It's a lonely ride down golden highways  
Hope is blind  
But shoot for the skyways  
Promises - turn to dust

And it's suicide  
I'm a prisoner in 72nd Street  
And it's suicide  
I'm a prisoner in 72nd Street

Assembly line living machine  
Mass production bought sight unseen  
Whoah  
Rule and regulation daze  
Please the man  
Or lose your pay  
And you sell your soul to society

And it's suicide  
I'm a prisoner of 72nd Street  
And it's suicide  
I'm a prisoner of 72nd Street

Rise now  
No more lies  
Deep depression after feeling high  
When promises come all undone  
All your promises  
Turn to dust

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