Living For The City

Noel Pointer

A boy is born in Hardtime Mississippi
Surrounded by four walls that ain't so pretty
His parents give him love and affection
To keep him strong, movin' in the right direction
Living just enough, just enough for the city
The father works some days for fourteen hours
You better believe, he hardly earns a dollar
His mother goes to scrub the floors for many
You'd best believe she hardly gets a penny
Living just enough, just enough for the city
His sister's black but she is sho 'nuff pretty
Her skirt is short but, Lord, her legs are sturdy
To walk to school, she has to get up early
Her clothes are old but never are they dirty
Living just enough, just enough for the city
Her brother's smart, he's got more sense than many
His patience's long but soon he won't have any
'Cause to find a job is like a haystack needle
'Cause where he likes, they don't use colored people
Living just enough, just enough for the city, yeah
Living just enough, just enough for the city
Living just enough for the city
Living just enough for the city
Living just enough for the city
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