

# 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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