

Inner City Blues

Grover Washington, Jr

Rockets, moon shots
Spend it on the have-nots
Money, we make it
'Fore we see it, you'll take it Oh, make you wanna holler
The way they do my life
Make me wanna holler
The way they do my life This ain't livin', this ain't livin'
No, no baby, this ain't livin'
No, no, no, no Inflation, no chance
To increase finance
Bills pile up, sky high
Send that boy off to die Oh, make me wanna holler
The way they do my life
Make me wanna holler
The way they do my life, oh baby Hang ups, let downs
Bad breaks, set backs
Natural fact is
Honey, that I can't pay my taxes Oh, make me wanna holler
And throw up both my hands
Yea, it makes me wanna holler
And throw up both my hands Crime is increasing
Trigger happy policing
Panic is spreading
God knows where, where we're heading Oh, they don't understand
Make me wanna holler
They don't understand God bless you
And Lord keep you
And may you live, live, live a good life God bless you
Lord keep you
And may you live, live, live a long long sweet life
Don't let the things get you down
Hold your hands, baby, walk around Say God bless you
And I'll keep you
I'm praying a prayer for each and everyone of you
Heaven bless you
Heaven keep you

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