Inner City Pigeon

Marching Church

I can hardly recognize the place I grew up to know
They push the old aside and let the new unfold
It's those who hear the sound of re-modelled paradise
At the hiss of a plastic surgeon's knife
Sometimes I look through people's windows, babe
I see them lonely with technology
I see lovers going through the motions
Hear them moaning and yearning, now
I'm a city pigeon
Flying through the city
Inner city pigeon
I'm always hot and bothered, and I'm ready
And I'm never coming down
No, I'm never coming down
Inner city pigeon
I ain't never coming down
I saw people put their power on display
Like pigs who shoot dark skinned men in the U.S.A
They might be executive heroes amongst their friends
But no soap will make their hands smell clean again
Sometimes I fly by people's windows, babe
I see them lonely with technology
I see lovers going through the motions
Hear them moaning and yearning, now
I'm a city pigeon
Flying through the city
Inner city pigeon
I'm always hot and bothered, and I'm ready
And I'm never coming down
No, I'm never coming down
Inner city pigeon
I ain't never coming down

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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