

# Urgency

Kezia

A chorus of car alarms, shoes on the power lines  
Young kids stealing cars and having switchblade fights  
Two little kids out selling lemonade in the sun  
If you want them raised right guess you start them young  
A homeless woman walking around in the snow  
Tired father at the bus stop hey, bus driver take him home  
Boy down at the corner store, copping some smokes  
In a sea of perfect stripes it's hard to stay afloat  
Ur-ur-urgency, oh, man I feel it in the streets  
All the people they're rhyming, they're stomping their feet  
Got the shake of the grass roots beat  
Ur-ur-urgency, oh, man I feel it in the streets  
All the people they're rhyming, they're stomping their feet  
Got the shake of the grass roots beat  
There's a preacher down on 24th and Farnam Street  
Where the shattered glass is lying always glittering  
And a prostitute with money spilling out her hands  
Both screaming about some high tide rising  
A protester's sandwich board in the park  
Said you know the world is big and got a loose heart  
And only God will choose who's polished clean  
So you either start screaming or start singing  
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