

# 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 youngA 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, coppering some smokes  
In a sea of perfect stripes it's hard to stay afloatUr-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 beatUr-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 beatThere'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 risingA 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 singingUr-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 beatUr-ur-urgency, oh, man I feel it in the streets  
All the people they're rhyming, they're stomping their feet  
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