# Inner City Pressure

## Flight Of The Conchords

Inner city life, inner city pressure
The concrete world is starting to get ya
The city is alive, the city is expanding
Living in the city can be demanding
You pawned everything, everything you owned
Your tooth brush jar and a camera phone
You don't know where you're going
You cross the street, you don't know why you did
You walk back across the street
Standing in the sitting room
Totally stint and your favorite jersey is covered in lint
You want to sit down but you sold your chair
So you, you just stand there, you just stand there
(You just stand there)
Inner, inner city, inner city pressure
Counting coins on the counter of the 7/11
From a quarter past six 'til a quarter to seven
The manager, Bevin, starts to abuse me
Hey man, I just want some muesli
Neon signs, hidden messages
Questions, answers, fetishes
You know you're not in high finance
Considering second hand underpants
Check your mind, how'd it get so bad?
What happened to those other underpants you had?
Look in your pockets, haven't found a cent yet
Landlord's on your balls, "Have you payed your rent yet?"
Inner, inner city, inner city pressure
Inner, inner city, inner city pressure
Pressure, pressure
So you think maybe you'll be a prostitute
Just to pay for your lessons, you're learning the flute
Ladies wouldn't pay you very much for this
Looks like you'll never be a concert flautist
You don't measure up to the expectation
When you're unemployed, there's no vacation
No one cares, no one sympathizes
You just stay home and play synthesizers
Pressure, pressure

Inner, inner city, inner city pressure
Inner, inner city, inner city pressure
What are you searching for, hidden treasure?
All you'll find is inner city pressure
You've lost perspective like a picture by Escher
It's the pressure, pressure
Pressure, pressure

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