

The Message

Grandmaster Flash

It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder
How I keep from going under
It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder
How I keep from going under Broken glass everywhere
People pissing on the stairs, you know they just dont care
I can't take the smell, I can't take the noise no more
Got no money to move out, I guess I got no choice
Rats in the front room, cockroaches in the back
Junkie's in the alley with a baseball bat
I tried to get away, but I couldn't get far
'Cause a man with a tow-truck repossessed my car Chorus:
Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge
I'm trying not to lose my head, ah huh-huh-huh
[2nd and 5th: ah huh-huh-huh]
[4th: say what?]
It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder
How I keep from going under
It's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder
How I keep from going under Standing on the front stoop, hangin' out the window
Watching all the cars go by, roaring as the breezes blow
Crazy lady livin' in a bag
Eatin' out of garbage pails, she used to be a fag-hag
Said she danced the tango, skipped the light fandango
The Zircon Princess seemed to lost her senses
Down at the peepshow, watching all the creeps
So she can tell the stories to the girls back home
She went to the city and got So-So-So Ditty
She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own [2nd Chorus] My brother's doing bad took my mother's
TV
Says she watches too much, its just not healthy
All My Children in the daytime, Dallas at night
Can't even see the game or the Sugar Ray fight
The bill collectors that ring my phone
And scare my wife when I'm not home
Got a bum education, double-digit inflation
Can't take the train to the job, there's a strike at the station
Neon King Kong standin' on my back
Can't stop to turn around, broke my sacroiliac
A mid-range migraine, cancered membrane

Sometimes I think I'm going insane, I swear I might hijack a plane[3rd Chorus]My son said: Daddy, I don't
wanna go to school

Cause the teacher's a jerk, he must think I'm a fool
And all the kids smoke reefer, I think it'd be cheaper
If I just got a job, learned to be a street sweeper
Id dance to the beat, shuffle my feet
Wear a shirt and tie and run with the creeps
Cause it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny
You got to have a con in this land of milk and honey"
They pushed that girl in front of the train
Took her to the doctor, sewed her arm on again
Stabbed that man right in his heart
Gave him a transplant for a brand new start
I can't walk through the park, cause it's crazy after dark
Keep my hand on my gun, cause they got me on the run
I feel like a outlaw, broke my last glass jaw

Hear them say: You want some more?" livin' on a seesaw[4th Chorus]A child is born with no state of mind

Blind to the ways of mankind
God is smiling on you but he's frowning too
Because only God knows what youll go through
Youll grow in the ghetto, living second rate
And your eyes will sing a song of deep hate
The places you play and where you stay
Looks like one great big alley way
You'll admire all the number book takers
Thugs, pimps, pushers and the big money makers
Driving big cars, spending twenties and tens
And you wanna grow up to be just like them, huh,
Smugglers, scramblers, burglars, gamblers
Pickpockets, peddlers even panhandlers
You say: I'm cool, I'm no fool!
But then you wind up dropping out of high school
Now you're unemployed, all non-void
Walking round like you're Pretty Boy Floyd
Turned stickup kid, look what youve done did
Got sent up for a eight year bid
Now your manhood is took and you're a Maytag
Spent the next two years as a undercover fag
Being used and abused and served like hell
'Til one day you was found hung dead in your cell
It was plain to see that your life was lost
You was cold and your body swung back and forth
But now your eyes sing the sad, sad song

Of how you lived so fast and died so youngSo don't push me cause I'm close to the edge, I'm trying not to lose
my head, it's like a jungle sometimes it makes me wonder how I keep from going under.

[5th Chorus]

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