

# Neighborhood Threat

Iggy Pop

Down where your paint is cracking  
Look down your backstairs buddy  
Somebodies living there and  
He don't really feel the weather  
And he don't share your pleasures  
No, he don't share your pleasures  
Did you see his eyes?  
Did you see his crazy eyes?  
And you're so surprised he doesn't run to catch your ash  
Everybody always wants to kiss your trash  
And you can't help him, no one can  
And now that he knows  
There's nothing to get  
Will you still place your bet  
Against the neighborhood threat?

Somewhere a baby's feeding  
Somewhere a mother's needing  
Outside her boy is trying  
But mostly he is crying  
Did you see his eyes?  
Did you see his crazy eyes?  
And you're so surprised he doesn't run to catch your ash  
Everybody always wants to kiss your trash  
But you can't help him, no one can  
And now that he knows  
There's nothing to get  
Not in this place  
Not in your face  
Will you still place your bet  
Against the neighborhood threat? [Repeat: x2]