

Tied Down and Chained

BoDeans

Well, the fire city call to the hot
summer night in the distant sirens'
scream. Kids on the street don't think
about nothin', just livin' out some crazy
dream. On the front porch, Cherry
snaps her lipstick shut to the pull of the
radio steel. While folks inside drink
their worlds away. I guess sometimes
they must feel tied down and chained.
Well, folks around here don't talk about
life like it lasts forever. They talk about
life like it's salt instead of sugar. And the
elders sit around on the front porch. The
young ones, they mostly play. Every-
body else watchin' TV screens, watchin'
big time miles, miles away. And the days
go by just like hurricanes. And here
comes that very same old feelin' again.
Another face in the crowd, well baby, I'm
here for the takin'. Just like everybody
else, now, I feel I've been forsaken. Yeah,
Boy Johnny sings like a hurtin' soul,
made ten million dollars in one day,
spent every dime the very same night,
and the tax man takes him away. Yeah,
the judge walks in and he says, "Boy
Johnny, you must be crazy or just lying."
Boy Johnny says, "Judge you may be
right but I had a good time. An' look
at you."