

Fight My Way Out

Dan Reeder

I'm ready
To fight my way
Out of this ghetto

Well I just got home from work
And I'm sick and tired of painting doors
It's all I can do to take it
But I about had it anymore

Oh I'm ready
To fight my way
Outta this ghetto

And I'm goin to have to go to the store and
Buy some milk, some crackers and some bread
It's not a great lot of fun, but it's better than bein' dead

Oh I'm ready
To fight my way
Outta this ghetto

Tomrrow morning I'm gonna get up
I'm gonna do the same goddamned thing
Makes me think about the American way of life,
And lettin' freedom ring

Oh I'm ready
To fight my way
Outta this ghetto

So good night Ladies and Gentlemen
It's time to go to bed
And forget about all the damn laquer fumes boiling around in my head

Oh I'm ready
To fight my way
Outta this ghetto

And I'm so tired of thinking about quittin' smoking
Staying up too late
I'd like to buy a little shack in the beach in Mexico
And sell bait

Oh I'm ready
To fight my way
Outta this ghetto