

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've pawned everything, everything you own
Your toothbrush 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 skint
And your favorite jersey is covered in lint
You want to sit down but you sold your chair
So you just stand there
You just stand there
You just stand there

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Counting coins on the counter of the 7-Eleven
From a quarter past six till a quarter to seven
The manager, Bevan, 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 paid your rent yet?"

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So you think maybe you'll be a prostitute
Just to pay for your lessons, you're learning the flute
The 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

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What are you searching for, hidden treasure

All you'll find is

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You've lost perspective like a picture by Escher

It's the pressure