

My Life

Peabo Bryson

Here's a little something for those of us
Who grew up the hard way
Southern nights, good Baptist ministers
Singin' on the village green
Street corners at night
Well, I wouldn't change a thing
'Cause this is my life

Did you ever have to sleep in the cold, cold
In a three-room shack with one woodstove, mmm...
Do you know what it's like to sleep in your clothes
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Inner city blues, you got me payin' some dues, yeah

Hey, sister, stand beside me
I need your love strength and courage to guide me
Foolish junkies got you nodding
Throwin' your life away tryin' to party
Hey-hey-hey
Genocide is closin' in on man
Humanity is dying
Poverty, starvation, people
The children cry, cry

Yeah, hey, yeah, yeah

Bill collectors knocking, mama got hide, yeah, yeah
Just yesterday morning, she got fired, oh, no, no
Nobody knows the pain she feels inside, oh, no, no
Inner city blues, you got me payin' some dues, yeah

Hey, sister, stand beside me
I need your love strength and courage to guide me
Foolish junkies got you nodding
Throwin' your life away tryin' to party
Genocide is closin' in on man
Humanity is dying
Poverty, starvation, people
This is my life, this is my life

Living for those lonely Southern nights, yeah
Poverty, starvation, people
This is my life, this is my life

Learning how to love and still survive
Poverty, starvation, people
The children cry, children cry

Time ain't gonna change it, well
Talk about poverty, starvation, people
This is my life, this is my life

Try to keep my head up on the sky, sky...