

Concrete

Stradlin Izzy

Well he, ended up here
Came from, way out past there
And he, tried to make it something
And he, knew he had the way
But that six string was a ticket
Out of town and for a ride
To those, high rise and all those dreams
Concrete and palm trees, is all he'd seen
To those, high rise and all those dreams
Concrete and palm trees, is all he'd seen
Well he, met all bad kids
And he, fell in just fine
And all, match the road to him
He was, right there on time
But he tasted and he smoked it
Didn't know what it was for sure
To those, high rise and all those dreams
Concrete and palm trees, is all he'd seen
To those, high rise and all those dreams
Concrete and palm trees, all he'd seen
Well he, end up in jail
In a, 10 by 10 cell
Feeling, full jones withdrawl
Feeling, a lot like hell
But that six string was a ticket
Out of this mess, and our life
Well he, finally made and wound up clean
Concrete and palm trees, were pretty sweet
Well he, finally made and wound up clean
Concrete and palm trees, were pretty sweet
Pretty sweet
Ah ha ha
Pretty sweet
Ah ha ha
Pretty sweet
Ah ha ha
Pretty sweet
Ah ha ha