

Raggadubbacrete

Stradlin Izzy

Well, he, ended up here
Heading, from way past there
And he's, tried to make it something
And he's, knew he had the way

Well 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, thought 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 that cocaine and the cheever
Took him out and that's for sure

To those, high rise and all those dreams
Concrete and palm trees, thought he'd seen
To those, high rise and all those dreams
Concrete and palm trees, thought he'd seen

Well, he end up in jail
In a 10 by 10 cell
Feeling, full jones withdrawal
Feeling, a lot like hell

But his guitar was the ticket yes
Out of this mess, out alive

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

High rise and all those streets
Concrete and palm trees, were bittersweet
High rise and all those streets
Concrete and palm trees, were bittersweet