

Back On the Streets Again

Tower of Power

I had to compete
In the concrete, in the jungle
Had to kick and scratch
Stab some backs, in the jungle

At first I had a honest dream
Then the dike broke through
The scheme I had so gently planned
Soon that fell through

Now I'm back, back (back, back, back on the streets again)
I'm back (back, back, back on the street again)

It's a gold plated world
When you ain't got a dime for a phone call, in the jungle
Makes me feel so bad
To be standin' in the welfare line

My so called friends of yesterday
They don't even know my name
If I get a second chance
I do believe I'll feel the same

I'm back, back (back, back, back on the streets again)
I'm back (back, back, back on the street again)

Well I'll sing a song
And then keep control of my action, in the jungle
Living in them streets
Makes a man turn death away

Life right now is just a dirty word
There's no place for me to go
The look I wear up on my face
Let's everybody know

That I'm back, back (back, back, back on the streets again)
I'm back, back (back, back, back on the street again)
I'm back (back, back, back on the street again)
I'm back, back, back, back (back, back, back on the streets again)

Makes me feel so bad
To be back on the streets again

Fell asleep in the park last night
Sunday paper feel uptight
Hope the lord now give to me
What's before me imitate
Ridin' on this big machine
Back on the streets again
I'm back, back, back, back
Back on the streets again
Back, back, back, back