

Subcity

Tracy Chapman

A

People say it doesn't exist

Hmi

'Cause no one would like to admit

D

A

That there is a city underground

A

Where people live everyday

Hmi

Off the waste and decay

D

A

Off the discards of their fellow man

A

Hmi D

Here in subcity life is hard

A

Hmi

E

We can't receive any government relief

A

Hmi

D

I'd like to please give Mr. President my honest regards

E

A

For disregarding me

A

Hmi

They say there's too much crime in these city streets

D

E

My sentiments exactly

A

Hmi

Government and big business hold the purse strings

D

E

When I worked I worked in the factories

A

Hmi

D

I'm at the mercy of the world

E

A

I guess I'm lucky to be alive

They say we've fallen through the cracks

They say the system works

But we won't let it

Help

I guess they never stop to think

We might not just want handouts

But a way to make an honest living

Living this ain't living

What did I do deserve this

Had my trust in god

Worked everyday of my life

Thought I had some guarantees

That's what I thought

At least that's what I thought

Last night I had another restless sleep

Wondering what tomorrow might bring

Last night I dreamed

A cold blue light was shining down on me

I screamed myself awake

Thought I must be dying

Thought I must be dying