

## Subcity

by Tracy Chapman

People say it doesn't exist  
'Cause no one would like to admit  
That there is a city underground  
Where people live everyday  
Off the waste and decay  
Off the discards of their fellow man

Here in subcity life is hard  
We can't receive any government relief  
I'd like to give Mr. President my honest  
    regards  
For disregarding me

They say there's too much crime in these  
    city streets  
My sentiments exactly  
Government and big business hold the  
    purse strings  
When I worked I worked in the factories  
I'm at the mercy of the world  
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 to deserve this  
Had my trust in god  
Worked every day 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