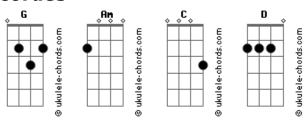


Tracy Chapman - Subcity

Tom: G (intro) G Am C 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 (refrão) Here in subcity life is hard We can't receive any government relief I'd like to please 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

Acordes



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 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