

Tracy Chapman - Subcity

Tom: G

(intro) G Am C

G Am
People say it doesn't exist
'Cause no one would like to admit C
That there is a city underground G
Where people live everyday Am
Off the waste and decay C
Off the discards of their fellow man G
(refrão)
G Am C
Here in subcity life is hard
G Am D
We can't receive any government relief
I'd like to please give Mr. President my honest regards Am C
For disregarding me D G
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 Am
They say we've fallen through the cracks G
They say the system works
But we won't let it C
Help
I guess they never stop to think G
We might not just want handouts Am
But a way to make an honest living G
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

Acordes

