

"The Message"
Grandmaster Flash & the Furious Five
(The Message - 1982)

Broken glass everywhere
People pissing on the stairs, you know they just don't care
I can't take the smell, I can't take the noise
Got no money to move out, I guess I got no choice
Rats in the front room, roaches in the back
Junkies in the alley with a baseball bat
I tried to get away, but I couldn't get far
Cause the man with the tow-truck repossessed my car

Chorus:

Don't push me, cause I'm close to the edge
I'm trying not to loose my head
It's like a jungle, sometimes it makes me wonder
How I keep from going under

Standing on the front stoop, hangin' out the window
Watching all the cars go by, roaring as the breezes blow
Crazy lady, livin' in a bag
Eating out of garbage piles, used to be a fag-hag
Said she danced the tango, skip the light fandango
Well zircon prince she seems to have lost her senses
Down at the peepshow, watching all the creeps
So she can tell the stories to the girls back home
She went to the city and got so so so giddy
She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own

Chorus:

It's like a jungle, sometimes it makes me wonder
How I keep from goin' under

My brother's doin' bad, stole my mother's TV
Says she watches too much, it's just not healthy
All My Children in the daytime, Dallas at night
Can't even see the game or the Sugar Ray fight
The bill collectors they ring my phone
And scare my wife when I'm not home
Got a bum education, double-digit inflation
Can't take the train to the job, there's a strike at the station
Neon King Kong standin' on my back
Can't stop to turn around, broke my sacroiliac
Midrange, migrained, cancered membrane
Sometimes I think I'm going insane, I swear I'm gonna hijack a plane!

Chorus

My son said daddy I don't wanna go to school
Cause the teacher's a jerk, he must think I'm a fool
And all the kids smoke reefer, I think it'd be cheaper
If I just got a job, learned to be a street sweeper
I dance to the beat, shuffle my feet
Wear a shirt and tie and run with the creeps
Cause it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny
You got to have a con in this land of milk and honey
They pushed that girl in front of a train
Took her to the doctor, sewed her arm on again
Stabbed that man, right in his heart
Gave him a transplant for a brand new start
I can't walk through the park, cause it's crazy after dark
Keep my hand on my gun, cause they got me on the run
I feel like an outlaw, broke my last glass jaw
Hear them say you want some more, livin' on a seesaw

Chorus

A child is born, with no state of mind
Blind to the ways of mankind
God is smiling at you but He's frowning too
Because only God knows what you gon' do
You grow in the ghetto, living second rate
And your eyes will sing a song of deep hate
The places you play and where you stay
Looks like one great big alleyway
You'll admire all the numberbook takers
Duds, pimps and pushers and the big money makers
Driving big cars, spending twenties and tens
And you wanna grow up to be just like them, huh
Smugglers, scramblers, burglars, gamblers
Pickpockets, peddlers, even pan-handlers
You say I'm cool, huh, I'm no fool
But then you wind up dropping out of highschool
Now you're unemployed, all null 'n' void
Walking around like you're Pretty Boy Floyd
Turned stickup kid, look what you done did
Got send up for a eight year bid
Now your manhood is took and you're a Maytag
Spend the next two years as an undercover fag
Being used and abused, to serve like hell
Till one day you was found hung dead in a cell
It was plain to see that your life was lost
You was cold and your body swung back and forth
But now your eyes sing the sad sad song
Of how you lived so fast and died so young

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