

The Message - Grandmaster Flash Lyrics

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"The Message"

It's like a jungle sometimes
It makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under
Broken glass everywhere
People pissin' on the stairs, you know they just don't care
I can't take the smell, 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 a man with a tow truck repossessed my car
Don't push me cause I'm close to the edge
I'm trying not to lose my head
It's like a jungle sometimes
It makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under
Standin' on the front stoop hangin' out the window

Watchin' all the cars go by, roarin' as the breezes blow

Crazy lady, livin' in a bag

Eatin' outta garbage pails, used to be a fag hag

Said she'll dance the tango, skip the light fandango

A Zircon princess seemed to lost her senses

Down at the peep show watchin' all the creeps

So she can tell her stories to the girls back home

She went to the city and got so so seditty

She had to get a pimp, she couldn't make it on her own

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

A mid-range migraine, cancered membrane

Sometimes I think I'm goin' insane

I swear I might hijack a plane!

It's like a jungle sometimes

It makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under

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

Or 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 the 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 a outlaw, broke my last glass jaw

Hear them say "You want some more?"

Livin' on a see-saw

It's like a jungle sometimes

It makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under

A child is born with no state of mind

Blind to the ways of mankind
God is smilin' on you but he's frownin' too
Because only God knows what you'll go through
You'll grow in the ghetto livin' second-rate
And your eyes will sing a song called deep hate
The places you play and where you stay
Looks like one great big alleyway
You'll admire all the number-book takers
Thugs, pimps and pushers and the big money-makers
Drivin' big cars, spendin' twenties and tens
And you'll wanna grow up to be just like them, huh
Smugglers, scramblers, burglars, gamblers
Pickpocket peddlers, even panhandlers
You say I'm cool, huh, I'm no fool
But then you wind up droppin' outta high school
Now you're unemployed, all non-void
Walkin' round like you're Pretty Boy Floyd
Turned stick-up kid, but look what you done did
Got sent up for a eight-year bid
Now your manhood is took and you're a Maytag
Spend the next two years as a undercover fag
Bein' used and abused to serve like hell
Til one day, you was found hung dead in the 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 so
It's like a jungle sometimes
It makes me wonder how I keep from goin' under

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