

# Living For the City

Stevie Wonder

[Verse 1]

A boy is born in hard time Mississippi  
Surrounded by four walls that ain't so pretty  
His parents give him love and affection  
To keep him strong moving in the right direction  
Living just enough, just enough for the city

[Verse 2]

His father works some days for fourteen hours  
And you can bet he barely makes a dollar  
His mother goes to scrub the floors for many  
And you'd best believe she hardly gets a penny  
Living just enough, just enough for the city (yeah)

[Verse 3]

His sister's black but she is sho 'nuff pretty  
Her skirt is short but Lord her legs are sturdy  
To walk to school she's got to get up early  
Her clothes are old but never are they dirty  
Living just enough, just enough for the city (um-hum)

[Verse 4]

Her brother's smart he's got more sense than many  
His patience's long but soon he won't have any  
To find a job is like a haystack needle  
Because where he lives they don't use colored people  
Living just enough, just enough for the city

[Bridge]

(Living just enough for the city)  
Living for the city, yeah  
(Believing just enough for the city)  
Ain't nothing but a city  
(Believing just enough for the city)  
Living for the city, yeah yeah  
(Believing just enough for the city)  
Nothing but a city  
(Believing just enough for the city)  
Live for the city, yeah yeah  
(Believing just enough for the city)

The fucking crud is shitty  
(Believing just enough for the city)  
Live for the city  
(Believing just enough for the city)  
Ain't nothing but a city, woo  
(Believing just enough for the city)  
Everybody clap their hands together now, woo  
(Believing just enough for the city)  
Hmm, for the city yeah  
(Believing just enough for the city)  
For the city, yeah yeah  
(Believing just enough for the city)  
For the city, yeah  
(Believing just enough for the city)

[Spoken Interlude]  
Bus for New York City!  
Hey, bus driver! I'm getting on that, hold it  
Thanks a lot  
Wow, New York, just like I pictured it  
Skyscrapers and everything  
Hey hey brother, hey come here slick  
Hey you look, you look hip man  
Hey you wanna make yourself five bucks man  
You look hip  
Run this across the street for me right quick  
Okay, run this across the street for me  
What? Huh? I didn't know! What?  
Gimme your hands up you punk!  
I'm just going across the street  
Put that leg up, shut your mouth  
Hell no, what did I do?  
Okay, turn around, turn around  
Put your hands behind your back, let's go, let's go  
A jury of your peers having found you guilty, ten years  
What?  
Come on, come on, get in that cell nigga  
God, lord

[Verse 5]  
His hair is long, his feet are hard and gritty  
He spends his life walking the streets of New York City  
He's almost dead from breathing in air pollution  
He tried and fought but to him there's no solution  
Living just enough, just enough for the city

[Verse 6]  
I hope you hear inside my voice of sorrow  
And that it motivates you to make a better tomorrow

This place is cruel nowhere could be much colder  
If we don't change, the world will soon be over  
Living just enough, stop giving just enough for the city

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>