Maybe

by The Chantels

Maybe if I pray every night
You'll come back to me
And maybe if I cry every day
You'll come back to stay
Oh, maybe

Maybe if I hold your hand
You will understand
And maybe if I kissed your lips
I'd be at your command
Oh, maybe

I’ve prayed and prayed to the Lord
To send you back, my love
But instead you came to me
Only in my dreams

Maybe if I pray every night
You'll come back to me
And maybe if I cry everyday
You'll come back to-ooo stay
Oh, maybe
Maybe, maybe, baby

The Message

by Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five

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

Sometimes it makes me wonder

How I keep from going under

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 the 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 going under
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 pails, used to be a fag-hag
Said she danced the tango, skipped the light fandango
The Zircon Princess seemed 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 social security
She had to get a pimp—she couldn't make it on her own

My brother's doing bad on my mother's TV
She says, "You watch it 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
I 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 sacrophiliac
A mid-ranged migraine, cancered membrane
Sometimes I think I'm going insane

I swear I might hijack a plane

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'll 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 jar
Hear them say, "You want more livin' on a seesaw?"

A child is born with no state of mind
Blind to the ways of mankind
God is smiling on you, but he's frowning too
Because only God knows what you'll go through
You'll grow in the ghetto, living second rate
And your eyes will sing a song of deep hate
The place you're playin', where you stay
Looks like one great big alleyway
You'll admire all the number book takers
Thugs, pimps, 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, scrambles, burglars, gamblers
Pickpockets, peddlers even panhandlers
You say, "I'm cool, I'm no fool!"
But then you wind up dropping out of high school
Now you're unemployed, all non-void
Walking 'round like you're Pretty Boy Floyd
Turned stickup kid, look what you've done did
Got sent up for a eight year bid
Now your manhood is took and you're a may tag
Spend the next two years as a 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

So 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 going under