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 