

Inner City Pressure

Flight of the Conchords

[Verse 1: Bret McKenzie]

Inner city life, inner city pressure
The concrete world is starting to get ya
The city is alive, the city is expanding
Living in the city can be demanding
You've pawned everything, everything you own
A toothbrush jar and a camera-phone
You don't know where you're going
You cross the street
You don't know why you did
You walk back across the street
Standing in the sitting room, totally skint
And your favorite jersey is covered in lint
You want to sit down, but you sold your chair
So you just stand there
(You just stand there)

[Hook: Bret McKenzie & Jemaine Clement]

Inner
Inner city
Inner city pressure
(Inner city pressure)

[Verse 2: Jemaine Clement]

Counting coins on the counter of the 7/11
From a quarter past six 'til a quarter to seven
The manager, Bevin, starts to abuse me
"Hey man, I just want some muesli"
Neon signs, hidden messages
Questions, answers, fetishes
You know you're not in high finance
Considering secondhand underpants
Check your mind, how'd it get so bad?
What happened to those other underpants you had?
Look in your pockets, haven't found a cent yet
Landlord's on your balls, "Have you paid your rent yet?"

[Hook]

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[Verse 3: Jemaine]

So you think, "Maybe you'll be a prostitute"
Just to pay for your lessons, you're learning the flute
Ladies wouldn't pay you very much for this
Looks like you'll never be a concert flutist

[Verse 4: Bret]

You don't measure up to the expectation
When you're unemployed there's no vacation
No one cares, no one sympathizes
You just stay at home and play synthesizers

(Inner city pressure)
(Inner city pressure)

[Hook]

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