This old town's filled with sin It'll swallow you in If you've got some money to burn Take it home right away You've got three years to pay And Satan is waiting his turn

This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poor house It seems like this whole town's insane On the 31st floor, a gold plated door Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain

The scientists say
It'll all wash away
But we don't believe any more
'Cos we got our recruits
And our green mohair suits
So please show your ID at the door

A friend came around
Tried to clean up this town
His ideas made some people mad
But he trusted his crowd
So he spoke right out loud
And they lost the best friend they had