

This old town's filled with sin
It'll swallow you in
If you got some money to burn.

Take it home right away
you've got three years to pay
but Satan is waiting his turn.

This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poorhouse,
It seems like this whole town's insane.
On the thirty first 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 anymore.
'Cause we got our recruits,
and our green mohair suits,
so please show your I D at the door.

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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.

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