

Rich/Poor

Trampled by Turtles

You keep your ear so close to the ground
Well your prophet speaks and there's no one around
And it's a grand old time for broken glass
And it's all we ever need

You dig them holes and never find a dime
You can't pretend it's not a waste of time
And the payphones ring until you burn 'em down
It's my kind of town

La la la...

You lie before the change of pace
When you're set dead last in a wasted race
And it's a cold hard facts that'll bring me to tears
That's the way it goes

La la la...