

# Armored Saint, Pay Dirt

That's when I hit pay dirt  
Sink or swim  
I'm jumpin' in  
Huddled masses cling together  
But the herd gets thin  
Self assured  
With those fighting words  
Your so-called figure of speech  
Won't be hard

I'll never lose my shirt  
Someday I'll hit pay dirt

I'd rather die of thirst

Fast-moving fast-ducking fast  
Running fast from the blast  
I'm here to carry my weight  
Murder will out the ingrates  
No tampering with the soul  
I'm sidestepping your phony idols  
That's when I'll hit pay dirt