

Crash Test Dummies, The Wicked And The Evil

There are those who kneel to worship
And beg for clemency
There are those who know the hardship
Of a conscience that's not free

Some are weary, some are cold
Some barely half-alive
But the wicked and the evil
Eat, and drink, and thrive

The prisoners feel the scorching sun
As they toil among the rocks
Some are grim, some resigned
But not one ever talks

Some are weary, some are cold
Some barely half-alive
But the wicked and the evil
Eat, and drink, and thrive

The sinner knowing he has sinned
Is not saved, he is cursed
For no matter how he may repent
He's done his worst

Some are weary, some are cold
Some barely half-alive
But the wicked and the evil
Eat, and drink, and thrive