

Megadeth, Train Of Consequences

I'm doing you a favor
As I'm taking all your money
I guess I should feel sorry
But I don't even trust me
There's bad news creeping up
And you feel a sudden chill
How do you do? My name is Trouble
I'm coming in for the kill...
And you know I will

Set the ball a-rollin
I'll be clicking off the miles
On the train of consequences
My boxcar life o' style
My thinking is derailed
I'm tied up to the tracks
The train of consequences
There ain't no turning back

No horse ever ran as fast
As the money that you bet
I'm blowing all my cards
And I play them to my chest
Life's fabric is corrupt
Shot through with corroded thread
As for me I hocked my brains
Packed my bag and headed West