The Black Keys, Modern Times

They're gonna get to it tomorrow,
But they don't care at all,
They're gonna ease your pain and sorrow,
But we heard the same before,

All my lovin' friends,
Takin' nothin' home,
And I can't be the one,
To lay troubles on,

All their homes are broken,
And what are they gonna do?
There's no magic potion,
Their lyin' days are through,

Love and lust,
Go hand-in-hand,
Everything turn to dust,
In our promised land,

Take the well-dressed man,
And watch him pass you by,
Work your life away,
Makes me wanna cry,

In these modern times,
Oh...oh...oh,

I'm gonna scream it on a mountain,
To every valley wide,
It's all your money they're countin',
And to your face they lie,

Put on your workboots, mama,
And your morning gown,
Twelve men dead today,
They're already in the ground,

See the well-dressed man,
Watch him pass you by,
Work your life away,
Make me wanna cry,

In these modern times,
In these modern times,
In these modern times,
Oh.