

The Guess Who, Coors For Sunday

Hey dream breaker, you gonna laugh now that you fell down?
You broke my will and stole my soul, without even a half-ass frown

You got Coors for Sunday, you got a way with the negro boys
Comes to steppin' on their women, spendin' all your cash just to hear their noise

You got cool, not even you could ever get that hip
Seems your nose started runnin' every time you tried to let your backbone slip
You know it ain't right when you're screamin' in the morning

You got kings at your table, they're just a backstreet bunch of clowns
Steppin' out, have a look over, I hope I'm there to see you tumble on down