

Thrice, Cold Cash And Colder Hearts

They are sick, they are poor
And they die by the thousands and we look away
They are wolves at the door
And they're not gonna move us or get in our way

'Cause we don't have the time
Here at the top of the world
Feeling alright
Here at the top of the world

We hold our own by keeping our hearts cold

Different god, darker skin
They are just not a burden that we'd like to bear
They are living in "sin";
There are so many reasons for us not to care

But I'm feeling alright
Here at the top of the world
Doing just fine
Here at the top of the world

We've learned money matters most
So we keep our cards held close
Here at the top of the world

We hold our own by keeping our hearts cold
And we've learned what matters most
So we keep our hearts cold

They are no one
They are nowhere
They are not our problem
Not worth saving
Nonexistent if we keep our hearts cold