

Uncle Tupelo, Sin City

This old town is filled with sin,
It'll swallow you in
If you've got some money to burn.
(So) Take it home right away,
You've got three years to pay
But Satan is waiting his turn.

This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poor house.
It seems like this whole town's insane.
On the thirty-first floor a gold plated door
Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain.

The scientists say
It'll all wash away
But we don't believe any more
Cause we've got our recruits
And our green mohair suits
So please show you ID At the door.

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It seems like this whole town's insane.
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Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain.

A friend came around.
Tried to clean up this town.
His ideas made some people mad.
Cause he trusted his crowd,
So he spoke right out loud,
And they lost the best friend they had.

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