

Beck, Sin City

This old town is filled with in, it will swallow you in
If you've got some money to burn
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 poorhouse
It seems like this whole town's insane
On the 31st 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 it anymore
'Cause we've got our recruits and our green mohair suits
So please show your ID at the door
This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poorhouse
It seems like this whole town's insane
On the 31st floor, a gold-plated door
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
Yet he trusted his crowd, so he spoke right out aloud
But they lost the best friend they had
This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poorhouse
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