Bob Mould, Fort Knox, King Solomon

There's a place in the mountains that
we could go
We could stock up with diamonds
and bars of gold
If we wanted a fortune, that's where we'd go
And if you wanted to go there, well,
let me know

And inside Fort Knox, King Solomon
is occupied with providence
Enough, but not too confident
And I get by, goodbye

Every night at 11, they drive the gold
Through the underground entrance
between the poles

If we wait for a moment, the guards might go
Then I could get the door open and
grab some gold
But if I should get noticed, don't worry,
grab you stuff and go
I can deal with King Solomon alone