

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Master And Slave

No pennies from Heaven, no pennies in my hand
Think you're drinkin' wine Dad, its the blood of the Lamb
That's no way to treat you son now is it Abraham
After he busted his ass for you
You've never known hunger, never took a risk
Though you know you should,
you know you'd never raise a fist
If the boss asked you to jump you know
You'd find the nearest cliff
That man talks down to you, and you talk down to me too

Master and slace in equal parts
Split down the middle drink' dubles at the bar
Master and slave, God bless you both
I got two for the price of one
(Such a deal for your only Son)

When will the tension be all over
For fallen sons and fathers too
I'm down to my last dime
No faith in mankind
C'mon lets swing into the groove

Like Jack Homer backed into a corner
but I never saw a slice of no pie
too busy standing in line, just waiting for bread
but the father, he walks the water
he ain't never tossed a nickel to his son
ain't I your prodigal boy?
ain't I your pride and joy?

Friends and Romans, I'm your brother
I'm scratchin' to hang on
The pursuit of happiness is just a carpetbagger's con
When a can of pork and beans could change my attitude
You won't give it up but I coulda been you
While masters and slaves scratch for pieces of the dream
for purple mountain majesties, whatever the hell that means
They give up on each other
And that's the way they get ahead
But I can still see the stars through these red, white, and blue prison bars

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