

Laura Nyro, Poverty Train

last call for the poverty train

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it looks good and dirty on shiny light strip

and if you don't get beat you got yourself a trip

You can see the walls roar see your brains on the floor

become God become cripple become funky and split

why was i born

i saw the devil and he's smiling at me

i heard my bones cry devil why's it got to be

devil played with my brother devil drove my mother

now the tears in the gutter are floodin the sea

why was i born

oh baby it looks good and dirty them shiny lights glow

a million night tramps tricks and tracks will come and go

you're starvin today but who care anyway baby it feels like i'm dying

now i swear there's something better than gettin off on sweet cocaine

it feels so good it feels so good

getting off the poverty train

morning