

# Rez Band, Waitin' On Sundown

Hands in pockets; his wallet's a weapon,  
Corporation hit-man; nothing's left when he's done,  
They came in from Phnom Penh, got seven children - what's the difference?  
He'll just evict them, no need to trick them - just a victim.

He don't know the family,  
He don't need a reason,  
He just plays the game of buy and sell,  
People don't concern him; money is what drives him,  
Why should he be bothered by their hell?

Waiting on sundown, they get the low-down: "I don't want you in my town."

No way to hold out, just bought and sold out...down the river,  
No one to turn to; their home went to the highest bidder.

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Waiting on sundown, it's the story of uptown,  
Another refugee run down; there is gonna be a showdown.