

Rocket From The Crypt, Salt Future

We are the wanted from yesterday's wreckage.
We buy what's wasted and sell it back.
Dry heaves are boring, I'm sour, let's watch it.
Gutless and tasteless, cut it some slack.

There'll be time, yeah, there'll be time (x3).
Salt future's rising from Salt Lake.

Lickin' the salt flat, another bad season.
Tripping and soaking, we dry the crop.
Here's to the progress of speedy revival.
Ten for the harvest, Ten for the slack.

There'll be time, yeah, there'll be time (x3).
Salt future's rising (x4) Wet ground floats down in Salt Lake.

When the blame is yourself,
save the savers for the hill.
Hate the haters, I forget.
Make the makers, nothing left.
Face the fakers, so obscene.
Slave the slavers for the shade.
Next time add salt to your fate.

There'll be time, yeah, there'll be time (x3).
Salt future's rising (x4) Wet ground floats down in Salt Lake.