Tom McRae, Moneyshot

Watch the man fall beneath the train Wipe the pieces of his shattered brain from your new suit And don't look back

Sister slide down beside your man This brother doesn't love her she'll get what she can And not look back Don't look back

Slip yourself into the slot Takin' aim for the money shot To make you whole To make you whole

They'll tie your feet, they'll tie your hands This town of fat white Christians will bind your soul Will bind your soul

Don't want to deal in stolen gold These daily disappointments keep you growin' old But that's not me That's not me

Sold your dreams of buffaloes To dream of death soldier doesn't know He don't wake up Don't wake up

Watch the man Watch the man Watch the man Watch the man

Watch the man fall beneath the train
Wipe the pieces of his shattered brain from your new suit
And don't look back
Don't look back
Don't look back