

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

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