

# Warhead, Flashback Of A Poor Man

today was the day, money I didn't have  
they came to me in their white coats  
and took my kidneys and my heart  
now my body's bloody cold,  
my signature was my grave!

sign your name and you'll be free,  
take the money and feel good  
pay your debts, it's all okay,  
20.000 you have got  
I give you one year to pay back  
and take your organs if you don't  
now you know about the consequence,  
so we'll meet in one year

I knew I couldn't get a job these days,  
so where could I find my way out  
20.000 dollars were too much,  
the doc, he knew I had no chance  
poverty was my gallows pole,  
the rich were dancing on my grave  
and isn't it disgusting, man,  
I wasn't dead, I was alive

it's not a tale, man, this is true,  
I paid my debts with my life  
it's not a vision of tomorrow,  
those things happen today  
if you've got money, you'll get new teeth,  
you'll get new skin and a new heart  
but as a poor man  
you will see your own flashback start