

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