

Whiskey Rebels, To Be Poor Is A Crime

An industrial strip in the shadow of downtown
Where tempers flare up when the lights go down
Cooking up a batch in a hotel room
Till one bad fume, the place goes boom
Landlord pigs they won't rent to
working families in Sacramento
Move you off to a drug infested
den of a neighbourhood, there's no justice
To be poor is a crime
Money makes me lose my mind
To be poor is a crime
First world nation in decline
To be poor is a crime
Working class in the breadline
To be poor is a crime
California land of the lost
rich get richer and the poor get tossed
2 million working poor last count
lights out in darkness and in doubt
Six, seven hundred dollar check, big deal
After rent got enough to left for one meal
Every new day I'm so numb I can't feel
Every night I dream of cold hard steel