

## Gold for Bread

Blitzen Trapper

I'm a broke down wreck with a ball and chain  
Just sitting in the kitchen with my fortune to fame  
There's a monkey in a glass case calling my name  
There's a midget on his back,  
He's waiting for the midnight train

Cause we're pulling up stakes  
Gotta load up the car  
Get my red pink bag  
Do some air guitar

Cause I'm running from the air-jets  
Inside of my head  
In my bed  
With a leg full of lead  
I'm trading gold for bread

Your militarized mistress had you sick like a stone  
Well I'm out here on the sidewalk where the buffalo roam  
I can see it in your crystal dancing in like a storm  
Blowing dusty through the kitchen  
While you're standing in your high heels and you're gone

Yeah there's this choice you gotta make and it'll cut to the core  
Like a preacher throwing dice instead of sleaze on the sore  
There's a lady and her lover and they're covered in the warmth  
Slipping down through the cracks  
With the attack and they're faced with the floor

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