

Poverty Train

Laura Nyro

Last call for the poverty train
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It looks good and dirty
On shiny light strip
And if you don't get beat
You got yourself a trip

You can see the walls roar
See your brains on the floor
Become God
Become cripple
Become funky and split
Why was I born?

Oh baby, I just saw the devil
And he's smiling at me
I heard my bones cry
Devil, why's it got to be?

Devil played with my brother
Devil drove my mother
Now, the tears in the gutter
Are flooding the sea
Why was I born?

Oh baby, it looks good and dirty
Them shiny lights glow
A million night tramps
Tricks and tracks
Will come and go
You're starvin' today
But who cares anyway?

Baby, it feels like I'm dying
Now, I swear there's something better than
Gettin' off on sweet cocaine
It feels so good
It feels so good
Getting off the poverty train
Morning