

Hear my troubles of mine  
Can you take me for one last ride  
I want to bend my soul again  
That's what we do when we get older  
Where's your troubled mind  
You've got your money and you got them 'cause others just can't  
There's the lottery  
About geography

Don't know the hand you're holding  
Paying someone to put them to bed again

And that's when it hurts  
The difference  
This is hot blood  
And a difference  
What a difference  
A little difference would make

Hear my love sigh  
I've got a story that money just can't buy  
Western standards  
Poverty's profitable  
See it slip and slide  
not just one answer 'cause it's working like parallel lines  
It's not that easy  
When you want it easy

And that's when it hurts  
When you see the difference  
It's a raging lung  
And a difference  
What a difference  
A little difference would make

Don't leave me now  
Don't fall asleep  
We need to rest sometimes  
but don't take long  
It's something in system  
that still circulates  
We'll dig a hole in the backyard  
and drain the blood