

This old town is filled with sin,  
It'll swallow you in  
If you've got some money to burn.  
(So) Take it home right away,  
You've got three years to pay  
But Satan is waiting his turn.

This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poor house.  
It seems like this whole town's insane.  
On the thirty-first floor a gold plated door  
Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain.

The scientists say  
It'll all wash away  
But we don't believe any more  
Cause we've got our recruits  
And our green mohair suits  
So please show you ID At the door.

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Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain.

A friend came around.  
Tried to clean up this town.  
His ideas made some people mad.  
Cause he trusted his crowd,  
So he spoke right out loud,  
And they lost the best friend they had.

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