

# Beck, Sin City

This old town is filled with in, it will swallow you in  
If you've got some money to burn  
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 poorhouse  
It seems like this whole town's insane  
On the 31st 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 it anymore  
'Cause we've got our recruits and our green mohair suits  
So please show your ID at the door  
This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poorhouse  
It seems like this whole town's insane  
On the 31st floor, a gold-plated door  
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  
Yet he trusted his crowd, so he spoke right out aloud  
But they lost the best friend they had  
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