

Rodriguez, Gommorah

Come on down and see me
You know my name well
I'm everything you've read
I've got it to sell.

The ladies on my street
Aren't there for their health
Welfare checks don't pave
The road to much wealth.

The cats and the rat things
Go bump through the night
They'll come do a dance thing
Just turn off your light.

Gommorah is a nursery rhyme
You won't find in the book
It's written on your city's face
Just stop and take a look.

A story of pure hate
With pictures between
A tale for your kids
To help them to dream.

Sleep now little children
Don't lose your way
'Cos tourists don't see things
In the clearness of day.

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