

## G.O.P.

Beth Hart

Silver blue hair and a cane in her hand  
Living to die in the promised land  
Handing out flyers for the coming of Christ  
She says raise from the fire for eternal life

Or they'll take your mind and they'll strip your faith  
And they'll starve you with nothing that you already ate  
And they'll compliment just to break you down  
Spin you in circles running round and round

Good ole people live  
Good ole people

Coke bottle glasses and a smile on his face  
He stands on the corner screaming don't mix the race  
Commanding all the children to confess all their sins  
Then he beats his wife with a bottle of Gin

And they'll whip your mind just to strip your faith  
Counterfeit people coming to dominate  
And they'll get you high just to greet you down  
Spin you in circles running round and round

Good ole people live  
Good ole people give  
But good ole people can't drive  
And maybe that's why good ole people die  
Maybe that's why  
Good ole people live  
Good ole people give  
Good ole people can't drive  
Maybe that's why good ole people die