

Good Old People

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