

You Can't Trust Them

Fred Eaglesmith

Well out on the corner of third and green
They're dealing prescription amphetamines
And you count your fingers when you shake their hands
'cause they'll steal your wealth as fast as as they can

You can't trust em'
Their souls are lost. They keep taking Jesus back off of the cross
Lightning won't strike 'em and the cops won't bust 'em
And all I know, all I know, is you can't trust 'em

In their ivory tower, they swing and they sway
As they count up the hours until you can't pay
And your worth is paid and your presence is rated
And all of their interest is calculated

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Their souls are lost. They keep taking Jesus back off of the cross
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Bells softly ring beneath their steeple
They're selling souls and they're dealing people
And the choirs sing, the coyotes laugh
And quietly they'll take everything you have

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And all I know, all I know, is you can't trust 'em