

This old town is filled with sin  
It'll swallow you in  
If you've got some money to burn  
So 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 poor house  
It seems like this whole town's insane  
On the thirty-first 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 any more  
'Cause we've got our recruits  
And our green mohair suits  
So please show your I.D. at the door

'Cause this old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poor house  
It seems like this whole town's insane  
On the thirty-first floor a gold plated door  
Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain

Well a friend came around  
Tried to clean up this town  
His ideas made some people mad  
But he trusted his crowd  
And he spoke right out loud  
And they lost the best friend they had

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