

Gold for Bread

Blitzen Trapper

Im a broke down wreck with a ball and chain
Just sitting in the kitchen with my fortune and fame
Theres a monkey in a mask and he's calling my name
Theres a midget on his back,
Hes waiting for the midnight trainCause were pulling up stakes
Gotta load up the car
Get my right beat back
Do some air guitarCause Im running from the air-jets
Inside of my head
On my bed
With a leg full of lead
We're trading gold for breadWell the militarized mistress yeah you sink like a stone
Well Im out here on the sidewalk where the buffalo roam
I can see it in your crystal dancing in like a storm
Blowing dusty through the kitchen
While youre standing in your high heels in your hallCause were pulling up stakes
Gotta load up the car
Get my right beat back
Do some air guitarCause Im running from the air-jets
Inside of my head
On my bed
With a leg full of lead
We're trading gold for breadYeah theres this choice you gotta make and itll cut to the coil
Like a preacher throwing dice instead of seeds on the soil
Theres a lady and her lover and theyre covered in oil
Slipping down through the cracks
With the attack and a face full of foilCause were pulling up stakes
Gotta load up the car
Get my right beat back
Do some air guitarCause Im running from the air-jets
Inside of my head
On my bed
With a leg full of lead
We're trading gold for bread

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