Modern Times

The Little Heroes

Gonna get to it tomorrow, but they don't care at all
They're gonna ease your pain and sorrow
But we heard the same before
All my loving friends taking nothin' home
And I can't be the one to lay troubles onAll their homes are broken and what are they gonna do
There's no magic potion, their lying days are through
Love and lust go hand in hand
Everything turned to dust in our promised landTake the well-dressed man and watch him pass you by
Work your life away, makes me wanna cry
In these modern timesGonna scream it on a mountain to every valley wide
It's all your money they're counting and to your face they lie
Put on your work boots, Momma, and your morning gown
Twelve men dead today, they're already in the groundSee the well-dressed man, watch him pass you by
Work your life away, makes me wanna cryIn these modern times
In these modern times
In these modern times

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