

Catapult

Tim Gearan

Filthy Rich Man tells Dirt Poor Boy
Across the ocean and land:
"Hallajulah, baby! You're the man!"

Bowling over thin, young frames
Buried under the crust
Of some Old World they fell into and trusted
They're catapulted
They're catapulted
They're catapulted

Stood up all your carousels
Kisses, sparkles and glue
You won't know what hits or misses you
Enter Righteous Gold and Fame:
Shimmers while they smite
Faulty Creedence clearly has the right
They're catapulted
They're catapulted
They're catapulted

So call to action broker armies
springs in clocks and in shoes
Wonder what gave Dirt Poor Boy the Blues
So Filthy Rich Man tells Dirt Poor Boy
Across the ocean and land:
"Hallajulah, baby! You're the man!"

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Lyrics submitted by paula gearan.

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