

# 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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