

Tithe

The Get Up Kids

You've got the dirty bones
And I've got nothing to wash them with
But after we sing this song
I've got so little left, I've got less
Oh, how the collar's strong
The links disintegrate one by one
Just pull the yoke along
'Cause I've got nothing tithe
Like I have promised I would do
Still I am at fault
Take this paltry advantage that is due
Before you take a soul
You've got the gold throne
And I've got the broken hands
You've got the gold throne
And I've got nothing to tithe
Like I have promised I would do
Still I am at fault
Take this paltry advantage that is due
Before you take a soul
Tithe like I have promised I would do
Still I am at fault

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