

# Pay Dirt

## Armored Saint

That's when I hit pay dirt  
Sink or swim, I'm jumpin' in  
Huddled masses cling together  
But the herd gets thinSelf assured  
With those fighting words  
Your so called figure of speech  
Won't be hardI'll never lose my shirt  
Someday I'll hit, pay dirt  
I'd rather die of thirstFast moving, fast ducking fast  
Running fast from the blast  
I'm here to carry my weight  
Murder will out the ingrates

Lyrics provided by

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