Salvation

Rancid

There's a neighborhood called Blackhawk
Where all the rich people hide I was
down on my luck workin' for the Salvation Army
The shelter is where I reside
Every day we drive in to Blackhawk & we pick up the offerings microwave ovens
refridgerators for the suffering I can't believe these people live like kings
hidden estates and diamond rings I'm a rat on a mission I'm in your front yard
under suspicion
Come on baby won't you show me what you got
I want your
salvation

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