

Sin City

Uncle Tupelo

This old town is filled with sin, it'll swallow you in
If you've got some money to burn, so take it home right away
You've got three years to pay, but Satan is waiting his turn
This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poor house
It seems like this whole town's insane
On the thirty-first floor a gold plated door
Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain
The scientists say it'll all wash away but we don't believe any more
'Cause we've got our recruits and our green mohair suits
So please show you ID at the door
This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poor house
It seems like this whole town's insane
On the thirty-first floor a gold plated door
Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain
Friend came around tried to clean up this town
His ideas made some people mad, 'cause he trusted his crowd
So he spoke right out loud, and they lost the best friend they had
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