

This old town is filled with sin it'll swallow you in  
If you've got some money to burn  
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 poorhouse  
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 anymore  
'Cause we've got our recruits and our green mohair suits  
So please show your I.D. at the door

This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poorhouse  
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

A friend came around tried to clean up this town  
His ideas made some people mad  
He trusted his crowd so he spoke right out loud  
And they lost the best friend they had

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Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain

On the thirty-first floor your gold-plated door  
Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain