

Armored Saint

"Pay Dirt"

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That's when I hit pay dirt
Sink or swim, I'm jumpin' in
Huddled masses cling together
But the herd gets thin

Self assured
With those fighting words
Your so called figure of speech
Won't be hard

I'll never lose my shirt
Someday I'll hit, pay dirt
I'd rather die of thirst

Fast moving, fast ducking fast
Running fast from the blast
I'm here to carry my weight
Murder will out the ingrates

No tampering with the soul
I'm sidestepping your phony idols
That's when I'll hit pay dirt

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