

411**"Sin City"**Visit "[Sin City](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Graham Parsons/Chris Hillman)

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

And Satan is waiting his turn

The scientists say it'll all wash away

But we don't believe anymore

'Cause we've got our recruits

In their green mohair suits

So please show your I.D. at the door

Chorus:

This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the
poorhouse

It seems like this whole town's insane

On the thirty-first floor your gold-plated door

Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain

A fool came around tried to clean up this town

His ideas made some people mad

But he trusted in his crowd

So he spoke right out loud

And they lost the best friend they ever had

Chorus

On the thirty-first floor your gold-plated door

Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain

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