

Blank & Jones

"Gold For Bread"

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I'm a broke down wreck with a ball and chain
Just sitting in the kitchen with my fortune to fame
There's a monkey in a glass case calling my name
There's a midget on his back,
He's waiting for the midnight train

Cause we're pulling up stakes
Gotta load up the car
Get my red pink bag
Do some air guitar

Cause I'm running from the air-jets
Inside of my head
In my bed
With a leg full of lead
I'm trading gold for bread

Your militarized mistress had you sick like a stone
Well I'm out here on the sidewalk where the buffalo
roam
I can see it in your crystal dancing in like a storm
Blowing dusty through the kitchen
While you're standing in your high heels and you're
gone

Yeah there's this choice you gotta make and it'll cut to
the core
Like a preacher throwing dice instead of sleaze on the
sore
There's a lady and her lover and they're covered in the
warmth
Slipping down through the cracks
With the attack and they're faced with the floor

Cause we're pulling up stakes
Gotta load up the car
Get my red pink bag
Do some air guitar

Cause I'm running from the air-jets
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I'm trading gold for bread

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