

Blitzen Trapper "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 and fame
There's a monkey in a mask and he's 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 right beat back
Do some air guitar

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

Well the militarized mistress yeah you sink 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 in your hall

Cause we're pulling up stakes
Gotta load up the car
Get my right beat back
Do some air guitar
Cause I'm running from the air-jets
Inside of my head
On my bed
With a leg full of lead
We're trading gold for bread

Yeah there's this choice you gotta make and it'll cut to
the coil
Like a preacher throwing dice instead of seeds on the
soil
There's a lady and her lover and they're covered in oil
Slipping down through the cracks
With the attack and a face full of foil

Cause we're pulling up stakes
Gotta load up the car
Get my right beat back
Do some air guitar

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

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