

Laura Nyro "Poverty Train"

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Last call for the poverty train
Last call for the poverty train, yeah

It looks good and dirty on shiny light strip
And if you don't get beat you got yourself a trip
You can see the walls roar see your brains on the floor
Become God, become cripple, become funky and split

Why was I born
No, no, no, no
No, no, no, no
No, no, no, no

Oh baby, I just saw the devil and he's smiling at me
I heard my bones cry devil whys it got to be
Devil played with my brother, devil drove my mother
Now all the tears in the gutter are floodin' the sea

Why was I born
No, no, no, no
No, no, no, no
No, no, no, no

Oh baby, it looks good and dirty them shiny lights glow
A million night tramps tricks and tracks will come and
go
You're starving today but who care anyway
Baby it feels like I'm dyin

Now I swear there's something better than
Gettin' off on sweet cocaine
It feels so good, it feels so good
Gettin' off the poverty train
Morning

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