

Puffball

"Salt Tongue"

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You know, I know a place, where God lost his ways.
You may not like it but it's— a matter of taste.
Just jump on the train, forget 'bout the pain.
The girls in that bar they can drive you insane.

THE GAMBLING IS ON AND YOUR DECK WEIGHS A TON.
YOU CHEW LIKE A FREAK ON YOUR SWEAT-SALT
TONGUE.
YOU SWEAT LIKE A PIG AND YOU WANT TO CHANGE
STYLE.
IT CAN GET MUCH WORSE SO TRY THE DICE FOR
AWHILE.

You've come this far, to this sleazy bar.
So sit your ass down and be just who you are.
That's— a pretty good beer and we've made it clear.
You've got one thing to lose and you'll lose it here.

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IT CAN GET MUCH WORSE SO TRY THE DICE FOR
AWHILE.

When he lays them out you will soon find out.
The bar's— an illusion and it's— your life that it's—
about.
You were on the dole in a financial hole.
Now don't worry 'cause he's— got your soul.

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