

Sakes Alive

"Your Money's No Good Here"

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This is a masquerade
Of scoundrels, tramps, and thieves
Who live only for the taking -
Dressed up with masks on raring to go
No longer art but a fashion show
Leaving idealists to grasp at pennies for any thought
Bypass a cause and dance all night long
At the electric beauty salon

Inside they traipse around
Comparing product counts
And perfecting the imagery for mass marketing
Under the guise of integrity

[Chorus:]
So let's raise some hell
From the basement floor
Beneath the horde
Winning redemption
Through these chords
We may not be pretty
And may have skinned knees
But it's us who bleed through song
That are redeemed

This is a masquerade
Of scoundrels, tramps, and thieves
Who live only for the taking -
And they've built the hall right on the backs
Of those that laid down the tracks
They drink and they feed,
They twirl and writhe to the beat of hopeful hearts
Who ache to find something to trust

[Chorus:]
We're raising hell
From the basement floor
Beneath the horde
Winning redemption
Through these chords
We may not be pretty
And may have skinned knees

But it's us who bleed through song
That are redeemed

We'll raise some hell
Tear down the walls
Shake the foundation
Till it falls

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