# Rancid "Salvation" 

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Come on baby won't you show me what you got I want your salvation
there's a neighborhood called blackhawk where all the rich people hide I was down on my luck working for the salvation army
The shelter is where i reside Everyday we drive into blackhawk and we pick up the offerings Microwave, refrigerator for the suffering Come on baby won't you show me what you got
I want your salvation

I can't believe these people live like kings
Hidden estates and diamond rings
I'm a rat out on a mission
I'm in your front yard under suspicion
Come on baby won't you show me what you got
I want your salvation
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