

Thrice

"Cold Cash, Colder Hearts [Live]"

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They are sick, they are poor
And they die by the thousands and we look away
They are wolves at the door
And their not gonna move us, or get in our way

'Cause we don't have the time, here at the top of the
world
Feeling alright, here at the top of the world
We hold our own, by keeping our hearts cold

Different god, darker skin
They are just not burden that we'd like to bear
They are living in sin
There are so many reasons for us not to care

But I'm feeling alright here at the top of the world
Doing just fine, here at the top of the world

We've learned, money matters most
So we keep our cards held close, here at the top of the
world
We hold our own, like keeping our hearts cold

We've learned what matters most
So we keep our hearts cold, they are no one, they are
nowhere
They are not our problems now we're seeing none
existing
If we keep our hearts cold, they are no one, they are
nowhere

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