

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Sin city

This old towns filled with sin, it'll swallow you in
If you've got some money to burn
Take it home right away, you've got three years to pay
But Satan is waiting his turn

This old earthquake's gonna leave me in the poorhouse
It seems like this whole town's insane
On the 31st floor a gold plated door
Won't keep out the lord's burnin' rain

A friend came around, tried to clean up this town
His ideas made some people mad
He trusted his crowd, so he spoke right out loud
And they lost the best friend they had

* Refrain