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Sons Daughters Of The Gilded Age
Have Gun, Will Travel
[Intro]
G C
GCD
[Verse]
Between the plastic surgery and credit card receipts
Child goes to bed at night without a bite to eat
A prince denies a shilling to a beggar in the street
God slits his tires to his presidential suite
[Verse]
As we celebrate celebrity and all the joy it brings
We endure the over privilege just for having fancy things
Worship at the alter of our plasma TV screens
But inside of the pages of our fashion magazines
We re singing on
Em G Em C D
Na-na-na-na
                      GDC
And our fashion magazines
[Verse]
Future civilizations study people of today
Em
Excavate our ruins and examine our remains
Catalog our plastic parts and put them on display
Put em some mystery museum out in space
[Verse]
Like a vessel on the ocean being swallowed by the waves
A dozen life preservers, and a thousand lives to save
Give them to the highest bidder, tell the other to be brave
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D
As they sink down to the bottom to their deep and lonely graves
                 Em G Em C D
They re singin on, na-na-na
To their deep and lonely graves
[Break]
Sing a merry melody like sparrows in a gilded cage
Sing a joyful chorus sons and daughters of the gilded age
G C
[Verse]
Chapel bell is ringing and the storm is growing near
Preacher s at the pope and lays the opium with fear
Devil s in the parlor with a grin, from ear to ear
[Verse]
The economy is crumbling like a castle made of sand
Daddy s at the office with a shotgun in his hand
Moma s at the shop, and Paul she s working on her tan
And I ll be at the corner tavern and I ll be singing with the band
And I m singing on, na-na-na
[Outro]
                                             D
\mathbf{E}\mathbf{m}
And all the homeless people are singing on, na-na-na
                                        C D G Em C D
And all the fashion models are singing on, na-na-na-na
                           G C D
And I m singing with the band
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