

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