

Zoetrope "Pickpocket"

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I'm not what I seem to be life to me's no mystery
Those like me will rot in jail longer than their life will be

CHORUS:

My hand's in your pocket I'm taking what's yours

What I eat, my survival all depends on what I steal
When you turn your back I'll steal your money stolen
money buys my meals

CHORUS

I'll steal your money too

Master of deceptive fables criminal insanity
It always beats real work time, wages, income earned. I
live like kings
If the suckers ever catch me it's for sure that I would
die

CHORUS

I'll pick your pocket too

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