

3Pc**"Movers And Shakers"**

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The sound of the streetsweeper's a noise
I used to hear back when I was unemployed
On and on and off again
Like a slave when to stop and where to begin
Beatin' up my bones for the suited man
Labrynth of confusion left back where I began
But when I grow rich says the bells of shoreditch
In the place where there's no darkness...

You ladders and your calculators lead to nowhere
Your pocket planners guilt trips and fakers
I can't lie to you movers and you shakers
It's a shame I can't be more like you

The sun is out, but it's butt ass cold
And every propane canister has been already sold
The lines are getting longer cheap perfume is ever
stronger
Would think about my future but I don't think that they'd
bother
LBPD, yeah, you'd better get some tanks
Investigating themselves for missing shotguns and
shanks
Street walking, shut up talking, coffee shop stop,
sucker

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