

## 3rd Alley "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

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  
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