

Humble Gods

"Theme From Skint"

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Well, I ain't got much bread but it's alright
I got the sun in the morning, got the moon at night
Said, I ain't got much bugs in my bin, Sam
Have another mother's ruin makes you feel alright
Ah, who is it for, we shall overdraw
Well, I don't talk like them but I don't care much
I got a rich man's trumpet, poor man's crutch
Maybe I like to live on Diner's Club and Dow-Jones
But it's all one big community chest, and chance will
break my bones
Who so ever, what so ever it's for, we shall overdraw
Oh, there's notice on the door, we shall overdraw
Well, I have to think of contracts in the morning
Could I scratch their backs, should they kiss my ring
Will they, will they jump me without warning
Making noises like a banker seems the only way to sin
Go out to your neighborhood greenback store
We shall overdraw
Overdraw
Oh, Mr. Banker, won't you send some bread to me
You know I've just been busted and I need some
security
Oh, Mr. Banker, won't you write this song for us
In ture taste you've relented, there's no grizzle in my
lush
Well, Mr. Ridley's bought a Bentley, Mr. Oldham sold his
Rolls
Mrs. Winston's fixing guineas, Mr. Carter's digging
holes
We'd like to thank you people for listening to our song
We hope you get to hear the rest of the lyric
Before they drop a bomb

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