

Saint Avarice "Mr. Spitzer"

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Wake up; it's the start of a new day
Pull out your Monday's best
Make sure that your tie's on straight

What is it you stand for?
Nothing here seems to make sense
You've been called in on your day off

You step downstairs
Don't even look at your breakfast plate
Kiss your wife and child goodbye
It's the same old story
Again, you step foot outside of those doors
Keys in, the ignition as you pull out

65 on 25, you're almost at the gate,
Bottoms Up calls at your pockets,
You can hardly wait,

What is it you stand for?
Nothing here seems to make sense,
You've been called in on your day off,

Decide where to hide, in the back of the club,
Spend all your hard earned cash on the whores and the
sluts,
You're sick,
You're cursed,
You will lose it all,

You've committed yourself to a lifetime of mistrust,
Left your life at home with the ones you should love,
The more you abuse the game,
The more you'll shortly lose,
Now time to decide which side of it all
Do you choose?

The night's still young,
he's holding his piece on the side,
His reservation has been set,

a brothel in which they can hide,

Tonight's the night,
he gives her all that she urges for,
A 20 turns to 40 and still he strives to give her more,

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lose,
Now time to decide which side of it all
Do you choose?

What a wonderful way to start off a Monday morning,
Out all day,
The spotlight is on and now you're the media's darling,

What's the problem?
You made history,
Now make your bed and sleep in it,

Decide where to hide, in the back of the club,
Spend all your hard earned cash on the whores and the
sluts,
You're sick,
You're cursed,
You will lose it all,

Return to a vacant house on a Tuesday night...

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