

The Scabs

"Credit Cards"

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Early morning beeping sound
Gulp down breakfast and I'm gone
Though I'm workin' hard all day
Maybe I'm just greedy
Maybe I'm just dumb
Maybe I'm just asking
For things that can't be done
(CHORUS) I ain't got no credit cards
That's why, I'm eating out my heart
Later in the afternoon Strollin' down the road
Buicks cruisin' up and down
Movin' smooth and slow
Fancy cars, fancy bars
Fancy limosines
All these people dine in places
I've never been
Some jerks drive a Chevy
With a blonde who can dismount
I break down in traffic
When there's no garage around
(CHORUS)
There's no justice anymore
Let's sing this song for the poor
Let's get this show on the road
'Cause that'll be our only hold
What ya say now!
(CHORUS)

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