

Money in the Bank

One Man Army

From The Suburbs To The Piers
I Found An Anchor To Hold Me Here
A Slice Of The Rich Upper Crust
All The While Maintaining Their Trust
The Indignities Of The Poor And The Social Elite
I Suffer Each And Every Day
As I Count What I've Taken They Trust Me With Every Dime
And Even Pay Me For My Time
As The Cars Keep Rolling In
I Thank God For An Easy Way Out
A Way They Know Nothing About
As The Cars Keep Rolling In A Punk Is What They See
They'll Never Relate To Me
I Don't Care For The Finer Things
And I Sure As Fuck Don't Need Them
The Smug Upper Class
Looking To Write Off One More Tax
They're Going Nowhere Fast
As I Take Their Hard Earned Cash They Trust Me With Every Dime
And Even Pay Me For My Time
As The Cars Keep Rolling In
I Thank God For An Easy Way Out
A Way They Know Nothing About
As The Cars Keep Rolling In

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