Movers and Morons

Swingin' Utters

You could move faster you could move like you should (traffic on the bridges at bay) while the bitch and bastard has got you by the jewels (buried in the working day) and your motivation are the ones who could (the ones who do it in their own way) devastation floats in your gene pool (your father's proud "cause you earned your pay)
You're a do-er you're a do-on fuck the world drop the neutron you're a mover you're a moron You're the cops and clip couponsPolice are apathetic to protect and serve (the housing plan's provided) your friends and family get what they deserve (classes remain divided) the priest is praying for losing faith in the world ("cause everyone was invited) sticking to your guns "cause you ain't got the nerve (and the N.R.A. are delighted) only the criminal knows how the criminal fits in (your kids know how to bitch and moan) cram them in the cells and they'll learn how to bend (because their generation's prone) a diamond in the rough to a nickel in the fen (more than one in the telephone) unjust is not the cuff its the truncheon's other end (and who receives the broken bones) its new year's eve, half past eleven (Dick out in the tenderloin) the rain's coming down like pennies from heaven (the cops say there's no such coin) bullets in the clouds from 357s (stay out of Hunter's Point) every new year a new deadly lesson (and two of mother's dead little boys)
(Bonnel/Koski)

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