

Here's the Itch That Creeps Through My Skull

Howler

Here's the itch that creeps through my skull
I don't want to be rich or famous no more
I'll take what I need and I'll sell what I stole
I could live out my life...
So take it in but make no mistake
The world won't listen and it will not wait
We can go wherever we want now
We'll just take whatever we need
I'll waste no time...
With this decree I claim the future
It's the calm right after the norm
And it's your dodo drone that beats the storm
I wrote my number in a bathroom stall
In the blackest of inks if you should ever want to call
But history forgives even the poorest of poor
So can you please understand...
What this theft was for
You've got your money now and you're walking out the door
We can go wherever we want now
We'll just take whatever we need
I'll waste no time...
With this decree I claim the future
It's the calm right after the norm
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