

# Pickpocket

## Zoetrope

I'm not what I seem to be life to me's no mystery  
Those like me will rot in jail longer than their life will be  
CHORUS: My hand's in your pocket I'm taking what's  
yours  
What I eat, my survival all depends on what I steal  
When you turn your back I'll steal your money  
stolen money buys my meals  
CHORUS: I'll steal your money  
too  
Master of deceptive fables criminal insanity  
It always beats real work time, wages, income earned. I live like kings  
If the suckers ever catch me it's for sure that I would die  
CHORUS: I'll pick your pocket too

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