

Robbers

Pugsley Buzzard

Sulking, walking
'Round the city after dark
Need protection from street thugs
Who clip the tires and rip the doors
 Off rugs like cowards
And all this life we've glorified
 Robbing from the blind
 It's not easy you see
Don't think I don't know sympathy
 My victims, in my shadow
 Staring back at me
 Not me, I'm knocking
Tip toe outside a stranger's door
 Casually let myself in

Fill pockets with trinkets, purses
 China antique armoirs
And all this life we've glorified
 Robbing from the blind
 It's not easy you see
Don't think I don't know sympathy
 My victims, in my shadow
 Staring back at me
 As robbers in my thoughts
 They tell me what to think
They're hiding in my clothes
 Crawling in the kitchen sink

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