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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