

# 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>