

# Cynical Bastards (Acoustic)

## Arkells

Now, I don't disagree  
It's a hell of a scene.  
Jackson Square dropouts  
    Avoiding police.  
If the '80s were tough,  
    The '90s were mean.  
All that was left for the desperate  
Were these fast cash machines. And that easy money  
    Never helped anything.  
With that kind of juice, man,  
    It ain't worth the squeeze.  
    But month by month,  
I feel a change in the breeze,  
    So start moving on;  
    Make your own history.  
Now, if you want me to boil it down,  
    All you cynical bastards,  
    Get out of town now.  
If you want me to boil it down,  
    All you cynical bastards,  
Move a little faster. Some people can't shake  
    The weight of the past.  
    Some people's hearts  
    Remain at half-mast.  
    It's downtown  
    Where it all intersects.  
Some came from the mountain;  
    College kids from the west.  
    And not every suit lies  
    Right through the teeth,  
    As good and there's bad  
    And there's some between.  
    As I wait for the bus  
    Coming from the east,  
There's generations of pride  
And elbow grease. Now, if you want me to boil it down,  
    All you cynical bastards,  
    Get out of town now  
    If you want me to boil it down,

All you cynical bastards,  
Move a little faster.I understand  
          If it's all a bit much.  
          It's a bit of a circus;  
          It's a little bit rough.  
          I heard this place  
          Was run by the mob,  
          Buying everyone off  
Down at city hall.And those Oakville moms,  
          They stick up their nose.  
          Those Burlington dads  
          Keep their daughters at home.  
If you're the kind with nothing to say,  
          You heard about this party,  
But you're praying for rain.Now, if you want me to boil it down,  
          All you cynical bastards,  
          Get out of town now.  
If you want me to boil it down,  
          All you cynical bastards,  
Move a little faster.If you want me to boil it down,  
          All you cynical bastards,  
          Get out of town now.  
If you want me to boil it down,  
          All you cynical bastards,  
          Move a little faster.  
          Move a little faster.  
          Move a little faster.  
          Move a little faster.  
          Move a little faster.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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