

Everything Under the Stars

Fun Lovin' Criminals

It was regular stuff like Perry and Thrust
Ain't out of the blue like we usually do
So me and Angelo came around about seven
With stars in our eyes from the press we were gettin'
Suspect from headache you know a great deal
Your apathy fake but your parts are real
More than a little by the time it went down
I had crossed your path but you didn't know how
A record claimed star by the end of the week
Set flames to the heat that's all out in the street
The problems and pain runs hand in hand
When the mother of commerce ends up workin' for the bandThe streets is watchin'
So keep on talkin'
Your time is tickin' down, down, down
The streets is watchin'
So keep on talkin'
Your time is tickin' down, down, downLet's catch fishes
Bombs make misses
You get served like dishes
Like the soft machine kisses your ass
It's not one iota or a comma or a quota
It was regular stuff like Perry and Thrust
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So me and Angelo came around about seven
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You get served like dishes
Like the soft machine kisses your ass
It's not one iota or a comma or a quota
When your time here is over
One bum, two bum, three bums more

If dispute you're using then you know what it's for
A shot in the dark and after a thought
A lark
You hit the watermark but the thug didn't bark
Oh yeah, that's the sound of the police
They're makin' the wave because your hand is greased
Can't put nobody on unless they're wearing a thong
But the days are gone like Yvonne Elliman
If I can't be true I don't want your money baby
See I'm happy being stealth
Can't define my wealth
So, yo, go ask somebody else The streets is watchin'
So keep on talkin'
Your time is tickin' down, down, down Yeah The streets is watchin'
Yeah The streets is watchin'
I said the streets are watchin'

Songwriters

BRIAN LAISAR, HUGH MORGAN Published by
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