Slugs In The Shrubs

Les Savy Fav

We're pulling off heists and putting on wigs.
We're gathering ice off of flipped over Brinks trucks
and everybody suspects us.They rounded us up and rounded us down.
They ground our bones up and founded a town.
Where were the Prophets when I got my beat down?Crack! Goes the crescent wrench.
Back to the present tense.
Tony's talking to me 'bout, "Get my money out!"
Legs shattered, teeth chatter, Tony's crony's like,
"What's the matter?"Rack, pull the focus in,
trapped in the basement digging like a rabbit for a couple of karats.
Squeezing out of dryer vents, on to my retirement,
hopping over hedges, and I'm back out on the street again.Crack! Crack! Crack!Where's that coming at?
Slugs in the shrubs. Kid down the street
pissing from his pistol from about three hundred feet.
Didn't catch his cousin creeping up on me.There's no better time to let the cannons fly
because there are no whites and there are no eyes.

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