Two Beats Off

Fugazi

I cut my nails to the quick
But still i was caught with my hand in the till
Red-handed.
Give me something,
Give me anything
The threat of everything is when it becomes nothing at all
Fingers reaching, trophy swelling
That's when desire trips me up.
Got a new technique money let's the pieces fit where they fall.
Privilege - it sanctions everything.
Security - a net under it all.
My fingers reaching, the trophy swelling
That's when desire trips me up.
I cut my nails to the quick
But still I was caught with my hand in the till.
Red-handed

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/