

# The Business, Crime Of The Century

It all started way back then  
A lifetime of robbery down in the East End  
The jailbird's been freed to roam again  
I got no money  
It's easy to see what time has done to me  
A broken man without any stability  
IT'S THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY  
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PROFESSION OF VIOLENCE DON'T MEAN MUCH TO ME  
Whispers of a job  
Some things never change down in the Southside  
This is my action I want a piece of it  
Safety deposit box  
The place I'm gonna nick it is up in Knightsbridge  
This is my chance to get on my feet again