

# Travis, J. Smith

There's a man on the street,  
And he looks at his feet from his window.  
And he swears at the sun,  
And he curses the moon for its shadow.

Ohh..

Take a leaf from his book  
Take a thread from his suite  
He's a new man

And he prays to his god  
That he reaps his reward  
For his new plan

Oh, the mould has been cast  
The radio's in the bath  
Yeah yeah yeah

Labor tuus nunc ad terminum  
Sed per deos, vade retro  
Nomen nusquam video  
Carbo in culo in aeternitatem  
Placet satanae te vedere