

Fish, Mr. Buttons

He works shifts, days in the factory, prints chips for foreign PC's,
At night deep in his hideaway, steals out of the monitor screen,
Looking good Mr Buttons, so you should Mr Buttons.

He don't have respect for authority, makes shadows in a rich man's world,
back doors are always available, no one ever gets hurt or killed,
just a game Mr Buttons, feel no shame Mr Buttons

Simple break and entry, he never hangs about too long, in and out the money's gone,
Always masks his exit, the systems always fail, he never leaves a trail.
A surfing Highwayman making out the best he can.

Watch your back Mr Buttons, on your tracks Mr Buttons,
Watch your tail Mr Buttons, on your trail Mr Buttons.

He went down state Penitentiary, locked him up threw away the key,
In time they gave him the Library, access to the new PC...
Back on line Mr Buttons, doing fine Mr Buttons.

Simple break and entry, he never hangs about too long, in and out the money's gone,
Always masks his exit, the systems always fail, he never leaves a trail,
Holding up the Planet, a surfing Highwayman, making out the best he can,
That's Mr Buttons, Mr Buttons, Mr Buttons,

Holding up the Planet, a surfing Highwayman, moving money just for fun,
Oh Mr Buttons, Mr Buttons, Mr Buttons.

Written by Dick/Gardiner/Sharp 1998

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