

# Loose Fur, The Ruling Class

He resurfaced on the sidewalk of my block the other day  
yeah it's a fat check sorry charlie, honey, he's back from LA

so son you better turn around  
yeah christ is on his way across town  
he was getting tired of hanging around  
yeah he's back jack smoking crack  
find him if you wanna get found

he's having supper with the upper management of a new regime  
he's in a new jacket tax bracket sandals & a dark pair of jeans  
he's got deductions right on down the line dippin' ink cleans on all of mankind  
have no fear he's right here drinkin' beer just trying to get down

he resurfaced on the sidewalk of my block the other day  
yeah it's a fat check sorry charlie, honey, he's back from the grave

you better turn your frown upside down  
christ is on his way across town  
he was getting tired of hangin' around  
yea he's back jack shootin' smack find him if you wanna get found

yeah he's back jack smokin' crack find him if you wanna get found