

One Man Army, Money In The Bank

From The Suburbs To The Piers
I Found An Anchor To Hold Me Here
A Slice Of The Rich Upper Crust
All The While Maintaining Their Trust
The Indignities Of The Poor And The Social Elite
I Suffer Each And Every Day
As I Count What I've Taken

They Trust Me With Every Dime
And Even Pay Me For My Time
As The Cars Keep Rolling In
I Thank God For An Easy Way Out
A Way They Know Nothing About
As The Cars Keep Rolling In

A Punk Is What They See
They'll Never Relate To Me
I Don't Care For The Finer Things
And I Sure As Fuck Don't Need Them
The Smug Upper Class
Looking To Write Off One More Tax
They're Going Nowhere Fast
As I Take Their Hard Earned Cash

They Trust Me With Every Dime
And Even Pay Me For My Time
As The Cars Keep Rolling In
I Thank God For An Easy Way Out
A Way They Know Nothing About
As The Cars Keep Rolling In