

# Scabs, Credit Cards

Early morning beeping sound  
Gulp down breakfast and I'm gone  
Though I'm workin' hard all day  
Maybe I'm just greedy  
Maybe I'm just dumb  
Maybe I'm just asking  
For things that can't be done  
(CHORUS) I ain't got no credit cards  
That's why, I'm eating out my heart  
Later in the afternoon Strollin' down the road  
Buicks cruisin' up and down  
Movin' smooth and slow  
Fancy cars, fancy bars  
Fancy limosines  
All these people dine in places  
I've never been  
Some jerks drive a Chevy  
With a blonde who can dismount  
I break down in traffic  
When there's no garage around  
(CHORUS)  
There's no justice anymore  
Let's sing this song for the poor  
Let's get this show on the road  
'Cause that'll be our only hold  
What ya say now!  
(CHORUS)