

The Police, Low Life

Words and music by Sting and Stewart Copeland

I don't want to rent a house from you
I don't know how you can expect me to
I ain't moving 'cause I know my rights
Too many homeless on the streets at night
You own a street and a block of flats
You earn your living like the other rats
You've no morality, what do you care
You deal in poverty, you buy despair
I ain't moving 'till the baliff comes
I've got no weapons, gonna get me some
I ain't moving 'till the baliff comes
I've got no weapons, gonna get me some
You go and call yourself a business man
You're just a parasite on Pyllosan
You're just a middle class middle aged shit
You sold your granny for a three-penny bit
You own a street and a block of flats
You earn your living like the other rats
You've no morality, what do you care
You deal in poverty, you buy despair
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[ad lib to end]