

Cynical Bastards

Arkells

Now I don't disagree, it's a hell of a scene
Jackson Square dropouts avoiding the place
If the 80's were tough, the 90's were mean
All that was left for the desperate
Were these fast cash machine
That easy money never helped anybody
with that kind of juice
man, it ain't worth the squeeze
But month by month I feel a change in the breeze
So start moving on make your own history

If you want me to boil it down, all you cynical bastards, get o
ut town now
If you want me to boil it down, all you cynical bastards, move
a little faster

Some people can't shake the weight of the past
Some people's hearts remain at half-mast
It's downtown where it all intersects
Some came down from the mountains
College kids from the west
And not every suit kites right through their teeth
there's good and there's bad, and then there's some in between
As I wait for the bus coming from the east
There's generations of pride and elbow grease

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I understand if it's all a bit much, it's a bit of a circus; it
's a little bit rough
I heard this place was run by the mob, buying everyone off down
at city hall
Those Oakville moms, they stick up their nose.
Those Burlington dads keep their daughters at home
If you're the kind with nothing to say
You heard about this party, but you're praying for rain

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