

## Two Beats Off

Fugazi

I cut my nails to the quick  
But still i was caught with my hand in the till  
Red-handed.  
Give me something,  
Give me anything  
The threat of everything is when it becomes nothing at all  
Fingers reaching, trophy swelling  
That's when desire trips me up.  
Got a new technique money let's the pieces fit where they fall.  
Privilege - it sanctions everything.  
Security - a net under it all.  
My fingers reaching, the trophy swelling  
That's when desire trips me up.  
I cut my nails to the quick  
But still I was caught with my hand in the till.  
Red-handed