

Automatic Teller

New Bomb Turks

You're the first to point your finger
The first to take my cash.
You hit the p.i.n.
and I'm-a lose my stash.
When I said "bank on me"
should've set interest.
Well my interest has waned,
my interest is spent.

Y'know you always come running
every payday.
But your circuits are down
when my wallets empty.
You're 24 hours of plastic clash.
C'lock's running out
this bull's gotta crash.

Yeah there's nothing left to say,
automatic teller.

You're aim is always true
when you're crying "stick 'em up!"
But your vision is off
when the check comes up.
But now the jig is up,
your plan's been hatched.
A botched burglary,
a slack safe crack.

The merger didn't work.
The buyout never came.
My stock's rising,
I'm off the window pane.
Your bargain hunting days
are growing short.
You tried to break my bank,
Now I'll break your heart.