

## Money In The Bank

**One Man Army**

from the suburbs to the piers I found an anchor to hold me here  
a slice of the rich upper crust all the while maintaining their  
trust the indignities of the poor and the social elite I suffer  
each and every day as I count what I've taken [chorus] they  
trust me with every dime and even pay me for my time as the cars  
keep rolling in I thank God for an easy way out a way they know  
nothing about as the cars keep rolling in a punk is what they see  
they'll never relate to me I don't care for the finer things and I  
sure don't need them the smug upper class looking to write off one  
more tax they're going nowhere fast as I take their hard earned cash  
[repeat chorus]