

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]