

Off The Street

Shorebirds

Sweep that shit right off the street
until it's got nowhere left to be.
Yeah, we all know who call's the shots around here.
Gelled up hair and fancy suits,
the kind that doesn't like to lose.
Excuse me sir, but we've been wondering...
where are we supposed to go?
Sweep that shit right off the street,
keep in line with the city beat.
Yeah, we all know who does the shooting around here.
Mustache, badge and a swollen head.
The kind that would like to see you dead.
I'm not going to turn it down so come and fucking get me!
Where are we supposed to go?