

Uptown Suckers

Cows

Those uptown suckers They're all my pals They pinch my bags And
they pitch my gal They drink my beer Then call me a fag They a
re tough guys Yeah, they a wags

Those uptown suckers Got smiling hands They steal my T.V. Then
cheer my band They spend my money And I am glad They're here to
make history That's the plan

Those uptown suckers They're taking turns They light things up
Just to see what burns They know what's what Yeah they're just
the right blend They dig their own graves And hop right in

Those uptown suckers, they hop right in