

# The Fixer

Jamie Webster

Last Monday night  
Came across a brother from the other side  
Made his name by running around  
For the honor and fame  
Seemed to know the scene  
Says his cousin's Alexander McQueen  
And to take good note of the following  
Words he proclaimed

He said, information's power of the highest degree  
It's got me where I wanted to be and  
When I asked how, he told me

Wherever they go, whenever the times get wild  
There's always the few that leave the dirt in the mixer  
Nowhere to hide, questions are building, times not on their side  
They pick up the phone and talk to the fixer  
And that's just how it is

Anywhere he'll roam  
He'll get round on his favor's owed  
And the ones who owe him  
They'll not ask a thing

Got in trouble once  
But had some dirt on some V. I Nonce's  
Of pictures of pals of their tackle he threatened to sing

It shows information's power of the highest degree  
The court room isn't something you'd see  
No please, just walk free  
And it's all because

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He's seen the sites and world  
You just can't apprehend  
Gathered evidence along the way  
Keeping plenty of friends always on the ascend

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