

## Above the Bodega

Titus Andronicus

I can keep a secret from my mama, I can keep a secret from my p  
a  
I keep myself out of trouble, stay one step ahead of the law  
And I can keep it from my neighbors - it ain't like they even c  
are  
But I can't keep a secret from the guy at the store downstairs

It's the patronage of strangers that's keeping me from being br  
oke  
But when they hand over the paycheck to me, they have to wonder  
where it goes  
Because I never seem to save it - I sure ain't wasting it on cl  
othes, nor soap  
It's a mystery to you but there's a guy at the store that knows

Because by eleven in the morning, I'll find him selling smokes  
Laughing in another language but we all know a joke's a joke  
Then by seven in the evening, I'm darkening the door  
Lord, it's so hard trying to keep a secret in that god damn sto  
re

He's there to see me buying cigarettes - he's there to see me b  
uying beer  
He's never seen me on the internet and five o'clock is nowhere  
near  
But every day can be the weekend if you can walk a couple floor  
s, take that three story tour  
And make sure you're talking money when you're rocking with the  
boss at the store  
I'm rocking with the boss

I can't keep a secret from the guy at the store  
I can't keep a secret, I couldn't lie anymore  
I can't keep a secret from the guy at the store  
Why try like before?

Because you can lie with your expression or lie with the things  
you say  
But you can't lie with your dollars, nah, babe - your dollars,  
they give you away  
And the faces on the paper, the faces from the paper glare  
That's why I can't keep a secret from the guy at the store down  
stairs

The money in the pocket, there's a fire burning there  
That's why I can't keep a secret from the guy at the store down  
stairs  
It's glaringly apparent why I can't keep a secret from the guy

at the store downstairs

So why should I attempt it when I can't keep a secret from the  
guy at the store downstairs?