

## Bureaucrat Of Flaccostreet

Urban Dance Squad

Speakin' of the brother, and there ain't no other  
could be your brother, created by any mother  
mr easyway in true perfection  
perfectin' each section of life restorin' his action  
action wheelin' for feelin', with minute hard pendulum  
a fraction of a timetable wheel o' fortune  
the clock keeps tickin' 'n tockin', tockin' 'n tickin'  
my man is clockin' 'n thinkin', figurin'  
ways in the place to boost some adrenaline  
pushin' his men to send men on a long trip  
long mile, freezin' time with files  
taggin'. lady secretaries with ambigeous smiles  
gallons of coffee, to blacken the throat  
lives in perspective, with a grey raincoat

I'm the epitomy of a perpetual drag  
what's sad is the fact there's no turnin' back  
I' the bureaucrat, I ain't got time for this and that  
I' the bureaucrat, I ain't got time for this and that

Every now and then mr bureaucrat feels fine  
havin' the power - makin' me stand in line  
peekin' 'n seekin' in desks  
ways 'n plays to stress  
up his ass is my gesture  
showin' feelings is meaningless, he gets pleasure  
lickin' the heels above, tramplin' the heads below  
deeds of a pauper are so shallow  
mr jones owns a house for submission  
throw out chest to the wife, that old sexposition  
a brain stained, dipped in frustration  
rotation occassion destination coronation street  
speedin' tha feet for tha buzz 'n fuzz  
sir average bringin' home the bacon, nothin' to discuss