

# Everything Under the Stars

## Fun Lovin' Criminals

It was regular stuff like Perry and Thrust  
Ain't out of the blue like we usually do  
So me and Angelo came around about seven  
With stars in our eyes from the press we were gettin'  
Suspect from headache you know a great deal  
Your apathy fake but your parts are real  
More than a little by the time it went down  
I had crossed your path but you didn't know how  
A record claimed star by the end of the week  
Set flames to the heat that's all out in the street  
The problems and pain runs hand in hand  
When the mother of commerce ends up workin' for the band[Chorus]  
The streets is watchin'  
So keep on talkin'  
Your time is tickin' down, down, down  
The streets is watchin'  
So keep on talkin'  
Your time is tickin' down, down, down  
Let's catch fishes  
Bombs make misses  
You get served like dishes  
Like the soft machine kisses your ass  
It's not one iota or a comma or a quota  
It was regular stuff like Perry and Thrust  
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So me and Angelo came around about seven  
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The problems and pain runs hand in hand  
When the mother of commerce ends up workin' for the band  
[Chorus]Let's catch fishes  
Bombs make misses  
You get served like dishes  
Like the soft machine kisses your ass  
It's not one iota or a comma or a quota  
When your time here is over  
One bum, two bum, three bums more

If dispute you're using then you know what it's for  
A shot in the dark and after a thought  
A lark  
You hit the watermark but the thug didn't bark  
Oh yeah, that's the sound of the police  
They're makin' the wave because your hand is greased  
Can't put nobody on unless they're wearing a thong  
But the days are gone like Yvonne Elliman  
If I can't be true I don't want your money baby  
See I'm happy being stealth  
Can't define my wealth  
So, yo, go ask somebody else Yeah The streets is watchin'  
Yeah The streets is watchin'  
I said the streets are watchin'

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>