

Pick Pockets After Noon - by E Hyde

It's twelve o'clock in the afternoon,
Yeah someone else with nothing to do.
But with the bad mouthed girl with the bad attitude,
We're gonna pickpocket's afternoon.

Streetlights glare, it will be daylight soon.
Yeah the pressures on, on this day of gloom.
But with the backpackers guild to the blue lagoon.
It's a perfect afternoon.

It's a perfect afternoon,
Gonna Pick Pockets After Noon
Once Again

It's nice to know, time as new,
Yeah someone else is playing the fool.
And the bland waitress says she'll serve me soon.
We're gonna pickpocket's afternoon.

Lonely hearts, with bad feelings loom,
Yeah no one else has got a clue.
But with the travelers guild to the perfect tune.
It's a perfect afternoon.

It's a perfect afternoon,
Gonna Pick Pockets After Noon
Once Again
Oh Once Again
Oh Once Again

The sunlight fades and it's night-time soon,
And the day's gone by was it fun for you?
And the bland waitress saying she'll serve me soon
We gonna to pick pockets after noon...

A vale of dark surrounds the empty room,
And the quiet falls but we recline too soon?
And with the hitch-hikers guild to the perfect tune,
It was a perfect afternoon...

It's a perfect afternoon,
Gonna Pick Pockets After Noon
Once Again
Once Again
Once Again
Once Again
Once Again