



**Shakespeare Lyrics**

@ShakespeareSong



I shalt pop some tags, only possess  
20 shillings within my pocket.

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These tags I'll pop, and boast in rhyming verse  
that what I wear puts swagger in my gait;  
though twenty shillings have I in my purse,  
my self-esteem and manhood both inflate  
when lofty furs I purchase for a cent.  
Thy grandpa's clothes are worthy salvage, though  
they smell a trifle musty. Still, I spent  
much less to dress myself from head to toe.

To save or not to save? The question's moot.  
I'll never give my coin to high-street crooks.  
These dusty shelves will yield their hidden loot  
to those, like me, more frugal in their looks.  
Like ancient coins washed up on distant shores,  
I'll find my treasures in these thrifty stores.

- Macklemore, "Thrift Shoppe"