

morphine, Radar

Got to the driver of my car
Past the dogs past the guards
And all of my alarms supposed to be so state of the art
You penetrate my radar (x2)
You drop a bomb in my backyard
You penetrate my radar
You played me like a chess game
And now you say checkmate
While you go running freely spending money every place
And me I have to hide and I don't dare show my face
If I am guilty so are you it was March 4th 1982
Riding around forever on an empty tank of gas
And an empty pocketbook I better get it to the bank
High up in a glider high up here without a care
I got all the time in the world
I got all the time in the world to spare