

Nuno Bettencourt, Hop The Train

Wake me up at 4 A.M.
An early day,
I'm heading back to Boston
I'm going home

A bid farewell to tin cuisine
It's goodbye cats and
Hop the Train, to D.C.
Yeah, Washington
Slip into the house of white
Got to see the man about the power and the glory

Hey Mr President
Do you know what time it is
And hey Mr President
To do some good, you'll have to pay

Run and hide, take good care
And beware, I'll say a prayer for you
Say goodbye, disappear
Watch your back yeah, they'll be hunting you

The rain it feels like broken glass
A paper castles leaking, I'm not talking the weather
Still pretending, wasting time
Both hands on the wheel
And guess who's driving, remote control
Big disease, emergencies
The governwench she wears a giant condom, safe politics

And hey Mr president, what are you smiling at
And hey Mr president, do the deed and get out of there

Run and hide, take good care
Everywhere, I'll say a prayer for you
Say goodbye, disappear
Watch your back, yeah they'll be hunting you