

The Police, Demolition Man

(Sting)

Tied to the tracks and the train's just coming
Strapped to the wing with the engine running
You say that this wasn't in your plan
And don't mess around with the demolition man

Tied to a chair, (and) the bomb is ticking
This situation was not of your picking
You say that this wasn't in your plan
And don't mess around with the demolition man

I'm a walking nightmare, an arsenal of doom
I kill conversation as I walk into the room
I'm a three line whip
I'm the sort of thing they ban
I'm a walking disaster
I'm a demolition man

You come to me like a moth to the flame
It's love you need but I don't play that game
'Cos you could be my greatest fan
But I'm nobody's friend
I'm a demolition man

I'm a walking nightmare, an arsenal of doom
I kill conversation as I walk into the room
I'm a three line whip
I'm the sort of thing they ban
I'm a walking disaster
I'm a demolition man

Demolition man...
(to end)