

Expatriate, Get Out, Give In

I kinda wanna know that you're down on your luck
Just the way I was when I needed to run, run
You kill a piece of me every time the phone rings
And it ain't your voice d-d-d-down the end of the line

Turn off the light, turn on the dark
We're standing underneath the satellites and the stars
The undergrounds, the underworlds
Full of pretty boys and those fucked up girls

Get out, give in
Just take out what you want
Just take out what you need
Get out, give in
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Just take out what you want
Just take out what you need
Get out, get out, give in

Intro to life, exit to death
Two more bars and we're all out of breath
You killed us all, us under the sun
But the moon saw you and the g-gun

And the gun, and the gun, and the gun, and the gun
The gun, and the gun, and the gun

Get out, give in
Just take out what you want
Just take out what you need
Get out, give in
Get out, give in
Just take out what you want
Just take out what you need
Get out, get out, give in

And the city it burns, the city it burns, burns, burns
And the city it burns, the city it burns, burns, burns

And I still get my sleep but I still keep freaking out
Oh yes I do
And I still get my sleep but I still keep freaking out
Oh yeah I do

And the city it burns, the city it burns, burns, burns
And the city it burns, the city it burns, burns, burns

And I still get my sleep but I still keep freaking out
Oh yes I do
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