

Finch, Karma Police

Karma police, arrest this man,
He talks in maths it,
Buzzes like a fride it's,
Like a detuned radio.

Karma police, arrest this girl,
Her hitler hairdo,
Is making me feel ill,
And we have crashed her party now.

This is what you get,
When you mess with us.

Karma police, I've given all I can,
It's not enough,
I've given all I can but
We're still on the payroll.

This is what ou get,
When you mess with us.

Phew, for a minute there,
I lost myself, I lost myself.

For a minute there,
I lost myself, I lost myself.

Ooooh.

Phew for a minute there,
I lost myself,
I lost myself...