

John Hiatt, Copy Party

Down on the beat
They're lining up everyone
Who's got a mind on a bullet and a mouth like a gun
Boys and girls
Stripped to their innocence
We run some real weak links in this long chain of events

Cop party and you better not go
Spend the rest of your life in this TV show
Cop party and you better run
Because they're not gonna stop until they've had their fun
Until justice is done

They're checking out
Everybody with a fine-toothed comb
So leave your keys in the car and the wisecracking at home
Spread 'em, boy
And don't you turn around
We're gonna make you real sorry that you ever come into this town

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Summer is here, we're out in the street
The verdict is already in
Turn up the music, here comes the heat

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