

Ladyhawke, Professional Suicide

I see you've got another bad line,
You're playing rhythm and it's out of time
You're holding tickets to your one man show
But I can tell you something you don't know

Na na na, na na na na na, na na na, na na na na na
Get back, back to the track, get back, back to the track
Na na na, na na na na

You do what you want and you play what you want
But it's shit what you do and it sucks what you play
It's professional suicide, professional suicide
Saving all you've got for a rainy day
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You're always bagging me behind my back
You must be making up for what you lack
I see you had a hit in '89
Too bad we all don't age as good as wine

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