Metric, Police And The Private

Get straight, wait here while I try to find the exit sign When will you stop asking strangers, no one wants what we want Keep one eye on the door, keep one eye on the bag Never expect to be sure

You're working for the police and the private, the pirates and the pilots Fingerprinted waiting for the train The doctor, the writer, the hairdresser, Felt up and fingerprinted waiting for the train

Lord lord mother we are all losing love Lord listen lover we are all missing mama Lord lord mother we are all losing love Lord listen lover we are all missing something I don't got

There's a place that ends here I know When they close the gates I'll cry I'm so tired of never sleeping The whole world wants what we're on

Didn't make this up I learned, I learned it from a friend My friend is coming clean, she told me Keep one eye on the door, keep one eye on the bed Never expect to be sure, who you're working for

You're working for the police and the private, the pirates and the pilots Fingerprinted waiting for the train
The doctor, the writer, the garbage collector
Fingerprinted waiting for the train

Lord lord mother we are all losing love Lord listen lover we are all missing mama Lord lord mother we are all losing love Lord listen lover we are all missing mama

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Got to get out Got to get to you, the orphanage is closing in an hour