

Mike Doughty, I Got The Drop On You

I got the drop on you
And it was easy-Japanesey
When I chase your lies in the light
Don't you look so cutesy

Down in the basement
Where your captives scratch and they cry
Rattling the chains, and
They long to snap the bonds and abscond out to the night

I got the drop on you
Cause I'm sharp-eyed and I'm shameless
You knocked me out of your mind
No pity for the placeless

Sorry isn't good enough.
Sorry isn't good enough.

I got the drop on you
In the last frame of the picture
I rode that I.R.T. out
No pity in the mixture
No pity in the mixture.