

Oingo Boingo, Gimme A Break

You were the one who could never decide
You always complaining the company's too restraining
You think your sweeter than the rest
But deep inside your scared to death
You've got your finger in the pie
The time has come to pick a side...

[sax]

First you say one thing then you change your mind
You think it's great you say its hot
You turn around and then it's not
On Saturday night you wear punk rags
But you drive a white porsche with custom tags
You'd like to chance it but you just don't know
Cause your getten' blind from too much snow
I hate you but I need the deal
Let's discuss it over a big hot meal
Gimme a break...gimme a break...etc.etc.

[sax]

Don't you think we're tough enough? (think twice)
Think that you can hold us back? (no way)
Don't you know we got the stuff? (sure thing)
Now were on the warpath

Sorry... it's not too late... gimme a break

[sax solo]

Don't you know I'm tired of waiten'? (so tired)
And I'm tired of being nice (so nice)
Can't ya look me in the eyes?
Don't ya know I'm coming out?...
Sorry...It's not too late... gimme a break
You got the job now so you call the shots
You got the access to the bread
You said by now that I'll be dead
But let me tell you something friend
Your days are numbered to the end
You see that young cat down the hall
He's waiten' for you to trip and fall
You'll beg for your job down on your knees
You'll kiss the ground and ask him please to
Give you a break
Give you a break
Give you a break...