

The Ark, The Others

I'm getting tired and sick
Of you calling it chick
to describe what is that I am
When I know that I'm damned
'cause I got no own place to go
I'm getting sick and tired

You say you know my kind
But I'm a one of a kind
I'm blind leading blind
Cause we got no own place to go

But we're the pounding of the drums
We're your next-door-neighbours
You sure must have known
You got nowhere to go

The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The In-Lovers, O-oh-Oh!

I'm building an army of misplaced lovers
Known as "the others"
working under covers of love
Cause we got nowhere else to go

Gonna enlist every baldheaded chick with a dick
Every queer that is here so you stupid gits
Know, you're fucked up, nowhere to go

Hear the pounding of the drums
from you next-door-neighbour
You sure must have known
You got nowhere to go

The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The In-Lovers, O-oh-Oh!

I'm building an army of misplaced lovers
Known as "the others"
working under covers...

The Others...