

# Tokyo Police Club, If It Works

We get our nerves of steel  
When the balaclavas go on  
We're just not used to ourselves  
If it pays then it sells our hides

I wake for every meal  
But I still set a place for you  
We're looking out for you son  
We fear the worst but it's done

The factory has treated you well  
The coals burn colder  
The factory has treated you well  
The coals burn colder  
But in a part of the heart of the hearth  
It still swells

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