

# Turin Brakes, Underdog (Save Me)

Two black line streaming out like a guidance line.  
Put one foot on the road now where the sybourgs are driving,  
With the WD-40 in their veins the screeching little brakes complain.  
With the briefcase empty and the holes in my shoes,  
I try to stay friendly for the sugary abuse.  
So tell my secretary now to hold all of my calls,  
I believe I can hear through these walls.  
Oh please save me, save me from myself.  
I cant be the only one stuck on the shelf.  
You said youd always fall for the underdog.

Well Ive been dreaming of jetstreams and kicking up dust,  
A thirty seven thousand foot of wonderlust  
And with skyline number 9 ticked off in my mind,  
Oh can you hear me screaming out now through the telephone line.

Oh please save me, save me from myself.  
I cant be the only one stuck on the shelf.  
You said youd always fall for the underdog