

The Door

Cold Chisel

Baby baby
The telephone's ringin' again
What do I say, are you home this time
There's somebody askin' on the telephone line

Baby baby
You know it's getting me down
The Fatman called, left no message
They get so heavy when you're not around

Did you see how many, were they driving a truck
Did they come on mean, did you push your luck
Did they offer you a summons, did they offer you a fag
Were they lookin' for the money for the sugar bag

Hostile city
Running out the door again
Pulled a big escape along Broadway
The man came calling seven times today

Keep on running
Keep on moving around
Gotto get away by the break of day
If you relax they're gonna pin you down

You've been hangin' down on Dixon Street
Eating Chinese chicken when it's time to eat
Spending time on the underground
When you relax they're gonna pin you down

Wake up baby
I want you to hold me now
It's 3 a.m., time of night when
Robbers prowl
Give me your hand
You know I could not be sure
Oh baby there it goes again
There's somebody knockin' on the kitchen door...