

With a handful of backhanders and a bevy of beauty
You're going off limits
Going off duty
Going off the rails
Going off with booty
They tell tales of fiction found on all the criminal types
Lead to a higher ranking man or a face with thin red stripes

The boys next door
The mums and dads
New weds and nearly-deads
Have you ever been had in Clubland?

There's a piece in someone's pocket to do the dirty work
You've come to shoot the pony
They've come to do the jerk
They leave him half way to paradise
They leave you half way to bliss
The ladies' invitation never seemed like this

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The long arm of the law slides up the outskirts of town
Meanwhile in Clubland they are ready to pull them down
Hey

The right to work is traded in for the right to refuse admission
Don't pass out now, there's no refund
(when) Did you find out what you were missing
The crowd is taking forty winks minus ten percent
You barely get required sleep to go lingering with contemptment
Thursday to Saturday
Money's gone already
Some things come in common these days
Your hands and work aren't steady

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