

Chase in suburban streets is
dangerous
Very few have survived

If the chaser has leather gloves &
black overcoat
You must run, run, run away
Run into the night

Grown-up fairytales
So Black and white
Real like death
And I don't want to die

Liquor kisses in a private room
Guns and cash in the garage
If your neighbour has leather
gloves & black overcoat
Better turn your head, never look
him in the eye

Grown-up fairytales
So Black and white
Real like death
And I don't want to die

Sir Janitor
Doesn't breathe anymore
Somebody banged
His sad head away
I swear I was there