

The Police and the Private

Metric

Get straight and wait here while I try to find the exit sign
When will you stop asking strangers, no one wants what we want
Keep one eye on the door, keep one eye on the bag
Never expect to be sure

You're working for the police and the private, the pirates and
the pilots
Fingerprinted waiting for the train
The doctor, the writer, the hairdresser,
Felt up and fingerprinted waiting for the train

Lord lord mother we are all losing love
Lord listen lover we are all missing mama
Lord lord mother we are all losing love
Lord listen lover we are all missing something I don't got

There's a place that ends here I know
When they close the gates I'll cry
So tired of never sleeping
The whole world wants what we're on

Didn't make this up I learned, I learned it from a friend
My friend is coming clean, she told me
Keep one eye on the door, keep one eye on the bed
Never expect to be sure who you're working for

You're working for the police and the private, the pirates and
the pilots
Fingerprinted waiting for the train
The doctor, the writer, the garbage collector
Felt up and fingerprinted waiting for the train

Lord lord mother we are all losing love
Lord listen lover we are all missing mama
Lord lord mother we are all losing love
Lord listen lover we are all missing mama
Lord lord mother we are all losing love
Lord listen lover we are all missing mama
Lord lord mother were all losing love
Lord listen lover we are all missing love
Got to get out
Got to get to you, the orphanage is closing in an hour