Backshine

One Way System

The rhythm of your voice -- it cuts me through No secrets in what I reveal to you A smile for my face, but a knife for my back You're Mr.Transparent, true friends you lack

No time for greed, backshine It's time to leave, backshine You won't deceive, backshine Too late to grieve, backshine

You climb your ladder all by yourself Away from work there ain't no-one else In the office you drift on by So called-friends avoid your eye

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A brown stained tongue makes your breath foul The centre of hate when you're not around Continue to stab the back of the world You won't be heard it's time to learn

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