

Brick Walls

Passenger

Well we dance without our shoes,
But there's glass around our feet
And we'd walk around the town,
But we're allergic to concrete
We'd be stuffed to the gills
But there's nothing here to eat
No, there's nothing here to eat
No, there's nothing here to eat

Oh, well we'd love to rest our eyes
But we hear the floor boards creek
So, we lie with one eye open and
Clutch knives between the sheets
If there's no rest for the wicked
Well, then we'll never get no sleep
We'll never get no sleep
No, we'll never get no sleep
Oh, no...

'Cause we're banging our head's against brick walls
And the walls are hard and our head's are soft
It's a painful way to get attention
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no