

Even ships of the night
Send out the alarm
My face is turning white
In case of emergency
I wonder if I might slow down rest up

I'd like to get away
If my doctor lets me
Here in my waiting room
I'm pacing nervously
But I'm no give-away
Deep down messed up
Hit town dressed up
To the nines, to the nines, to the nines, to the nines

Some people pop a pill, when they feel exposed
Long as I'm dressed to kill
I'll make sure no-one knows
Disguised in fancy-dress
Deep down, messed up
Hit town dressed up
To the nines, to the nines, to the nines, my disguise

Deep down, messed up
Hit town dressed up
To the nines, to the nines, to the nines, to the nines
To the nines, to the nines, to the nines, my disguise