

## The Triangle

T.S.O.L.

We met two men from other sides, on a walk down by the river side  
Trigger finger itching to see some action, he would tell me what I'd need to know  
On a mission sent by the high command, proceed with caution this man's dangerous  
Double agent works for the other side, get what you can then terminate his life  
Reached for his lugger but I drew mine first  
You're a better man than I were his last words  
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You're a better man than I were his last words  
Was I really?  
I thought about it on my way home, dingy room in a rundown hotel  
Thought about who I really was, where I am from, where I'm heading to  
It never really bothered me this way, I guess I got the secret agent blues  
All this killing's really got me down, I got the secret agent blues  
I give in just can't stand it no more, I resign  
Here's my badge and gun  
But you can't quit like that with us, you're a traitor and must be disposed of  
They've reached for their weapons but I drew mine first  
Others will come for you were their last words  
Others will come for you were their last words  
Others will come for you were their last words  
I will be waiting  
I'm hit up once or twice a week, always different places and faces  
Getting so tired I can't even sleep, will they ever come for me again  
So tired of all this running around, getting edgy playing hide and seek  
Can't take it got to get away but there's no way out but death