

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