

Big Hits (On the Underground)

The Saints

I used to send you postcards from the subway after hours
I quit my job there now I play for flowers
I've grown right out of that
& now there is no turning back
I sold myself to a gentleman of letters
he let's me out once a month to say my prayers
I file my teeth for flash
& sell myself for cash
I want the big hits on the underground
I want to shake to the psycho sound
of big hits on the underground
everybody needs them?
My mind is clean
but my outlook is dirty
I tell myself I only do it because I'm pretty
I'm talking about making the grade
now my soul is saved...
I want the big hits on the underground
I want to shake to the psycho sound
of big hits on the underground
everybody needs them?...