

Two black lines streaming out like a guidance line,
Put one foot in the road now where the cyborgs
Are driving, with the WD40 in their veins the
Screeching little brakes complain.
With the briefcase empty and the holes in my shoes,
I try to stay friendly for the sugary abuse.
So tell my secretary now to hold on to my calls,
I believe i can hear through these walls.
Oh please save me, save me from myself,
I can't be the only one stuck on the shelf,
You said you'd always fall for the underdog.
Well i've been dreaming of jetstreams and kicking up dust,
A thirty seven thousand fool of wonderlust and
With skyline number 9 ticked off in my mind,
Oh can't you hear me screaming out now through
The telephone line.
Oh please save me, save me from myself,
I can't be the only one stuck on the shelf,
You said you'd always fall for the underdog,
Save me (repeat to fade)