

This Way Out

Wall of Voodoo

Who's got a hand on the crackdown?
Who's got the word on the double talk?
Hands on the wheel in a flash of steel
We got a secret letter with a government seal
And a ticket for a doomsday run
We're goin' on a doomsday run
Ticket for a doomsday run
Bombs away
Chorus:
Gotta ticket for a doomsday run
We're goin' on a doomsday run
Ticket for a doomsday run
I never get it wrong
I always get it right!
Nerves are pinched but the heads are calm
The cargo's all loaded and the red light's on
Check the map, you navigator sap
Or we'll all end up with our heads in our lap
Chorus repeat x2
Who's in charge? Better ask the sarge
If ya wanna go there
He's got the word on the double-talk
If you run, well, you better walk
This way out
This way out
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