

# Underdog (Save Me)

## Turin Brakes

Two black lines streamin' out like a guidance line  
Put one foot on the road now where the cyborgs are driving  
With the WD40 in their veins  
The screeching little brakes complains 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 all 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 dreamin' of jet streams and kickin' up dust  
A thirty seven thousand fool wanderlust  
And with skyline number 9 ticked off in my mind  
Oh, can you hear me screamin' out now through the telephone lines? 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, save me, save me, save me

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