

# Cut to the Chase

## Cop Shoot Cop

Hold her tight just like a doll, falling backwards down the stairs  
Trains are howling into the dark (saddest sound you'll ever hear)  
Sell out to the side that lost, buying souls that can't be found  
Worth exactly what they cost (lives collapse without a sound)  
Blown away like paper bags before the rain  
Shadow falls across her face  
Light is sinking in her eyes like diamonds in a drain  
Cut to the chase  
Scraping for something to talk about  
Words just fall down on the floor  
Searching for something to fill in the cracks  
Changing the sign on the door: no way out  
Headlights catch her in the fog  
Carved in halogen and steel  
Crawling hungry like a dog  
(Spirit broken on the wheel)  
Telephone is ringing in an empty booth  
Thousand miles from this place  
Voices ringing in her head (She hopes they tell the truth)

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