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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