

# Get Me Out

## New Model Army

Get up early every morning just to put your make up on  
The wardrobe's full of useless clothes, your winter coats are gone  
The jackal pack is feeding, the motorway sweeps down  
The council tries to bribe the rich just to stay in town  
Ch: Get me out, get me out of this place  
Get me out of this trap, get me out of my brain  
Ysidro down to Melbourne, the pressure starts to build  
The bullets fly at random when you least expect they will  
Everybody feels guilty so anyone can pay  
I'm just surprised it doesn't happen every bloody day  
Ch: Get me out, get me out of this place  
Get me out of this trap, get me out of my brain  
So here come the nineties, the temperature is rising  
I cannot seem to loose the stains when I wash my hands  
One world is rising and one world is dying  
And one has got it's precious head buried in the sand  
Ch: Get me out, get me out of this place  
Get me out of this trap, get me out of my brain

Songwriters

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