

# The Police and the Private

## Metric

Get straight and wait here while I try to find the exit sign  
When will you stop asking strangers, no one wants what we want  
Keep one eye on the door, keep one eye on the bag  
Never expect to be sure  
You're working for the police, the private  
The pirates, the pilots  
Fingerprinted waiting for the train  
The doctor, the writer, the hairdresser  
Felt up and fingerprinted waiting for the train  
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love  
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing mama  
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love  
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing something I don't got  
There's a place that ends here I know  
When they close the gates I'll cry  
I'm so tired of never sleeping  
The whole world wants what we're on  
Didn't make this up, I learned, I learned it from a friend  
My friend is coming clean, she told me  
Keep one eye on the door, keep one eye on the bed  
Never expect to be sure who you're working for  
You're working for the police, the private  
The pirates and pilots  
Fingerprinted waiting for the train  
The doctor, the writer, the garbage collector  
Fingerprinted waiting for the train  
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love  
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing mama  
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love  
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing mama  
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love  
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing mama  
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love  
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing love  
Got to get out, got to get to you  
The orphanage is closing in an hour

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