

# If It Works

## Tokyo Police Club

We get our nerves of steel  
When the balaclavas go on  
We're just not used to ourselves  
If it pays then it sells our hides  
I wake for every meal  
But I still set a place for you  
We're looking out for you son  
We fear the worst but it's done  
The factory has treated you well  
The coals burn colder  
But in a part of the heart of the hearth  
It still swells

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