

Trap Door

Stars

We're back with the fear
Feels good to be here
Neurotic alcoholic
Make mine the gin and tonic The kids in VIP are really making me angry
With lines around the block and inside the place it's empty
So step to the right, give up the fight
When you're standing in the dark it's hard to see the light One more, one more, and they close that door
He told me he was young, I said "well what is that good for?"
Nobody stays that way, and day after day
All you get is the stick while you're waiting for your pay
Trap door, trap door, in the ceiling and the floor
Disappear, disappear, everybody feel the fear
You always did the things they told you to
You always bought that shit they sold you, sold you I'm back with the hate, so sorry I was late
Yeah my name was on the list
But they said I had to wait
The kids in VIP are all looking for a family
Their teeth are made of gold but their wallets are empty
So step to the right, don't give up the fight
Yeah we're standing in the dark but we're looking for the light One more, one more and they close that door
He told me he was young, I said "well what is that good for?"
Nobody stays that way, and day after day
All you get is the shit while you're waiting for your pay
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Songwriters

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