

# Rack

## DMC

I must not do this thing,  
I'll wreck my social life,  
They'll disinfect my chair  
And claim some uncivil rights.  
They'll say you son of a gun,  
Old lovers pleading.  
Why?

I'll say go and ask your friend the hack  
He's putting straight the record track,  
Here comes the sun,  
Black is back.  
Ask him why he turns his back,  
On the innocents upon the rack,  
Saves his sympathy for rats.

The doctor is a fool,  
He's just a callous snob,  
He had 15 years in a Jesuit school,  
And now he's not fit for any job,  
He just sneers and he drives a big car,  
Is this my savior,  
A tale to tell.

Go and ask your friend the hack  
He's putting straight the record track,  
Lets spend the night,  
Here it comes, get back.

There's nothing wrong with me,  
I am just wonderful,  
I've got pop songs to keep me calm,  
And faithful friends like you.  
So if you ever need a view,  
At my barbed wire rainbow,

Go and ask your friend the hack,  
He's dancing to his record track,  
You paranoid,

You paranoid.

This is what we call a rack, moron,

This is what we call a rack.

You're just a straight,

And you asked for it,

This is what we call a rack,

This is what we call a rack.

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