Cherry Beach Express

Pukka Orchestra

I got a bone to pick with you
Not so friendly boys in blue
When you come out of the station and into the street
Everybody beats a hasty retreatWell, it was late one Friday, I'm a little bit wrecked
You're on your way to serve and protect
You buzz out of the cruiser like bees from a hive
And ask me if I want to go for a drive'
(Go for a drive?)That's why I'm riding on the Cherry Beach Express
My ribs are broken and my face is in a mess
And my name on my statement signed under duress52 division, handcuffed to a chair
I'm trying to line up, to fall down the stairs
I tell you I am innocent, I try to explain
But just making sure you don't do it again
(Do what again?)That's why you're riding on the Cherry Beach Express
Your ribs are broken and your face is in a mess
And we strongly suggest you confess, I confessI confess, I am mystified by the way you're occupied
I confess, I am horrified, why are you so terrified?
Does the pain get any less if I confess?And my name on my statement signed at duress52 division, handcuffed to a chair
I'm trying to line up, to fall down the stairs
I tell you I am innocent, I try to explain
But just making sure you don't do it again
(Do what again?)That's why I'm riding on the Cherry Beach Express
My ribs are broken and my face is in a mess
That's why I'm riding on the Cherry Beach Express
And I never dreamed it would be like thisI never dreamed it would be like this
I never dreamed it would be like this
I never dreamed it would be like this

Songwriters
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