

# Ambulance Song

## Cop Shoot Cop

When it's 4:30 in the morning  
And the vacuum sucks you in  
The tell tale trace of guilt upon your face  
The sidewalk feels just like your skinWhen your heart is full of winter  
And your days become like living in a lie  
And the clouds outside your bedroom windowpane  
Resemble crippled children limping slowly 'cross the skyWhen you grasp at straws like forgotten songs  
And your memory's short but the days are too long  
Every dream that you bought seems to slip right through your hands  
Well, love has got disordersAnd work has got demands  
Don't say a word  
Don't make a sound  
Just might be going downAnd when the sun is pounding on the pavement  
And the streets are dripping sex  
And murder gets to sounding like a kind of inner peace  
And everybody wants to know what's going to happen nextWell, I won't give away the end my little troubadour  
Though I've been here before and I can't bear to watch the rest  
But don't you blink  
Don't close your eyes or it will pass you byThe weight of history is hanging on your chest  
Don't say a word  
Don't make a sound  
Just might be going downWell, your problem's sticking with you  
Just like flies up on a strip you crawl inside your head  
But it ain't worth the trip  
You rearrange the furnitureBut it always looks the same  
Christ on a crutch [too late, too much] call it a day  
Don't say a word  
Don't make a soundJust might be going down  
Could be you're going down

Songwriters

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