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

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