

The Police and the Private

Metric

Get straight and wait here while I try to find the exit sign
When will you stop asking strangers, no one wants what we want
Keep one eye on the door, keep one eye on the bag
Never expect to be sure
You're working for the police, the private
The pirates, the pilots
Fingerprinted waiting for the train
The doctor, the writer, the hairdresser
Felt up and fingerprinted waiting for the train
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing mama
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing something I don't got
There's a place that ends here I know
When they close the gates I'll cry
I'm so tired of never sleeping
The whole world wants what we're on
Didn't make this up, I learned, I learned it from a friend
My friend is coming clean, she told me
Keep one eye on the door, keep one eye on the bed
Never expect to be sure who you're working for
You're working for the police, the private
The pirates and pilots
Fingerprinted waiting for the train
The doctor, the writer, the garbage collector
Fingerprinted waiting for the train
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing mama
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing mama
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing mama
Lord, Lord mother, we are all losing love
Lord, listen lover, we are all missing love
Got to get out, got to get to you
The orphanage is closing in an hour

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