Radar

Morphine

AahGot to the driver of my car, an' past the dogs, past the guards
And all of my alarms supposed to be so state of the art
You penetrate my radar, you penetrate my radar
You drop a bomb in my backyard, you penetrate my radarYou played me like a chess game and now you say checkmate
While you go running freely spending money every place
And me I got to hide and I don't dare to show my face
If I am guilty so are you, it was March 4th, 1982Riding around forever on an empty tank of gas
And an empty pocketbook I better get it to the bank
High up in a glider high up here without a careI got all the time in the world
I got all the time in the world to spare

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