Over And Over

The English Beat

Promise your secrecy into the microphone
Into the megaphone, into the cell
Questioning decency under the microscope
Over and over then over and out

Organize my life over the telephone
Over my dead body, over my head
Tread a fine line between you
And your memories
Between you and me
Things are best left unsaid

The honoring of violence
Is a security number
Always so quiet it slips under your guard
Pushes your dead body,
Under the microscope
Over and over it's over say over and out

Another incident, another accident
Dangerous emptiness, people in shock
You pelt them with rocks
And the old innuendo
"no that was no mishap
That brake line was cut"

lie on the pavement, wait for an ambulance
Say to yourself nothing is what it seems
Never meaning to say
You never say what you mean
You get caught by the sirens
On your t.v. screen

The honoring of violence
Is a security number
Always so quiet it slips under your guard
Pushes your dead body,
Under the microscope

Over and over and over

Then over and out
Over and out out
Over and out out
Over and out

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