

Gimme a Break (live)

Oingo Boingo

You were the one who could never decide
Your always complaining the company's too restraining
 You think your sweeter than the rest
 But deep inside your scared to death
 You've got your finger in the pie
 The time has come to pick a side...

[sax]

First you say one thing then you change your mind
 You think it's great you say its hot
 You turn around and then it's not
 On Saturday night you wear punk rags
But you drive a white porsche with custom tags
You'd like to chance it but you just don't know
Cause your getten' blind from too much snow
 I hate you but I need the deal
 Let's discuss it over a big hot meal
 Gimme a break...gimme a break...etc.etc.

[sax]

Don't you think we're tough enough? (think twice)
 Think that you can hold us back? (no way)
Don't you know we got the stuff? (sure thing)
 Now were on the warpath
Sorry... it's not too late... gimme a break
 [sax solo]

Don't you know I'm tired of waiten'? (so tired)
 And I'm tired of being nice (so nice)
 Can't ya look me in the eyes?
 Don't ya know I'm coming out?...
Sorry...It's not too late... gimme a break
You got the job now so you call the shots
 You got the access to the bread
 You said by now that I'll be dead
 But let me tell you something friend
 Your days are numbered to the end
 You see that young cat down the hall
 He's waiten' for you to trip and fall
You'll beg for your job down on your knees
You'll kiss the ground and ask him please to
 Give you a break

Give you a break
Give you a break...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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