

# 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 gotten' 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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