

# Inner City Rejects

## The (International) Noise Conspiracy

Inner city rejects  
Got a mind of their own  
We're all choking ourselves on laughter  
While we're, while we're in this killing zone All the drama, baby  
Where's the beauty in this fear  
Pouring gasoline over our bodies  
Just to get ourselves outta here It's gonna be one way that's gonna be short enough  
To get us outta here  
It's gonna be one way that's gonna be short enough  
To get us outta here All the drama, darling  
I saw your name written on the wall  
Bright light seduction  
Made it feel so alone and small Drive a knife right through me  
I mutilate my soul for you  
I said, down here, everywhere  
Feels so lonesome, feels so blue It's gonna be one way that's gonna be short enough  
To get us outta here  
It's gonna be one way that's gonna be short enough  
To get us outta here You're beautiful, we're all bored  
Down here we're sold us all for gold  
It's a mission, outta control  
Who's really on the payroll You're beautiful, we're all bored  
Down here we're sold us all for gold  
It's a mission, outta control  
Who's really on the payroll We're dying in the city  
We're dying in the city  
We're dying in the city  
Eyes open up but my mind is shut, I said We're dying in the city  
We're dying in the city  
We're dying in the city  
Eyes open up but my mind is shut, I said Uh uh, oh yeah, uh uh, alright  
Uh uh, oh yeah, uh uh, that's right  
Uh uh, oh yeah, uh uh, alright Inter-nation drama  
Sounds like another cliché  
But there's [unverified] so young and pretty  
Without ever finding a way Children of production, is there enough  
[Unverified] pointed for you  
Breathin' fumes of inner city traffic  
Just to get some fresh air trough

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>