

The Others

Ark

I'm getting sick
Of you calling it chic
To describe what is that I am
When I know that I'm damned
Cause I got no own place to go
I'm getting sick and tired
You say you know my kind
But I'm a one of a kind
I'm blind leading blind
Cause we got no own place to go
But we're the pounding of the drums
We're your next-door neighbour
You sure must have known
You got nowhere to go
The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The In-Lovers, Oh-oh-Oh!
I'm building an army of misplaced lovers
Known as "the others"
Working under covers of love
Cause we got nowhere else to go
Gonna enlist every baldheaded chick with a dick
Every queer that is here so you stupid gits
Know, you're fucked-up, nowhere to go
Hear the pounding of the drums
From your next-door neighbour
You sure must have known
You got nowhere to go
The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The Others, Oh-oh-Oh!
The In-Lovers, O-oh-Oh!
I'm building an army of misplaced lovers
Known as "the others"
Working under covers
The Others...