

## 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  
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Working under covers  
The Others...