

## The Door

Cold Chisel

Baby baby  
The telephone's ringin' again  
What do I say, are you home this time  
There's somebody askin' on the telephone line

Baby baby  
You know it's getting me down  
The Fatman called, left no message  
They get so heavy when you're not around

Did you see how many, were they driving a truck  
Did they come on mean, did you push your luck  
Did they offer you a summons, did they offer you a fag  
Were they lookin' for the money for the sugar bag

Hostile city  
Running out the door again  
Pulled a big escape along Broadway  
The man came calling seven times today

Keep on running  
Keep on moving around  
Gotta get away by the break of day  
If you relax they're gonna pin you down

You've been hangin' down on Dixon Street  
Eating Chinese chicken when it's time to eat  
Spending time on the underground  
When you relax they're gonna pin you down

Wake up baby  
I want you to hold me now  
It's 3 a.m., time of night when  
Robbers prowl  
Give me your hand  
You know I could not be sure  
Oh baby there it goes again  
There's somebody knockin' on the kitchen door...