

First Train Out

Direct Hit!

Sure, he's got some time for another
He's saying lots, but I don't think he's talking yet
Turn up the watts, move the cable to the lower body
Then I'm sure we'll be the best of friends

We've got a ball-peen hammer for his fingers
We've got an obscene manner that'll draw it out
We've got a shotgun shell in case he lingers

Yeah, we've got a handle on it here without a doubt

Just lock him, just lock him down
He's leaving on the first train out of town
He's got a hook deep in his brain
What he got was what we all would get for being insane
It ain't his fault, it sure ain't mine
All we're doing is collecting on the nickels and dimes

Sure, he's got some time for another
Let the heart rate down, wanna give him a chance
To tell us all what we need to discover

Pack up our equipment
Make sure we get paid in advance
Burn off his prints
Keep his teeth inside your pocket
Burn up a cigarette to keep the cops from knocking
Burn down the building so they don't have to unlock it

Fairly sure we're past the point where we can make amends

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On a green-stuffed pillow is how I play to sleep at night