

Ticket

Night Beats

Why don't you just go home
Back to your sand dune
Here we speak own tongue
Dark sheets white night on

Well he stares at you
Coming down the street
Dark shades
He don't care where you come from
He's looking for you
He's just your type
He's looking for you
Just your type
Why can't you just come
Back to hollywood
Dark sheets white night on

Burn this nation

Blow it up and try again
Here he comes real slow
Takes out his notebook
Takes out his long ball point pen
Cross his t's dots his i's

Tries to hide
Tries to hide
Tries to hide
Tries to hide

Why can't you just go
Back to your sand dune
Here we speak red tongue
Well the dark sheets white night on