

## Brick Walls

Passenger

Well we dance without our shoes,  
But there's glass around our feet  
And we'd walk around the town,  
But we're allergic to concrete  
We'd be stuffed to the gills  
But there's nothing here to eat  
No, there's nothing here to eat  
No, there's nothing here to eat

Oh, well we'd love to rest our eyes  
But we hear the floor boards creek  
So, we lie with one eye open and  
Clutch knives between the sheets  
If there's no rest for the wicked  
Well, then we'll never get no sleep  
We'll never get no sleep  
No, we'll never get no sleep  
Oh, no...

'Cause we're banging our head's against brick walls  
And the walls are hard and our head's are soft  
It's a painful way to get attention  
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no