This Way Out

Wall of Voodoo

Who's got a hand on the crackdown? Who's got the word on the double talk? Hands on the wheel in a flash of steel We got a secret letter with a government seal And a ticket for a doomsday run We're goin' on a doomsday run Ticket for a doomsday run Bombs away Chorus: Gotta ticket for a doomsday run We're goin' on a doomsday run Ticket for a doomsday run I never get it wrong I always get it right! Nerves are pinched but the heads are calm The cargo's all loaded and the red light's on Check the map, you navigator sap Or we'll all end up with our heads in our lap Chorus repeat x2 Who's in charge? Better ask the sarge If ya wanna go there He's got the word on the double-talk If you run, well, you better walk This way out This way out This way out This way out