

Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Planning A Prison Break"

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Warden's calling for a lockdown, baby
So he'll call on interim inequities
This is the last night in my body;
So assist in the escape

Warden's calling on a jailbreak, baby
So he'll fly like only a jailbird could
He'll fly like only a jailbird could

Like a felon, he fell into scandals,
Scams, and master plans
To circumvent all circumstances
He thought to his throat,
"We can swallow this key and leave when we please"
Let's hope this stomach disagrees.

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"Make a clean getaway," he said,
With his hands outstretched
To nurse her neck
She lured him in with a masochistic kiss
And he wished he could be anywhere but here

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(Arm in arm we walk outside so that all we've done was
not in vain.)

This is the last night in my body, yeah...
Somehow, for now, this skin will have to do.

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