

Wire

"Clay"

Visit "[Clay](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Turning red
Adopting styles that seem inbred
We're made of lead
Stay on the pace
Recoup the loot, avoid, disgrace
Sink without trace

It's a hoot
Run ahead and blindly shoot
Hit the marker, end dispute

Marking time
Laying boundaries out in lime
A life of crime
Drift away
Never find the urge to play
We're made of clay

It's a hoot
Hit the marker, end dispute
Even if that point is moot

It's a hoot
Even if that point is moot
Run ahead and blindly shoot

Phasing in
Wondering when it's time to begin
The chances thin
Emptied out
No doubt it will end in a rout
We lack the clout

It's a hoot
Run ahead and blindly shoot
Hit the marker, end dispute
Even if that point is moot
Run ahead and blindly shoot

Visit [Wire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

