

The Ark "Others"

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

I'm getting sick
Of you calling it "chic"
To describe what is that I am
when I know that I'm damned,
cause I got no own place to go

I'm getting sick and tired
You say you know my kind
But I'm a one of a kind
I'm blind leading blind
Cause we got no own place to go

But we're the pounding of the drums
We're your next-door neighbour
You sure must have known
You got nowhere to go

The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The In-Lovers, Oh-oh-Oh!

I'm building an army of misplaced lovers
Known as "the others"
Working under covers
of love
Cause we got nowhere else to go

Gonna enlist every baldheaded chick with a dick
Every queer that is here so you stupid gits
Know You're fucked-up, nowhere to go

Hear the pounding of the drums
from your next-door-neighbour

You sure must have known
You got nowhere to go

The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The Others, O-oh-Oh!
The In-Lovers, O-oh-Oh!

I'm building an army of misplaced lovers

Known as "the others"
Working under covers
The Others

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.