

Tull Jethro

"Heat"

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When the rats are running

and the boys are gunning

for heads on a tin plate --

you can hear the footfall

softly in the back yard.

And the black jack is called

face up on the last card.

You'd better call your witness

in your dirty business.

Trop tard sera le cri.

Better run while you can --

better set the tall sail.

Better make deep cover

before the boys have you nailed.

There's just one chance to get away --

I'll catch up with you another day.

I'll close my eyes and count to ten

and come right after you again.

Grab your credit cards --

cash in on your resources.

Take your passport from the drawer,

don't stop to change the horses.

Get out of the Heat.

Now can you feel the pressure?

Have you got the measure

of being a wanted man?

Cold drink in your hand --

hot sweat on your brow.

And there's no understanding

going to help you now.

Notify all parties

of an earlier vacation.

No use trying to board the train

after it's left the station.

Get out of the Heat

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