

Toy Matinee

"Last Plane Out"

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Greetings from Sodom
How we wish you were here
The weather's getting warmer
Now that the trees are all cleared

There's no time for a conscience
And we recognize no crime
Yeah we got dogs and Valvoline
It's a pretty damn good time

Men of reason, not of rhyme
Keep the spoils and share your crime
Goodman, Badman, lost without
A hope for passage on the last plane out

There was one repressed do-gooder
And a few who still believed
Yes I think there were five good men here yesterday
But they were asked to leave

So we've kept the good old vices
And laboured to invent a few
With cake in vulgar surplus
We can have it and eat it, too

Men of reason, not of rhyme
Keep the spoils and share your crime
Goodman, Badman, lost without
A hope for passage on the last plane out

Men of reason, hide your face
Walking backwards, plays his ace
Goodman, Badman, lost without
A hope for passage on the last plane out

Here's a concept you can't dance to
An idea you cannot hum
There may not be an empty seat
When all is said and done

I'm not the guy who sings the hymns

No bleeding heart to mend
But I like the part where Icarus
Hijacks the little red hen

Someone said the Big Man
May be joining us soon
But I never was the type to hang
With the harbingers of doom

And this party is addictive
Self-destructive, no doubt
So I hope that someone saves a seat for me
On the last plane out

Men of reason (Men of reason), not of rhyme
Keep the spoils and share your crime
Goodman, Badman (Everyman), lost without
A hope for passage on the last plane out

Men of reason (Men of reason), hide your face (Hide
your face)
Walking backwards, lose his ace (Losing their ace)
Goodman, Badman (Everyman), lost without (Lost
without)
A hope for passage on the last plane out...

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