

Ark, The "The Others"

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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, O-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...

Oh-oh oh-oh
The others...
Oh-oh-oh
Here comes the others
Here comes the others

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

The others, others, others O-oh-Oh!
The others, The others O-oh-Oh!
The others, others, others O-oh-Oh!

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