

Dick Haymes

"Dead Heat"

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Put them up against the wall
Pull the trigger watch them fall
They can only feel the pain
Stand them up and start again
Tell the sargeant what you saw
Fear the long arm of the law
Even though it's hanging there
Drugs and bad guys you'd better beware

Of dead heat they're dead heat
If you shoot 'em down they'll be back on thier feet
They're dead heat they're dead heat
If you shoot 'em down they'll be back on the street

Take 'em down contempt divine (?)
A cat that looks like frankenstein
He's holding up a jewellery store
Listen to his bullets roar
Their job is done they're all alone
They work their fingers to the bone
They're weary as they walk their beat
All day long they're dead on their feet

They're dead heat they're dead heat
Certified zombies from their head to their feet
They're dead heat they're dead heat
If you shoot 'em down they'll be back on thier feet

They're dead heat
They're dead heat
?
They're dead heat
They're dead heat
They show a lot of heart
Even though it don't beat

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