

## **Expatriate**

### **"Get Out, Give In"**

Visit "[Get Out, Give In](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I kinda wanna know that you're down on your luck  
Just the way I was when I needed to run, run  
You kill a piece of me, every time the phone rings  
And it ain't your voice down the end of the line

Turn off the light, turn on the dark  
We're standing underneath the satellites and the stars  
The undergrounds, the underworlds  
Full of pretty boys and those fucked up girls

Get out, give in  
Just take out what you want  
Just take out what you need

Get out, give in  
Get out, give in  
Just take out what you want  
Just take out what you need  
Get out, get out, give in

Intro to life, exit to death  
Two more bars and we're all out of breath  
You killed us all, us under the sun  
But the moon saw you and the gun

And the gun, and the gun, and the gun, and the gun  
The gun, and the gun, and the gun

Get out, give in  
Just take out what you want  
Just take out what you need

Get out, give in  
Get out, give in  
Just take out what you want  
Just take out what you need  
Get out, get out, give in

And the city it burns, the city it burns, burns, burns  
And the city it burns, the city it burns, burns, burns

And I still get my sleep but I still keep freaking out

Oh yes, I do  
And I still get my sleep but I still keep freaking out  
Oh yeah, I do

And the city it burns, the city it burns, burns, burns  
And the city it burns, the city it burns, burns, burns

And I still get my sleep but I still keep freaking out  
Oh yes, I do  
And I still get my sleep but I still keep freaking out

I kinda wanna know that you're down on your luck  
Just the way I was when you needed to run

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

---

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