

## **Gbh** **"Checkin' Out"**

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I'm in the wrong place, my face doesn't fit,  
and I said "Motherfucker" when the bullet hit.  
I bit on deep, I bit on hard,  
all we got left now are memories and scars.

Think you're hard done by ?  
at least you're alive.  
See the guy checkin' out of Room 705.  
Checkin' out now, checkin out the (Rat Race baby).

The squeakers are coming, contagious appeal,

I've had enough now, how do you feel ?  
The shotguns are scary, the fireworks are fun,  
Every day we take a call,  
then another curtain call.

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