

Cabaret Voltaire

"24-24"

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"24-24"_The Crackdown_Cabaret Voltaire

Turning out, beggars to eat me
Cutting wood, coming to lure us.
Beggars watch to pull you in.
Lure them back in front of you.
Eat it up and spit it out.
What you saw is sweet nothing.
Coming to lure you in.
For twenty-four, twenty-four, twenty-four hours a day.

Eat it up and spit it out.
...too slim to aspire to.
Pick it 'til you bleed, turn back.
Cutting wood, coming to lure us, in.

Coming to lure us in.

Turning back, they break us 'til we bleed.
Cutting wood. Coming to lure us, in.
Make us watch them pull you in.
Throw it back in front of you.
Eat it up and spit it out.
What we saw that's in our face.
To satisfy, to make us, to make us, 'til we bleed.
Twenty-four, twenty-four, twenty-four hours a day.

Twenty-four, twenty-four, twenty-four hours a day.

Kick us 'til we wait to lure us.
Make us watch ...
Throw it back in front of you.
Eat it up and spit it out.
What we saw that's in our face.
For twenty-four, twenty-four, twenty-four hours a day.

Eat it up and spit it out.
When we saw the shape of things to satisfy our makers.
Makers 'til we bleed.
Twenty-four, twenty-four, twenty-four hours a day.

Twenty-four, twenty-four, twenty-four hours a day.

Twenty-four, twenty-four, twenty-four hours a day.

Turning, turning. Other smells you take it off.
Underground you hear our feet.
Turning, you spit it out.
Coming to lure us in.

Twenty-four, twenty-four, twenty-four hours a day.

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