

Jennylyn Mercado

"Black Cab"

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Oh no, god damn
I missed the last tram
I killed a party again
God damn, god damn
I wanna sleep in my bed
I wanna clean up my head
Don't wanna look this dead
Don't wanna feel this dread
I killed a party again
I ruined it for my friends
Well you're so silent, Jens
Well maybe I am, maybe I am
Now at the central station
No time for being patient
I feel like going home
But at the same time I don't
Black cab, black cab
Black cab, black cab
Black cab, black cab
Black cab, black cab
And I've heard all the stories
'bout the black cabs and the way they drive
But if you take a ride with them
You may not come back alive
They might be psycho killers
But tonight I really don't care
So I say turn up the music
Take me home or take me anywhere
Black cab, black cab
Black cab, black cab
You don't know anything
So don't ask me questions
You don't know anything
So please don't ask me any questions
You don't know anything
So don't ask me questions
Just turn the music up
And keep your mouth shut
Black cab, black cab
Black cab, black cab

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