

Repo: The Genetic Opera

"Repo Man"

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Loudspeaker: Repo Man! Repo Man!

Graverobber: Out from the night from the mist steps a figure.

No one really knows his name for sure.

He stands at six foot six, head and sholder,

Pray he never comes knocking at your door.

Say that you once bought a heart or new corneas,

And somehow never managed to square away your debts.

He won't bother to write or to phone you...

He'll just rip your still-beating heart from your chest!

Loudspeaker: Repo Man! Repo Man!

Graverobber: You could run. You could hide. You could try to!

But he always has a way of finding you.

He will come at your weakest hour.

When no one is around who might rescue you!

Loudspeaker: Repo Man! Repo Man!

Graverobber: None of us, are free from this horror.

For many years ago we all fell in debt.

New body parts were need, to perfect our image

And until our debts are clear, we will live in fear! Of the...

Loudspeaker: Repo Man! Repo Man! Repo Man! Repo
Man!

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