

## **Stan Ridgeway**

### **"This Way Out"**

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Who's got a hand on the crackdown?  
Who's got the word on the double talk?  
Hands on the wheel in a flash of steel  
We got a secret letter with a government seal

And a ticket for a doomsday run  
We're goin' on a doomsday run  
Ticket for a doomsday run  
Bombs away

Chorus:  
Gotta ticket for a doomsday run  
We're goin' on a doomsday run  
Ticket for a doomsday run  
I never get it wrong  
Uh-oh, get it right!

Nerves are pinched but the heads are calm  
The cargo's all loaded and the red light's on  
Check the map, you navigator sap  
Or we'll all end up with our heads in our laps

Chorus repeat x2

Who's in charge? better ask the sarge  
If ya wanna go there  
He's got the word on the double-talk  
If you run, well, you better walk  
This way out  
This way out  
This way out  
This way out

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