

## Office Of Strategic Influence (O.S.I.) "Our Town"

Visit "[Our Town](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

OK hey I'm going outside  
You can put the plate back on the shelf  
And it's cold though the snow isn't falling  
The neighbor can speak for itself

And the cold hard look in your eyes  
Is more than a line in the sand  
When the truth gets hard to imagine  
The hours get harder to stand

He's a seasick terminal passenger  
Singing this song to himself  
'Till the store bought soul on his skeleton  
Sinks into somebody else

He's a see saw  
Calm in the storm  
A hurricane after the war  
When he drinks all blood you can offer  
He still wants more

Landing planes  
And rumbling trains  
Are shaking the ground in our town again

Thought it twice  
And kicking the ice  
I got turned back around and singing  
Everything's gonna be fine  
I'm sure that we'll both be

OK hey I'm backing outside  
Just put the plate back on the shelf  
And it's cold though the snow isn't falling  
The temperature speaks for itself

It's a moonlit reason to quit  
And nobody answers the phone  
But if there's still blood left in your body  
I'll come back home

