

## Office Of Strategic Influence (O.S.I.) "The Escape Artist"

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Run, run like you've already done  
You've got to move to meet demand  
You're far flung when the music's done  
You better find a place to land

It's all true when I lit that fuse  
I never meant to be your friend  
I kicked the tire but it caught on fire  
I'm going to try to make amends

You act mysterious  
But you speak in gibberish  
You can take your memory  
I'm off I'd better be alone, alone, alone, alone  
I'm off I'd better be alone, alone

Part two now you're back in the news  
You're gonna spread the word around  
I'm all done cause the song is sung  
I'm gonna black my windows out

You move mysterious  
But you speak in gibberish  
You can take your memory  
I'm off I'd better be alone, alone, alone, alone  
I'm off I'd better be alone, alone

No harm, no foul  
It's not fine at all  
It's not fair leading us there  
It's no fun at all

You act mysterious  
But you speak in gibberish  
You can take your memory  
I'm off I'd better be alone, alone, alone, alone  
I'm gone I'd better be alone, alone

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