

Stan Ridgway **"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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