International Noise Conspiracy, The ''Inner City Rejects''

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Inner city rejects, got a mind of their own We're all choking ourselves on laughter while we're, while we're in this killing zone All the drama baby, where's the beauty in this fear Pouring gasoline over our bodies, just to get ourselves outta here

It's gonna one way that's gonna be short enough to get us outta here

It's gonna be one way that's gonna be short enough to get us outta here

All the drama darling, I saw your name written on the wall

Bright light seduction, made it feel so alone and small Drive a knife right through me, I mutilate my soul for you

I said, down here, everywhere, feels so lonesome, feels so blue

It's gonna be one way that's gonna be short enough to get us outta here

It's gonna be one way that's gonna be short enough to get us outta here

You're beautiful, we're all bored, down here we're sold us all for gold

It's a mission, outta control, who's really on the payroll You're beautiful, we're all bored, down here we're sold us all for gold

It's a mission, outta control, who's really on the payroll

We're dying in the city We're dying in the city We're dying in the city Eyes open up but my mind is shut, I said

We're dying in the city We're dying in the city We're dying in the city Eyes open up but my mind is shut, I said Uh uh oh yeah! Uh uh alright! Uh uh oh yeah! Uh uh that's right! Uh uh oh yeah! Uh uh alright!

Inter-nation drama, sounds like another cliche But there's so young and pretty, without ever finding a way Children of production, is there enough pointed for you Breathin' fumes of inner city traffic, just to get some fresh air trough

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