

Dangerous People

The road's black and the city's cold
The children ain't doing a thing they're told
The dark figure rising out of the mud
Don't want your money, he came for blood

Well the poison's on the table and there's only one glass left
But no fool admits to murder while he's being tried for theft
I'm awake inside a church where every good man comes to lie
I'm on time for my own funeral all I'm missing is a tie

How do you like what's going on in America?
How do you like what's going on down town?
How do you like the salesman on your doorstep,
Who brought enough good luck to go around?

Come on baby, take my hand,
You shouldn't be alone walking through this land
There are wolves in the winter, there are snakes in the sand
There are dangerous people that know who I am
They know who I am

I'll be working like a hound until I make back what I lost
I'll be persistent as the infant who's been crying from her cot
I'll be an oil painting of health once all these GPs treat my cough
And I'll be sober on my deathbed until then all bets are off

The vigilante's never been so welcome
The choir's never been so out of tune
Downing Street is waiting for a heroine
She better be there by this afternoon

Come on baby, take my hand,
And don't pretend I'm not your favourite man
With my slicked back hair and my bulletproof plan
I can't blame you for dying to know who I am
To know who I am

The FBI just ran out of recruitments
There's no one left to infiltrate the mob
The corporation made some tough decisions
They've got a robot doing Shakespeare's job

Come on baby, here I am.
Love me with caution and please understand
I'm a dangerous person and I'm yours to command
With your body, your mercy, your heart and your hand