morphine, Radar

Got to the driver of my car Past the dogs past the guards And all of my alarms supposed to be so state of the art You penetrate my radar (x2) You drop a bomb in my backyard You penetrate my radar You played me like a chess game And now you say checkmate While you go running freely spending money every place And me I have to hide and I don't dare show my face If I am guilty so are you it was March 4th 1982 Riding around forever on an empty tank of gas And an empty pocketbook I better get it to the bank High up in a glider high up here without a care I got all the time in the world I got all the time in the world to spare