

Sting, Demolition Man

Oh! Demolition, demolition
Demolition, demolition
Tied to the tracks and the train's fast coming
Strapped to the wing with the engine running
You say that this wasn't in your plan
And don't mess around with the demolition man

Tied to a chair, and the bomb is ticking
This situation was not of your picking
You say that this wasn't in your plan
And don't mess around with the demolition man

I'm a walking nightmare, an arsenal of doom
I kill conversation as I walk into the room
I'm a three line whip, I'm the sort of thing they ban
I'm a walking disaster, I'm a demolition man
Demolition, demolition
Demolition, demolition

You come to me like a moth to the flame
It's love you need but I don't play that game
'Cause you could be my greatest fan
But I'm nobody's friend, I'm a demolition man

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