

The Church, Hunter

A silver lamp-lit sign
Flashes in the rain
Inside the taxi
That takes me to my plane
And the party's over
With a head that throbs
It's none of my business you see
I'm just doing my job

I'm gonna track you down
I'm gonna catch your scent
I'm gonna spring your trap
I'm gonna track you down

You were last seen leaving Tony's Bar
With a dark suspicious man
And some intoxicated woman
'Cause your wife doesn't understand
A carnation in your buttonhole
Greed inside your veins
Smooth threats and promises
Hotel rooms and chains

Closing in that snow and musk
Leave you high and dry
First you're gonna see her
Then you're gonna cry