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