

Fiddler's Green, Straight Ahead

Roaring thunder's raging
Our captain takes command
He's drunken like a madman
The pilot sights the land
He slobbers like a toddler: "Full stream ahead"
The tanker runs aground the cliff
And thousand square miles are dead

He's hungry for adventure
He's longing for a kick
He saw these things on TV
And takes his hockey stick
Tonight he'll have his crime time
He walks the streets at night
Some people even saw the fight
But ran away to hide

The mighty men of power
They meet on floor nineteen
They are the old white yuppies on dope
Their faces cruel and mean
They would stick at nothing
They merely hunt for cash
They play roulette with our lives
For them we're only trash

I'm fallin' fallin'
I hear them callin'

Straight ahead
Straight ahead into disaster
Money talks
Bullshit's walking fast and faster
Straight ahead
Straight ahead into confusion
Money talks