

Hard-FI, Middle eastern holiday

I've got to go, but what a prize to give
Package deal to the sun, everything is inclusive
Where bullet holes, scar the minarets
Smoke on the horizon a beautiful sunset
Going on my middle eastern holiday
Give me a gun, I hope to see my mum again
Going on my middle eastern holiday
Been gone so long, I hope I'm coming home some day
We can fight, we can fight
I'm 21, meanwhile back at home
My friends are out tonight all drinking and dancing
I've got a girl, is she missing me?
Watching out for me on the news on TV
Going on my middle eastern holiday
Give me a gun, I hope to see my mum again
Going on my middle eastern holiday
Been gone so long, I hope I'm coming home some day
We can fight, we can fight
Back at home, politicians sit
Over lunch discussing this
In the desert the fuse is lit
I'm the one who has to deal with it
He's got a gun, bullets meant for me
Time seems to stand still I'm so scared I can't speak
I'm flying home, above everything
I don't understand why is it my mother's crying?
Going on my middle eastern holiday
Give me a gun, I hope to see my mum again
Going on my middle eastern holiday
Top up the tan, fight for the man going far away
Far away...