

Mano Negra, Hamburger Fields

Now here comes daddy
And here goes mummy
The baby's pretty
His name is Johnny...
In the Hamburger Fields, in the Hamburger Fields,
Sixty years in the Hamburger Fields
A child is born
Let's celebrate
Well it's a date
Let's eat pop corn
This child's gonna leave
In the Hamburger Fields
Yeah he's gonna leave
In the Hamburger Fields
In the hand of fate
He'll be educated
In the Hamburger Fields
In the Hamburger Fields
Over the soda rivers
In front of the gasoil sea
Havin' T.V. dreams
Under the air conditioned skies
Fly fly my baby fly
No matter if your daddy cries
Fly fly my baby fly
Over the Hamburger Fields
A child is born
Let's celebrate
Well it's a date
Let's eat pop corn
In the hand of fate
He'll be educated
In the hand of fate
He's gonna leave
In the hamburger fields
In the hamburger fields
A child is born
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