

Stray Cats, Storm The Embassy

Fifteen man taken captive in a hostile foreign land
Scorchin' sun beaming down onto miles and miles of sand
A mideast country being ruled
By a man who thinks it's fun
To hold our people in return
For a sjah that's on the run

I think it's funny
Freedom takes money

It's a heartache and it's hard luck
Well that's tough shit
Man it's no fun
Storm the Iranian embassy
Before they start shootin' down you and me

Scourge of suits in control
Of the diplomaticness
While the nations of the world
Look on and they care less
The Soviet Union won't agree
To an economic plan
And then they laugh and march their troops into Afghanistan

Orders from Moscow
Invade Teheran now

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Well that's tough shit
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Before they start shootin' at you and me

A nation worries and reads the papers
Hoping that no-one has died
Hearin' rumours that the hostages
Will soon be tried as spies
Demonstrations on the street
Saying that the end is near
The man from New York Times on vacation
Wants to know what happened here

Agressive acts now
We want the best now
Fifteen moms crying
Is my son dying ?

It's a heartache and it's hard luck
Well that's tough shit
Man it's no fun
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Before they start shootin' at you and me