

Australian Crawl, Trouble Spot Rock

I am guerilla with a jungle language
A jungle Jimmy with a jungle jeans
I keep-a loose with battle fatigue
Gimme gimme jungle scenes
I wanna do some mid-east cruisin
Meet an arab sheik with an M16
But I'll never get past Elwood
The best dressed trouble shooter
You've ever seen

Give me a rifle and some Beaujolais
Those trouble spots they're all so far away
I will be on the road to Mandalay
You want trouble I'll give you trouble
You're gonna love it alot

I am a killer a soldier of fortune
I ride the jeeps in my jungle greens
I raid a village and napalm the elders
A revolutionary-hey, where you been?

Give me a carbine and a packed lunch
I'll go and join the mercenary bunch
Oh, I've gotta follow my hunch
You want trouble I'll give you trouble
You're gonna love it a lot

I could be a soldier
Sailin the sea
I could be a soldier
A real fine mercenary
I could be an airman
And bomb the enemy, the enemy

I'm gonna get your body
I'm gonna take your life
I'm gonna stab your body
With my general issue knife