

Budgie, In The Grip Of A Tyrefitter's Hand

You got your feelings
Your old fashioned feelings
About the world and its ways
No retribution
No simple solution
I think we're caught in a maze
And all the plunder
That feeling down under
It tends to gnaw at you
We're in the grip it's a total Eclipse
The tyrefitter's got you

Now let me explain
This feeling of pain
Comes from the man at the top.
His grip is so tight
His political might
The tyrefitter will not stop
He's bleeding your brain
He will drive you insane
Nobody making a move
He'll give you a pen
But he's got him a gun
The tyre man is oh so shrewd

I'm licking my wounds
And mending my bones
And catching the wind out of town
We're all in the grip of a tyrefitter's hand
It's only doing me some harm
We're running away
And it just ain't the way
You got to get it, do it yourself
Watch what we do
We just gotta make due
And hide it away on the shelf