

China Crisis, Working With Fire & Steel

I could never keep a beat
Too busy in my paradise
Put a crocodile in high office
And something out of place inside

When all is said and all is done
My hands that work with a fire and steel

Fashion play your part
To be workers of red
Fashion play your part
To be workers

While all the time you dance around
And things get f**ked and we're to blame

And I couldn't think political blue

When all is said and all is done
My hands that work with a fire and steel

Fashion play your part
To be workers of red
Fashion play your part
To be workers

When all is said and all is done
My hands that work with a fire and steel
And motionless we'll slip away
Images are my thoughts too real