

Fitzgerald Patrik, Putting Wings On Aeroplanes

We're waiting for the strike to end
Counting days
Counting hours
Hoping we don't lose our jobs
Ready to lift the hammers
Ready to place the bolts -
We'll go back to work again
Putting wings on aeroplanes
Once I went, for free, to Spain
I was proud to travel, that day
In the plane I'd helped to build
Landing in a foreign field
Something strange, though, had gone on
Our boss went instead to Hong Kong
Booked into the best hotel
A hundred waiters waiting
And we went back to work again
Putting wings on aeroplanes
Then it came, that awful moment
I was sad to travel, that day
In the plane I'd helped to build
Landing in a foreign field
Run, with the others
From the plane
Towards the hills of Southern Spain
The aeroplane was now deployed
To destroy, or be destroyed
I'll never go back to work again
Putting wings on aeroplanes
I'll never...
(ad infinitum)