

# 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)