

# Green Fiddler's, Burn The Bridges

Hey, I work from eight to five just to stay alive  
I face that strife, that rat-race life  
I'm running round in circles every day it's all the same, yeah, yeah  
I simply act a part, I'm trying to look smart, a man of work  
You're just a jerk  
Won't you take a look inside and you see: I don't give a damn, yeah, yeah

At home, at work at every place  
I bow and scrape, I race the race  
A modern slave, caught in his golden cave, 'tsch b'tsch  
Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell  
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell  
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play all day, yeah, yeah

No time to lose, I'm leaving tonight  
No more will I be seen  
No time to lose, don't flog a dead horse  
Let's go to Fiddler's Green

Burn the bridges, come along  
Now I'm keen to  
Burn the bridges, come along  
Now I'm keen to  
Help me now to sing this song  
Burn the bridges, find my way to Fiddler's Green  
Help me now to sing this song  
Burn the bridges, find my way to Fiddler's Green

I stop to play it safe, rise from the grave  
I pass the buck to lady luck I'm going on a journey and  
Ring the curtain down, down down  
Cause Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell  
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell  
This rings a bell inside of me