

Hawkwind, Night Of The Hawks

In all official circles
Across this big wide world
Between the radio stations
A coded message heard
No one knew the meaning
All our efforts seem to fail
But if they catch you listening
Then they'll lock you up in jail
So we found ourselves a place we did not know
Tension in the air and a strange earthly glow
Then amidst the noise of a thousand people's talk
There came a cry "It's The Night of The Hawk!"

The wind was raging, and the stars were black
We all knew there was no turning back
The gates of Hell stared in our face
Nowhere to hide in this wasted space

Night of The Hawk!
Night of The Hawk!

Night of The Hawk!
Night of The Hawk!

The curious folk who chanced to stray across this downland way
Heard the music blast apart
The games that politicians start
On English land the people dance
Like moths caught in a lamp
Where tribes of wanton peacocks strut
All waiting to encamp
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