

Nazareth, Hit The Fan

Why don't you tell me that it's over
Why do you keep this hangin' on
Pack up your bags and run for cover
Say what you mean and see it done

Why don't you cut me loose, you don't need me
Lift up your dress and walk away
There's nothin' left you can say to please me
You're just a dog who's had it's day

You beat around the bush and mumble
About the good old days we had
Your face grows longer as you crumble
You had the good now taste the bad

Let it all hit the fan
Let it all hit the fan

You promised me nothing would change you
More empty words from an empty soul
The same old stories you still cling to
The truth be told you leave me cold

You used to lead the dance and fumble
Howl in the night you could not sleep
You climbed to the top of the hill then tumbled
Too many promises come cheap.

(Manny Charlton)
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