

Roger Hodgson, Showdown

Well there's crying in the kitchen
and there's fighting on the street
And there's cocaine in the schoolyard
yet my heart don't miss a beat
I can't let go, no he can't let go

And the preacher's on the telly
and he's handing me the phone
Got an ulcer in his belly and a torment in his soul
He can't let go, no he can't let go

Everybody wants a contribution
Telling me they've got the best solution
No one wants the carousel to slowdown
Seems to me we're heading for a showdown

And there's poison in the water
And there's holes up in the sky
And the children keep on asking
"Is the planet going to die?"
We must let go, we must let go

Got to get fired - it's going to get hot
We've got to take it higher,
give it everything we got
oh - oh, you never know, oh way to go

Everybody's talking revolution
Politicians offer no solution
No one seems to want to face the lowdown
Seems to me we're heading for a showdown