

Spirit Of The West, Frankfurt I'm Sorry

Pushers and junkies and cheap hotel flunkies
Pulled the day down through the floor
Arrival, departure, and, very soon after
No one knows Stanley Cup scores

Frankfurt I'm sorry for the telling of lies
cursed all your children and blackened their eyes

On through the arches the army then marches
On it's stomach as everyone knows
To quote famous speeches, it's "back to the beaches"
and the landing craft waiting to go

Frankfurt I'm sorry for the telling of lies
cursed all your children and blackened their eyes
Frankfurt I'm sorry for the mud and the stones
Spat on your children and rattled old bones

Waiting in ambush, crushed on the first push
We fled from the foe we create
Our war on this town a mistake we found
Our fears all get rash and inflate

Frankfurt I'm sorry for the telling of lies
Cursed all your children and blackened their eyes
Frankfurt I'm sorry for the mud and the stones
Spat on your children and rattled old bones

We can't stay here where the sheep are all black
Dogs are all strays and they run in a pack
We can't stay here there are clothes on the floor
The bed's still warm, and there's no lock upon the door

Frankfurt I'm sorry for the telling of lies
Cursed all your children and blackened their eyes
Frankfurt I'm sorry may we make amends
We drank to your pleasures and danced in the end
in the end
in the end