

# 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