War

Tones On Tail

You're given two sets of clues
With the answers all the same
And a two-speed crossword
Called 'Love in the suds'Your bullet holes are screaming
Wearing shoes you should be seen in
With a brave knife and fork
We're all set to go flyingComes trouble
Here comes trouble
Comes trouble
Here comes troubleYour thought for the weeks
In the river, river, river
Feels something like a crow
Flying 'round with the planesAnd the fish down under
Coming up with rust inside
And your summer days were spent
Collecting soap opera storiesComes trouble
Here comes trouble
Comes trouble
Here comes troubleSaved by the music makers
Speed boats to freedom
With the beautiful people
Bullet holes in your headBut you're running out of time
And you're running out of freedom
Now the animal crackers
All set to go flyingComes trouble
Here comes trouble
Comes trouble
Here comes troubleHere comes trouble
Comes trouble
Here comes trouble
Comes troubleHere comes trouble
Comes trouble
Here comes trouble
Comes troubleHere comes trouble
Comes trouble
Here comes trouble
Comes trouble

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