

Land of hope and glory

Klasse Kriminale

From the clatter of Honky tonk
To the quiet of the range
Been thinkin bout silence golden
Golden silence change
Burning nights gets damper
And only one moon was cool
As the steam of danger rose
From a ripple-less darkened pool
Came to America stopped out in the west
Ain't no shotgun rider alligator on my chest
Hotbed of indifference seedbed of so-so
It's push and shove - lord above
what a way to go
Don't say that you love me
Just say you might
You keep holding me
To things you think are right
Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh
Land of hope and glory

Seen foreign soldiers
Beachhead, army ducks
Seen local farmers
In their big red pick up trucks
Seen drugstore cowboys
Who could not find the range
Seen fools in the city
Who could do with a change
Dined with bog business
And I stood for the toast
Shunned those screenplay writers
In their big home on the coast
Stood in catherdrals
And breathed hard at the sight
Heard rhetoric
Do I need that stuff tonight

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