

Middle Eastern Holiday

Hard-fi

I've got to go but what a prize to give
Package deal to the sun, everything is inclusive
Where bullet holes scar the minarets
Smoke on the horizon a beautiful sunset I'm going on my Middle Eastern holiday
Give me a gun, I hope I see my mum again
I'm going on my Middle Eastern holiday
Been gone so long, I hope I'm coming home some day We can fight, we can fight I'm twenty one, meanwhile
back at home
My friends are out tonight all drinking and dancing
I've got a girl, is she missing me?
Watching out for me on the news on TV I'm going on my Middle Eastern holiday
Give me a gun, I hope I see my mum again
I'm going on my Middle Eastern holiday
Been gone so long, I hope I'm coming home some day We can fight, we can fight Back at home, politicians sit
Over lunch discussing this
In the desert the fuse is lit
I'm the one who has to deal with it He's got a gun, bullets meant for me
But time seems to stand still I'm so scared I can't speak
I'm flying home, above everything
I don't understand why is my mother crying? I'm going on my Middle Eastern holiday
Give me a gun, I hope I see my mum again
I'm going on my Middle Eastern holiday
Top up the tan and fight for the man going far away, far away

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