Storm the Embassy

Stray Cats

Fifteen men taken captive in a hostile, foreign land
Scorchin' sun beaming down onto miles and miles of sand
A Mideast country being ruled by a man who thinks it's fun
To hold our people in return for a Shah that's on the runI think it's funny
Freedom takes moneyIt's a heartache and it's hard luck
Well, that's tough shit, man, it's no fun
Storm the Iranian embassy
Before they start shooting down you and meScores of suits in control of the diplomatic-ness
While the nations of the world look on and can't care less
The Soviet Union won't agree to an economic plan
And then they laugh and march their troops into AfghanistanOrders from Moscow
Invade Tehran nowIt's a heartache and it's hard luck
Well, that's tough shit, man, it's no fun
Storm the Iranian embassy
Before they start shooting at you and me, heyA nation worries and reads the papers
Hoping that no one has died
Hearing rumors that the hostages
Will soon be tried as spiesDemonstrations on the street
Saying that the end is near
The man from the New York Times on vacation
Wants to know what's happened hereAggressive acts now
We want the best now
Fifteen moms crying
Is my son dying?It's a heartache and it's hard luck
Well, that's tough shit, man, it's no fun
Storm the Iranian embassy
Before they start shooting at you and me

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