

In the Grip of a Tyrefitter's Hand

Budgie

You got your feelings
Your old fashioned feelings
About the world and its ways
No retribution
No simple solution
I think we're caught in a maze
And all the plunder
That feeling down under
It tends to gnaw at you
We're in the grip it's a total Eclipse
The tyre fitter's got you
Now let me explain
This feeling of pain
Comes from the man at the top.
His grip is so tight
His political might
The tyre fitter will not stop
He's bleeding your brain
He'll drive you insane
Nobody making a move
He'll give you a pen
But he's got him a gun
The tyre man is oh so shrewd
I'm licking my wounds
And mending my bones
And catching the wind out of town
We're all in the grip of a tyre fitter's hand
It's only doing me harm
Running away
Just isn't the way
You got to get it yourself
Watch what we do
We just gotta make do
And hide away on the shelf

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