

Iroquois

G.B.H.

Well we're all packed up and we're Iroquois bound,
tuning our ears for the F.M. sound.
We got a million problems, we're on our way,
44th, New York, U.S.A. That big crazy city don't blink an eye,
anytime we pass by.
It just keeps stretching up so high,
like a rocket, shooting, to the sky.
Iroquois ! Iroquois ! Special Branch got their feelers out,
our names and addresses 'cos we're in doubt.
Down the corridor, keep in lane,
find the worst seats on the plane. Find a tacky statue three inches high,
dirty rain falls from a dirty sky.
On the corner of the street there's a big black fella' ..
trying to sell me an umbrella.

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