Afghan/Forklift

Stan Ridgway

Ringin' on the telephone, pick it up and say
What's a man to do with all the trouble 'round today?
Heard it takes a worried man to sing a worried song
Sing it now, but Lord, don't let it all go on too long
Chorus:
Somethin' in the air, and it's movin' like a southbound train
Sun is goin' down, and it seems like I'll be the same
World keeps spinnin' 'round, people say there's debt to pay
I don't knowtoo busy with my life from day to day
But whosoever journeys up against that border line
The shadows of an ancient flame burn away in time
I was down in Arkansas, workin' graveyard shift
Movin' crates for exportation with a big forklift
Most were crackers, Coca-Cola, shoes and ceiling fans
Two were marked Top Secret, headed for Afghanistan
Chorus repeat
See shadows on the sun, see a comin' thundercloud
Nothin' will persuade, but all will be allowed
And some will seek their god from a heaven in the sky
Defendin' their affliction with a holy alibi
Ringin' on the telephone, pick it up and say
What's a man to do with all the trouble 'round today?
I'm callin' up the president, ask him what he say
No answer, left a message, when he's back from holiday
Chorus repeat
Now the drums are poundin', hear them blowin' on the horn
Two hands are on the hammer, and the fabric has been torn
Dam's about to burst, floods are all around
No more water, little Sylvie, 'cause I think I'm gonna drown
Ringin' on the telephone, pick it up and say
What's a man to do with all the trouble 'round today?
Heard it takes a worried man to sing a worried song
Sing it now, but Lord, don't make it all go on too long
All go on too long

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