

Profiteers

Fiddler's Green

Look up on the ledge
There's a bomber diving on the golden street
Down below the crowd is falling
Bullets under feet Don't tell me, no, don't tell me, hey, don't tell me
Where under the beat of a brand-new marching order
Ears to the ground there's a party planned for the new recruits
Hurricane lamps are burning, tear gas fills the route, yeah

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