

Hell to Pay

Spicehouse

Take pity on Two-tone Eddie his hair was never right
He used to be cool with a glint in his eye but he lost it overnight
Spinning world is changing, things are rearranging but Eddie says to me
Nothing wrong with the way it was that's the way it's meant to be...

Up the revolution we're all prepared to die

Up the revolution that was the battle cry

There's gonna be Hell, Hell to pay

There's gonna be Hell, Hell to pay

Eddie was a die-hard rebel in the good old days of way back when
A cigarette was cool and all the kids in school could read and count to ten

Everyone said he had a future bright of that there was no doubt
He never could make us understand what the rebellion was all about...

Up the revolution we're all prepared to die

Up the revolution that was the battle cry

There's gonna be Hell -yeah- Hell to pay

There's gonna be Hell, Hell to pay

Two-tone eddie drew up battle plans for making love not war
Everybody laughed at the fighting in the streets from behind a guarded door

It came to nothing when it all went down and the band began to play

Another plan put your head in the sand live to fight another day...

Up the revolution we're all prepared to die

Up the revolution that was the battle cry

There's gonna be Hell, Hell to pay

There's gonna be Hell, Hell to pay

There's gonna be Hell, Hell to pay

There's gonna be Hell

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