

Austrian Death Machine

"Early Years"

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Early years
Were a shroud man
Only a grey cloud
Shot in the dark
Hanging out
With your dad
His plans for revenge
In some hick-town
Caravan park
Never keep
A good one down
Early years
Were a dreadnought
Waiting to tread board
And my work
Down the pan
Hanging round
By the back door
One foot in
The stage door
Some disaffected
Fly-by man
Got wired by a cable
Got wild on a table
Scared the shit out of me
All for the free state
The snow and
The greasepaint
I left the singing family

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