

Crawl Australian

"Trouble spot rock"

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Im a guerrilla with a jungle language
A jungle jimmy with a jungle jeans
I keep-a loose with a battle fatigue
Gimme gimme gimme jungle scenes
I wanna do some mid east cruisin
Meet an arab sheik with an M16
But ill never get past Elwood
The best dressed trouble shooter
You've ever seen

Give me a rifle and some beaujolais
Those trouble spots they're all so far away
I will be on the road to mandalay
You want trouble, i'll give you trouble
Your gonna love it alot

I could be a sailor, sailin' on the sea
I could be a soldier, real fine mercenary
I could be an airman, bomb the enemy, the enemy
I'm gonna get your body
I'm gonna take your life
I'm gonna stab your body
With my general issue knife

I am killer, a soldier of fortune
I ride the jeeps in my jungle greens
I raid a village and napalm the elders
A revolutionary, hey where you been?

Give me a carbine and a packed lunch
I'll go and join the mercenary bunch
Oh, i gotta follow my hunch
You want trouble, I'll give you trouble
Your gonna love it alot

I could be a sailor, sailin' on the sea
I could be a soldier, real fine mercenary
I could be an airman, bomb the enemy, the enemy
I'm gonna get your body
I'm gonna take your life
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