

Fad Gadget

"Wheels Of Fortune"

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I choke on my words as I speak
Brain damaged citizens file along the street
A view from my window
A motorway intersection
Exhaust pipes at pram level
Now playgrounds are carparks
Wheels keep rolling round and round
Their feet hardly ever touch the ground
The tiger in the tank is a vile compound
Hold on to precious breath you're homeward bound
I've got to breathe, lead free
Breathe, lead free
Wheels keep rolling round and round
Their feet hardly ever touch the ground
The tiger in the tank is a vile compound
Hold on to precious breath you're homeward bound
I've got to breathe, high octane
Oh, oh, high octane
Wheels of Fortune keep rolling on
Five star fantasies of multi-storey power games
A money spinner
Bullets ricochet just above my head
In a hole in the ground I make my bed
Wake up in the morning and find me dead
Load up my weapon and pump them full of lead

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