

## **Fiddler's Green**

### **"Straight Ahead"**

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Roaring thunder's raging  
Our captain takes command  
He's drunken like a madman  
The pilot sights the land  
He slobbers like a toddler: "Full stream ahead"  
The tanker runs aground the cliff  
And thousand square miles are dead

He's hungry for adventure  
He's longing for a kick  
He saw these things on TV  
And takes his hockey stick  
Tonight he'll have his crime time  
He walks the streets at night  
Some people even saw the fight  
But ran away to hide

The mighty men of power  
They meet on floor nineteen  
They are the old white yuppies on dope  
Their faces cruel and mean  
They would stick at nothing  
They merely hunt for cash  
They play roulette with our lives  
For them we're only trash

I'm fallin' fallin'  
I hear them callin'

Straight ahead  
Straight ahead into disaster  
Money talks  
Bullshit's walking fast and faster  
Straight ahead  
Straight ahead into confusion  
Money talks

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