

Fischer-Z

"Big Drum"

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Bass Drum. . . war symbol, move me on with dignity
Look at these hands they're trouble.
Everthing I touch is moving I'm not sure I like it,
conflicting rythmns in my head.
Those damn nerves won't give up they're playing hell
with me now.
I tend to be distracted by the simplest of things
So fly me up to heaven on a distant pair of wings.
Big Drum. . . put me on the night train to China
Big Drum. . . put me on a plane for Brazil.
I can't work, with pleasure, I think, think mmmm
wish I wasn't here. It's no fun to chase your shadow
... I never used to pretend.
Bass Drum goes on for ever. . . Bass Drum never
changes time. . .

Bass Drum oh so lonely
And not so much as a conversation
I tend to be distracted by the simplest of things
So fly me up to heaven on a distant pair of wings.
Big Drum. . . put me on the night train to China.
Big Drum. . . put me on a plane for Brazil.
Bass Drum war symbol
See the children of the free world dancing
Bass Drum war symbol
Look at the price of fun. . . every one.

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