

Green Fiddler's "Burn The Bridges"

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Hey, I work from eight to five just to stay alive
I face that strife, that rat-race life
Iâ€™m running round in circles every day itâ€™s all the
same, yeah, yeah
I simply act a part, I'm trying to look smart, a man of
work
You're just a jerk
Won't you take a look inside and you see: I don't give a
damn, yeah, yeah

At home, at work at every place
I bow and scrape, I race the race
A modern slave, caught in his golden cave, Ãœtsch
bÃœtsch
Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play
all day, yeah, yeah

No time to lose, I'm leaving tonight

No more will I be seen
No time to lose, don't flog a dead horse
Let's go to Fiddler's Green

Burn the bridges, come along
Now Iâ€™m keen to
Burn the bridges, come along
Now I'm keen to
Help me now to sing this song
Burn the bridges, find my way to Fiddler's Green
Help me now to sing this song
Burn the bridges, find my way to Fiddler's Green

I stop to play it safe, rise from the grave
I pass the buck to lady luck Iâ€™m going on a journey
and
Ring the curtain down, down down
Cause Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
This rings a bell inside of me

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