

Budgie

"In The Grip Of A Tyre Fitter's Hand"

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You got your feelings,
Your old fashioned feelings,
About the world and it's ways.
No retribution,
No simple solution,
I think we're caught in a maze.
And all the plunder,
That feeling down under,
It tends to gnaw at you.
We're in the grip it's a total Eclipse,
The Tyre fitter's got you.

Now let me explain
This feeling of pain,
Comes from the man at the top.
His grip is so tight,
His political might,
The Tyre fitter will not stop.
He's bleeding your brain,
He'll drive you insane,
Nobody is making a move.
He'll give you a pen,
But he's got him a gun,
The Tyre man is oh so shrewd.

I'm licking my wounds,
And mending my bones,
And catching the wind out of town.
We're all in the grip of a Tyre fitter's hands,
And it's doing me some harm.
We're running away,
And it just ain't the way
You got to get it yourself.
Watch what we do,
We gotta make do,
And hide away on the shelf.

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