

## **Budgie**

# **"In The Grip Of A Tyrefitter's Hand"**

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You got your feelings  
Your old fashioned feelings  
About the world and its 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 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 hand  
It's only doing me harm  
Running away  
Just isn't the way  
You got to get it yourself  
Watch what we do  
We just gotta make do  
And hide away on the shelf

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