

Casey Diene

"Lindberghs & Metal Birds"

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Coming through the mitrailleuse
A Howitzer cannon and a Thompson gun
Oh you're a slovenly bunch
Lousy with sin

You're no better than those altruists
And the eagle scouts you belong
With the haemophiliacs
Out on the front line
Out on the front line...

We've got the straw in the wind
To fill your belly with buckshot
It's a minor detail
That we furbished with white-out

You want something concrete
But your city is sinking,
It was built on sand
You should have planned ahead
Oh leave it up to the Lindberghs and the Metal Birds
Leave it up to the Lindberghs and the Metal Birds
Leave it up to the Lindberghs and the Metal Birds
Keep your head out of the clouds

Coming down, your victory towers
The sepals to the citadel have been hulled with flames
Oh you've been unveiled
The manifest is writ with dread
And you're no better than those altruists
And eagle scouts you belong
With the convalescents who couldn't make it on the
front line
Out on the front line
Out on the front line...

We've got the straw in the wind
To fill your belly with buckshot
It's a minor detail
That we furbished with white-out

And you want something concrete
But your city is sinking,
It was built on sand
You should have planned ahead
Oh leave it up to the Lindberghs and the Metal Birds
Leave it up to the Lindberghs and the Metal Birds
Leave it up to the Lindberghs and the Metal Birds
And keep, keep, keep, keep your head out of the
clouds

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