

Mark King**"Don't Crash The Ambulance"**

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Don't often open up this floor
Since i handed in my gun
What all these keys are for
Now my tour of duty's done
You got to know the switches
Now you got your turn
Watch and learn, junior
Watch and learn

Now you will get your
Trouble spots
Here's one from
Down voodoo way
Bragged he had me
By the you-know-what's
Very funny, you don't say
The big enchilada
Stealing elections
Had to go down there
Trash collection
Got his cojones
On my desk in there
Made into a souvenir
Set of cufflinks, nice pair
The rest of him's
Someplace up here
Sometimes you got to
Put a shoulder to the door
Not so fast, junior
Listen to your pa
Here, son
I'm handing over to you
Don't crash the ambulance
Whatever you do

What we have here's
A dung hole place
Thought it was fly shit
On the map
Fat bastard, ugly face
And the personal crap

You can't move the barriers
You can't mess with oil and gas
Had to go down there
Stick a couple
Aircraft carriers
In his ass
Fancy dress
Medals chest
It's all in here
For all the gigs
Gas mask
Bullet-proof vest
All the usual rigs
There'll be things they missed
They didn't mention
You've even
Got a whistle in there
For attracting attention

Well, i think you're gonna
Be okay, son
You've had the tour, i guess
These two buttons
By the way
This one i hope
You never press
Some holy fool, just watch
Who's not like you or me
That one's the whole
Shooting match
Right there
It's the whole shitaree
We don't forget
Who put us here, jack
That's page one
We talk soft
But carry a big stick
And pack the biggest gun
We don't like accidents
Major or minor
You don't want yourself
An incident
Don't ever invade china

Here, son
I'm handing over to you
Don't crash the ambulance
Here, son
I'm handing over to you
Don't crash the ambulance
Whatever you do

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