

## Nazareth "Hit The Fan"

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Why don't you tell me that it's over  
Why do you keep this hangin' on  
Pack up your bags and run for cover  
Say what you mean and see it done

Why don't you cut me loose, you don't need me  
Lift up your dress and walk away  
There's nothin' left you can say to please me  
You're just a dog who's had it's day

You beat around the bush and mumble  
About the good old days we had  
Your face grows longer as you crumble  
You had the good now taste the bad

Let it all hit the fan  
Let it all hit the fan  
You promised me nothing would change you  
More empty words from an empty soul  
The same old stories you still cling to  
The truth be told you leave me cold

You used to lead the dance and fumble  
Howl in the night you could not sleep  
You climbed to the top of the hill then tumbled  
Too many promises come cheap.

(manny charlton)

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