

Spirit Of The West

"Frankfurt I'm Sorry"

Visit ["Frankfurt I'm Sorry"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

Pushers and junkies and cheap hotel flunkies
Pulled the day down through the floor
Arrival, departure and very soon after
No one knows Stanley Cup scores

Frankfurt I'm sorry for the telling of lies
We cursed all your children and blackened their eyes

On through the ashes the army then marches
On its stomach as everyone knows
To quotes famous speeches it's "Back to the Beaches"
And the landing craft waiting to go

Frankfurt I'm sorry for the telling of lies
We cursed all your children and blackened their eyes
Frankfurt I'm sorry for the mud and the stones
We spat on your children and rattled old bones

Waiting in ambush, crushed on our first push
We fled from the foe we create
Our war on this town a mistake we found
Fears all get rash and inflate

Frankfurt I'm sorry for the telling of lies
We cursed all your children and blackened their eyes
Frankfurt I'm sorry for the mud and the stones
We spat on your children and rattled old bones

We can't stay here where the sheep are all black
The dogs are all strays and they run in a pack
We can't stay here there's still clothes on the floor
The bed's still warm and there's no lock upon the door

Frankfurt I'm sorry for the telling of lies
We cursed all your children and blackened their eyes
Frankfurt I'm sorry may we make amends
We drink to your pleasure and danced in the end
In the end...
In the end...

