

Stray Cats "Storm The Embassy"

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Fifteen men taken captive in a hostile, foreign land
Scorchin' sun beaming down onto miles and miles of
sand
A Mideast country being ruled by a man who thinks it's
fun
To hold our people in return for a Shah that's on the run

I think it's funny
Freedom takes money

It's a heartache and it's hard luck
Well, that's tough shit, man, it's no fun
Storm the Iranian embassy
Before they start shooting down you and me

Scores of suits in control of the diplomatic-ness
While the nations of the world look on and can't care
less
The Soviet Union won't agree to an economic plan
And then they laugh and march their troops into
Afghanistan

Orders from Moscow
Invade Tehran now

It's a heartache and it's hard luck
Well, that's tough shit, man, it's no fun
Storm the Iranian embassy
Before they start shooting at you and me, hey

A nation worries and reads the papers
Hoping that no one has died
Hearing rumors that the hostages
Will soon be tried as spies

Demonstrations on the street
Saying that the end is near
The man from the New York Times on vacation
Wants to know what's happened here

Aggressive acts now
We want the best now

Fifteen moms crying
Is my son dying?

It's a heartache and it's hard luck
Well, that's tough shit, man, it's no fun
Storm the Iranian embassy
Before they start shooting at you and me

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