

## Straycats

### "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 mid-east country being ruled  
By a man who thinks it's fun  
To hold our people in return  
For a sjah 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 shootin' down you and me

Scourge of suits in control  
Of the diplomaticness  
While the nations of the world  
Look on and they 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 Teheran 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 shootin' at you and me

A nation worries and reads the papers  
Hoping that no-one has died  
Hearin' rumours that the hostages  
Will soon be tried as spies  
Demonstrations on the street  
Saying that the end is near

The man from New York Times on vacation  
Wants to know what happened here

Agressive 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 shootin' at you and me

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