

Fight for Your Country

Atari Terror

let me tell you a story
it won't be long:

i traveled all over the world
saw many countries many lands
in many places i stayed for long
got respect and felt like home

but there was my gipsy heart...
it never let me stay

t for tennessee
d for donegal
paris texas in a desert storm
beautiful girl with a southern accent
i had to let her go

because of my gipsy heart...
it never let me stay

you gotta fight for your right...
to have your country anywhere...

the end of the story is pretty simple
i took the rest of my money
bought a horse
and rode him home

and now...
i feel like stranger in home town...
like a stranger in my own home town