

Birds fly up as I pull into town
Desert storm as the sun goes down
Park the bike on holy ground
Temple by the store
Temple priests are pretty shot
Jimson weed and thanks a lot
Crazy abbot, gotta stop
Put my guns down, by the door
F-111, F-111
Lay your benediction on us all
Virgin in the window
Pynchon in the rectory
Lotta chanting round the room
Of things in history
People sellin' stocks and shares
Looting what was never theirs
Chokin' on the subway stairs
To cheat their destiny
F-111, F-111
Lay your benediction on us all
The storeman asked me once
To leave my barter on the table
Another methane cylinder
Another roll of cable
I'm in two minds to stay the night
Or leave this town behind
Far behind
F-111, F-111
Lay your benediction on us all
Lotta systems in the ground
Used to be connected
Lotta fragments floating round
Yet to be collected
F-111, F-111
Lay your benediction on us all