

Burn The Bridges

Fiddler's Green

Hey, I work from eight to five just to stay alive
I face that strife, that rat-race life
Im running round in circles every day it's all the same, yeah,
yeah
I simply act a part, I'm trying to look smart, a man of work
You're just a jerk
Won't you take a look inside and you see: I don't give a damn,
yeah, yeah
At home, at work at every place
I bow and scrape, I race the race
A modern slave, caught in his golden cave, tsch btsch
Now Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
Where the skies are all clear and the dolphins do play all day,
yeah, yeah
No time to lose, I'm leaving tonight
No more will I be seen
No time to lose, don't flog a dead horse
Lets go to Fiddler's Green
Burn the bridges, come along
Now Im keen to
Burn the bridges, come along
Now I'm keen to
Help me now to sing this song
Burn the bridges, find my way to Fiddler's Green
Help me now to sing this song
Burn the bridges, find my way to Fiddler's Green
I stop to play it safe, rise from the grave
I pass the buck to lady luck Im going on a journey and
Ring the curtain down, down down
Cause Fiddler's Green is a place I heard tell
Where the fishermen go if they don't go to hell
This rings a bell inside of me