I face that strife, that rat-race life Im running round in circles every day it's all the same, 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

Hey, I work from eight to five just to stay alive