

Well we're all packed up and we're Iroquois bound,
tuning our ears for the F.M. sound.
We got a million problems, we're on our way,
44th, New York, U.S.A.

That big crazy city don't blink an eye,
anytime we pass by.
It just keeps stretching up so high,
like a rocket, shooting, to the sky.
Iroquois ! Iroquois !

Special Branch got their feelers out,
our names and addresses 'cos we're in doubt.
Down the corridor, keep in lane,
find the worst seats on the plane.

Find a tacky statue three inches high,
dirty rain falls from a dirty sky.
On the corner of the street there's a big black fella' ..
trying to sell me an umberalla.

Get the Kraut boys round for a smoke an' a beer,
there's gotta be a pizza delivery near.
Call the barf patrol, there's a stain on the floor,
a weeks P.D's for the bathroom floor.