

## Iroquois

GBH

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.