

Standing outside on a kitchen floor
Love utensils in the palm of her hand
Saluting supermarket majorettes
We understand
Oh muzak for digital clocks
Departmental stores, vacate no sound
Exchanging surgical appliances
On hired ground

And love blows through Rhodesia
And love blows through Rhodesia

Soldierettes marching in the parking lot
Bleach your body
Be proof to the fact
Moving out in all directions
And turning back

Oh, heartaches from Amsterdam
Masturbated over jilted bouquets
Approximation's counting on a freight line
We pull away

And love blows through Rhodesia
And love blows through Rhodesia

Oh, Nazis in full attack
Burning niggers in a cotton field
Service stations offer promises
And promises offer me

And love blows through Rhodesia
And love blows through Rhodesia