

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