

## Afghan-forklift

Stan Ridgway

Ringin' on the telephone, pick it up and say  
What's a man to do with all the trouble 'round today?  
Heard it takes a worried man to sing a worried song  
Sing it now, but Lord, don't let it all go on too long

Somethin' in the air, and it's movin' like a southbound  
train

Sun is goin' down, and it seems like I'll be the same  
World keeps spinnin' 'round, people say there's debt to  
pay

I don't know--too busy with my life from day to day  
But whosoever journeys up against that border line  
The shadows of an ancient flame burn away in time  
I was down in Arkansas, workin' graveyard shift  
Movin' crates for exportation with a big forklift  
Most were crackers, Coca-Cola, shoes and ceiling fans  
Two were marked Top Secret, headed for Afghanistan

See shadows on the sun, see a comin' thundercloud  
Nothin' will persuade, but all will be allowed  
And some will seek their god from a heaven in the sky  
Defendin' their affliction with a holy alibi  
Ringin' on the telephone, pick it up and say  
What's a man to do with all the trouble 'round today?  
I'm callin' up the president, ask him what he say  
No answer, left a message, when he's back from holiday

Now the drums are poundin', hear them blowin' on the  
horn

Two hands are on the hammer, and the fabric has been  
torn

Dam's about to burst, floods are all around  
No more water, little Sylvie, 'cause I think I'm gonna  
drown

Ringin' on the telephone, pick it up and say  
What's a man to do with all the trouble 'round today?  
Heard it takes a worried man to sing a worried song  
Sing it now, but Lord, don't make it all go on too long  
All go on too long