

## 49th Parallel

Steve Harley

Think I'll have lines on my face  
When i get out of this place  
So I guess I'll be ever so carefull  
It wouldn't help to deny  
I'm well advised to comply  
By the rules or be ever so tearful

I caught a vulture, he came up behind me  
I put a chain on his claws  
I caught another - been trying to find me  
I slit a vein in his jaws  
Tied the two of them up with guitar-  
strings (only fed them a bone)  
Grinned and put my hands in my pockets  
To drift away to a land of my own

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We played a game of Cowards and Heroes  
We lay the rules on the floor  
But then we spoke of flowers and quiros  
It ended up in a draw  
But all the time they were bound and belittled  
I wouldn't let them go . go, go !  
I only want to use them for skittles  
And drift away to a land of my own

They were begging over and over;  
"If we behave can we feed ?"  
Began to throw them piece of clover  
And said "Now count the leaves !"  
I realised it was only a battle  
And went to look for the war (haw ! haw !)  
My brains began then to rattle  
And drift away to a land of their own