

# Echoes Of Fear

Tankard

Burning houses, some distant screams of pain  
Burning people, painful and cruelly slain

I'm dashing to my chair  
I have a few fried beans  
Some scrambled eggs  
Some bread or toast

While I watch far-off people roast  
It's in the Morning-News  
I'm trying to find my shoes  
An airplane crashed  
Explosion flashed  
I have to carry out the trash!

Echoes of a distant battle!  
Echoes of fear!  
Echoes of a distant battle!  
Still another beer?  
Echoes of a distant battle!  
Echoes!  
Echoes of a distant battle!  
Have another beer!

I'm on my way to work  
I watch some well-dressed clerk  
Being robbed by some  
Unscrupulous bum  
But as I'm late I hurry on

At noon I'm out to lunch  
But as a silly bunch  
Of Punks beats up  
A nice old chap  
I got to hurry for my cab

Echoes of a distant battle!  
Echoes of fear!  
Echoes of a distant battle!  
Still another beer?  
Echoes of a distant battle!  
Echoes!  
Echoes of a distant battle!  
Have another beer!

Burning houses, some distant screams of pain  
Burning people, painful and cruelly slain

I cuddle to my couch  
I nibble some more chips  
The TV shows  
Some other's woes  
But that's the way that this world goes!

And so I went to bed  
I had one final fag  
The fire-brigade

Was much too late  
The neighbourhood would hesitate

Echoes of a distant battle!  
Echoes of fear!  
Echoes of a distant battle!  
Still another beer?  
Echoes of a distant battle!  
Echoes!  
Echoes of a distant battle!  
Have another beer!