

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!