

# War

## Tones on Tail

You're given two sets of clues  
With the answers all the same  
And a two-speed crossword  
Called 'Love in the suds'

Your bullet holes are screaming  
Wearing shoes you should be seen in  
With a brave knife and fork  
We're all set to go flying

Comes trouble  
Here comes trouble  
Comes trouble  
Here comes trouble

Your thought for the weeks  
In the river, river, river  
Feels something like a crow  
Flying 'round with the planes

And the fish down under  
Coming up with rust inside  
And your summer days were spent  
Collecting soap opera stories

Comes trouble  
Here comes trouble  
Comes trouble  
Here comes trouble

Saved by the music makers  
Speed boats to freedom  
With the beautiful people  
Bullet holes in your head

But you're running out of time  
And you're running out of freedom  
Now the animal crackers  
All set to go flying

Comes trouble  
Here comes trouble  
Comes trouble  
Here comes trouble

Here comes trouble  
Comes trouble  
Here comes trouble  
Comes trouble

Here comes trouble  
Comes trouble  
Here comes trouble  
Comes trouble

Here comes trouble  
Comes trouble

Here comes trouble  
Comes trouble