

# Showdown

Roger Hodgson

Well there's crying in the kitchen  
and there's fighting on the street  
And there's cocaine in the schoolyard  
yet my heart don't miss a beat  
I can't let go, no he can't let go

And the preacher's on the telly  
and he's handing me the phone  
Got an ulcer in his belly and a torment in his soul  
He can't let go, no he can't let go

Everybody wants a contribution  
Telling me they've got the best solution  
No one wants the carousel to slowdown  
Seems to me we're heading for a showdown

And there's poison in the water  
And there's holes up in the sky  
And the children keep on asking  
"Is the planet going to die?"  
We must let go, we must let go

Got to get fired - it's going to get hot  
We've got to take it higher,  
give it everything we got  
oh - oh, you never know, oh way to go

Everybody's talking revolution  
Politicians offer no solution  
No one seems to want to face the lowdown  
Seems to me we're heading for a showdown