

## F-111

Cold Chisel

Birds fly up as I pull into town  
Desert storm as the sun goes down  
Park the bike on holy ground  
Temple by the store  
Temple priests are pretty shot  
Jimson weed and thanks a lot  
Crazy abbot, gotta stop  
Put my guns down, by the door  
F-111, F-111  
Lay your benediction on us all  
Virgin in the window  
Pynchon in the rectory  
Lotta chanting round the room  
Of things in history  
People sellin' stocks and shares  
Looting what was never theirs  
Chokin' on the subway stairs  
To cheat their destiny  
F-111, F-111  
Lay your benediction on us all  
The storeman asked me once  
To leave my barter on the table  
Another methane cylinder  
Another roll of cable  
I'm in two minds to stay the night  
Or leave this town behind  
Far behind  
F-111, F-111  
Lay your benediction on us all  
Lotta systems in the ground  
Used to be connected  
Lotta fragments floating round  
Yet to be collected  
F-111, F-111  
Lay your benediction on us all