

Mayday

Eugenio Finardi

T.V. blinks out over Europe
The final show has run
The moon is waiting for the take-off
Of the kamikaze sun
Every nation is nodding
With their governments on the run
Tossing and turning the night away
In the sights of the rock'n'roll gun

Nightmares
Of tribal rebellion
Of the radioactive young
>From every corner of the EEC
Where electric guitars are strung
Strange electric weapons
Fire frequencies to the head
While the Old World loses power
City blazes
The real power now raises
Its ugly head!

MAYDAY MAYDAY economy's in a spin
MAYDAY MAYDAY rock armies are movin'in
MAYDAY MAYDAY there's a continent to win
MAYDAY MAYDAY the grenade has lost it's pin

Rock-bands have occupied the land
A generation brought to boil
'cause they refuse to be bought and sold
for a couple of barrels of oil
to have their future decided
by a man in a dark-grey suit
but now the rhythms of the streets invade
his dreams of power and loot

with nightmares
of tribal rebellion
of the radioactive young
from every corner of the EEC
where electric blues is sung
strange electric anthems
haunt the upper class in its bed
while the Old World loses power
the city blazes
the real power now raises
ot's ugly head!

MAYDAY MAYDAY ...