

Spanish Fly By Night

New Bomb Turks

Wanna basque in the glory of the laid back way.
Walk in, lay down, walk away.
There life is for living.
Here the living is rare,
in this land of stress, this land of fear.

So fly me down to Spain.
I gotta get away - on a Spanish fly by night.
Love it or leave?
The choice is plain as day - on a Spanish fly by night.

Convenience costs an arm and a leg.
Siesta's charge is staying in the bed.
They've got bullfights.
We've got the N.R.A.
Sick of ducking, I'm steering clear away.

Course I'd miss the skyscrapers,
the long freeways.
From the slums of Cincinnati to the Erie bay.
Violence keeps you guessing.
Yeah the guessing feeds my brain.
Guess I'll stay back in the U.S.A.