

Rock Drill

The Sensational Alex Harvey Band

They're makin' zebra crossings where the antelope did roam
And still the concrete crumbles when the water comes back home
Hey you! Guru! Tell me what can you do?
Can you reconstruct my structure? Can you distribute my blues?

Interstellar travel is necessary to be where you belong
Long ago, when the earth was young and the righted plans went wrong
And Lo! And Behold! The Rock Drill speak, it's the sound of stone
Where were you, little man, when I laid down the structure of your flesh and bone?

You've gotta, gotta, gotta be in the Syndicate
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Future politics buried in the wall
Take me to your leader, hammering on my wall
That cat with fat feet deep down in the soil
Is a-burnin', is a-burnin', burnin' up the midnight oil

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You've gotta, gotta, gotta be in the Syndicate
Be in the Syndicate
Be in the Syndicate