

Rigging It Up, Duncannon

Tom Robinson

My name's Duncannon and I used to deal
As a radar rigger on the Forties field
But in my face you'll see the scar
Of the petrodollar and the German car

Oh, no no, rigging it up Duncannon
Oh, no no, rigging it up tonight

Worked on a pipeline pumping crude
And lived with the shiftwork, gales and food
But the greatest danger, near or far
Were the boardroom barons with a German car

Oh, no no, rigging it up Duncannon
Oh, no no, rigging it up tonight

They'd save on safety maintenance
They were mean and underhand
They'd maximize their bottom lines
In shelter on the land

It was 0300 on the brig
When the nightmare happened on our sister rig
I can see the fireball in my dreams
As the dot disappeared from the radar screens

Oh, no no, rigging it up Duncannon
Oh, no no, rigging it up tonight

They sent for their insurance men
They sent for Red Adair
They sent the rescue services
To the rig that wasn't there

You whizzkid cowboys of the range
As you make your killing on the Stock Exchange

Remember the men you pressed too far
For the petrodollar and a German car

Oh, no no, rigging it up Duncannon
Oh, no no, rigging it up tonight