

# Flight Of The Earls



I can hear the bells of Dublin  
In this lonely waiting room  
And the paperboys are singin' in the rain  
Not too long be fore they take us  
To the airport and the noise  
To get on board a transat-lantic plane  
We've got nothin' left to stay for,  
We had no more left to say  
And there isn't any work for us to do  
So fare well ye boys and girls,  
Another bloody Flight of Earls  
Our best asset is our best export, too

It's not murder, fear or famine  
That makes us leave this time  
We're not going to join  
McAlpine's Fusileers  
We've got brains, and we've got visions,  
we've got education, too!  
But we just can't throw away  
These precious years  
So we walk the streets of London,  
And the streets of Baltimore  
And we meet at night  
In several Boston bars  
We're the leaders of the future  
But we're far away from home  
And we dream of you  
Beneath the Irish stars

As we look on Ellis Island,  
And the Lady in the bay  
And Manhattan turns to face  
Another Sunday  
We just wonder what you're doing  
To bring us all back home  
As we look forward to another Monday  
Because it's not the work  
That scares us  
We don't mind an honest job  
And we know things will get better  
Once again  
So a thousand times adieu,  
We've got Bono and U2  
All we're missin'  
Is the Guinness, and the rain

So switch off your new computers  
'Cause the writing's on the wall  
We're leaving as our fathers did before  
Take a look at Dublin airport, or the boat that leaves North Wall  
There'll be no Youth Unemployment  
Any more  
Because we're over here in Queensland,  
And in parts of New South Wales  
We're on the seas and airways  
And the trains  
But if we see better days,  
Those big airplanes go both ways  
And we'll all be comin' back to you again!