

# The 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 before they take us  
To the airport and the noise  
To get on board a transatlantic 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 farewell ye boys and girls;  
It's another Flight of Earls  
Our best asset is now our best export, too...

It's not murder, fear or famine  
That will make us leave this time  
We're not going to join  
McAlpine's Fusileers  
We've got brains, and we've got vision, 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.

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