

## The Word Is...

We planted our incendiary devices in the cold early mornin'  
An' in the good name of all of the people we blew the heart right out of the arcade  
Some people say the ain't nothin' worth such destruction  
But how many time you gonna get up after you have been hit?  
I slipped past the border patrol with the ease of a phantom  
I changed my appearance now maybe thousands of times  
I retain my beard as a badge of self motivation  
In the hills above Havana we see the whites of their eyes

We lost seven men in a raid on a radio station  
And failed to meet our objectives on that sorry night  
American agents are mixing in with the people  
The C.I.A. know the word is legitimate  
Your gonna get what's yours!

I never feel guilty my conscience intact  
Everythin' I own is in the pack on my back  
I'm hungry and dirty an' I don't ever sleep  
I've been tappin' the phone lines all night for a week  
Got visas and papers and passports and guns  
An' crucifix wrapped 'round my left hand for luck  
Gor rendezvous points for the glorious day  
An' a fever that won't go away

We planted our incendiary devices .....

Charley Moore, you're gonna get what's yours (threat)

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