

Us and Them

Between the Buried and Me

Us and them
And after all we're only ordinary men
Me and you
God only knows it's not what we would choose to do
Forward he cried from the rear
and the front rank died
The General sat, and the lines on the map
moved from side to side

Black and blue
And who knows which is which and who is who
Up and down
And in the end it's only round and round
And round
Haven't you heard it's a battle of words
the poster bearer cried
Listen son, said the man with the gun
There's room for you inside

"I mean, they're not gunna kill ya, so if you give 'em a quicks
hort, sharp, shock, they won't do it again. Dig it? I mean he g
et off lightly, 'cos I would've given him a thrashing -
I only hit him once! It was only a difference of opinion, but r
eally... I mean good manners don't cost nothing do they, eh?"

Down and out
It can't be helped but there's a lot of it about
With, without
And who'll deny it's what the fighting's all about
Out of the way, it's a busy day
I've got things on my mind
For want of the price of tea and a slice
The old man died