

Charge

The Divine Comedy

Ladysmith wants you forthwith to come to her relief
Burn your briefs you leave for France tonight
Carefully cut the straps of the booby-traps
And set the captives free
But don't shoot 'til you see her big blue eyes

Then sound the charge breathe your final breath
And charge into the valley of death
Cannon to the left and cannon to the right
They'll go bang bang bang all night

We'll fight them on the beaches
Yes, we'll fill 'em full of lead
Fighting naked in the open air
We'll fight them in the kitchen, in the bathroom
In the garden shed
Fighting the good fight any-fighting-where

So sound the charge breathe your final breath
And charge into the valley of death
Cannon to the left and cannon to the right
They'll go bang bang bang all night
There'll be a cannon to the left and cannon to the right
They'll go bang bang bang bang bang bang bang all night

Baby baby, I love the way you talk sense to me
Especially when you say 'Neil, you got love'
I hear what you're saying
I have in my hand a piece of paper that says
'Let's make lurve, not this phoney war-thang'
We goin' over the top
But you're so sexy when you're angry, honey-chile

Roamin' around in no man's land
Gettin' caught in your barbed wire
Baby baby, gonna set your village on fire

Charge, I'm gonna hit you where it hurts
Charge, so sound the red alert!
There'll be a cannon to the left and cannon to the right
(The hills are alive with the sound of)
Bang bang bang bang bang, bang bang bang bang bang, bang bang b
ang bang bang
All night!