

Singing Out The Days

Chumbawamba

Half the front's out there, half-buried
Some of them alive
The rest of us, we freeze and pray for Spring
"Dearest Mother, fill my lungs till victory or food arrives"
What else can we do out here but sing?

Sixteen years and never been kissed
Singing out the days
Jumped the queue and the waiting list
Singing out the days
Civvy suits and new recruits, clean your rifle, polish your boots
Learn to give the correct salute
Singing out the days
Singing
Singing
Singing, singing out the days
We march until we drop
Then we go over the top
Singing, singing out the days
Lice and rats along the trench
Singing out the days
Coffin nails to cover the stench
Singing out the days
For thirty weeks we hold the line while all the toffs get reassigned
Apart from the war, we're doing fine
Singing out the days
Singing
Singing
Singing, singing out the days
We march until we drop
Then we go over the top
Singing, singing out the days
Songs for drowning out the shells
Singing out the days
Songs to prove you're alive and well
Singing out the days
Songs for our humanity in the face of inhumanity
To demonstrate your sanity
Singing out the days
Singing
Singing
Singing, singing out the days
We march until we drop
Then we go over the top
Singing, singing out the days