

The Immortal Death

Crass

Our boys have returned as men, our men.
Our men have returned, amen.
The spoils of war. The hero, the lads, men pulled together for war.
Set out to fight for the Great British flag that was waved by their thousands ashore.
Waving farewell, the girls bare it all and pull up their jumpers and skirts.
Carried away the crowd calls for more and the men felt it worth fighting for.
It's all gone before, sexy Sue, saucy Jane, The pin-up that's carried to battle.
The mascot that marks in every plane, every gun, markers of death,
Symbols of men,
In whose name we are slaughtered like cattle.
In every good war there's a nude on the wall, to keep the men happy and straight.
A saucy ole joke lads, it's all harmless fun, when we hit land, who shall we rape?
Ah, the spoils of war, the knickers, the bras, momentos to give you support.
While the bombs drop around, you fumble in dreams, with blank eyes see the corpses you've fought.
Our boys have gone away, our boys,
Our boys have gone away.
Our men have returned all tattered and burned,
Our men have returned, amen.
The guns point their muzzles away to the land and below deck the men throw darts
The nipples are bullseyes, the head count for less and there's no points for hitting the heart.
Shapely Jane, 25, said