

The Great One-handed Brag

Cutting Crew

And though the fires are burning
under the pillars of learning
i hear the wind is still howling
"go home"
and looking out of your window
you see a brave new tomorrow
and no one is standing in your way

when everyting is done
the war is never won
he's standing all alone
the russian winds blow cold
his story must be told
the great one-handed brag

through all the bodies decaying
you come up smelling of roses
you take the final decision
to carry on
you think of sweet josephine
back home where fields were green
and no sweat, no blood, no stench,
no mortal coil.

when everything is done
the war is never won
he's standing all alone
the russian winds blow cold
his story must be told
the great one-handed brag
oh
and the boys are all in retreat
you'd better wise up and face defeat
and half a million men lie dying

when everyting is done
the war is never won
he's standing all alone
the russian winds blow cold
the story must be told
the great one-handed brag