

# 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