

Over and Out

Defleshed

The king he sent to look for me
A sergeant he did say:
"Young man, a soldier you must be
For fifty cent a day"
For fifty cent a day did I
Take off all things I wore
And I have marched to where I lie
And I will march no more

Get killed or die trying
I must get thrilled or lie dying

Tomorrow after new young men
The sergeant he must see
For things will all be over then
Between the king and me

Over... and out
Over... and out
Live or die is what it's all about
I slit my throat while I scream and shout

Do it good and do it fast
Cause every hero becomes a bore at last

Get killed or die trying
I must get thrilled or lie dying

And I shall have to bate my price
For in the grave they say:
"It's neither knowledge nor device
Nor fifty cent a day"

Over... and out
Over... and out
Live or die is what it's all about
I slit my throat while I scream and shout

To all good comes a hatch
The chase is often better than the catch