

## Your Country

English Dogs

So you wanna join the army  
And you wanna be a man  
You wanna go to Ireland  
And get killed by a bomb  
Does your family want to  
See you as a corpse  
Because you're wrapped around  
In your empty thoughts

Fighting for the army  
Marching for the army  
Just another part of  
Your death in the army

Rules and regulations  
Imprinted in your brain  
Your brother's been killed  
Oh! What a shame  
Left, right, Left, right  
That's right son  
Marching all together  
It'll be a lot of fun

You're in the army now so  
Get that gun clean  
Switch off your brain  
You're now a machine  
Slaughtered like cattle

You hear it on the news  
Quite country lane  
Victim of their views