

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