

Guns Before Butter

Gang of Four

All this talk of blood and iron
Is the 'cause of all my shaking
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Is the 'cause of all my shaking
All this talk of blood and iron
Is the 'cause of all my shaking

All this talk about blood and iron
It's the 'cause of all my shaking
The fatherland's no place to die for
It makes me want to run out shaking

I hear some talk of guns and butter
That's something we can do without
If men are only blood and iron
O Doctor Doctor, what's in my shirt?

Just keep quiet, no room for doubt

I'm hearing talk of joy in labour
I'll tell you this, you can leave me out
The motherland's no place to cry for
I want some sand to hide my head in

I'm hearing talk of strength in labour
That's something I can do without
If I'm only blood and iron
O Doctor Doctor, what's in my shirt?

Just keep quiet, no room for doubt

All this talk of blood and iron
It's the 'cause of all my shaking
The fatherland's no place to cry for
It makes me want to run out shouting

I hear some talk of guns and butter
That's something I can do without
If men are only blood and iron
O Doctor Doctor, what's in my shirt?

Just keep quiet, no room for doubt