

# Military Man

Gary Moore

Papa take a look at your boy  
He's a military man  
Papa take a look at your boy  
He's crying  
Papa take a look at your boy  
He's a soldier  
Papa take a look in his eyes  
They're colder

Papa take a look at your boy  
He's a military man  
Mama take a look at your boy  
He's dying  
Mama take a look at your boy  
He's fighting  
Mama take a look at your boy  
He's frightened

They have trained your boy to kill  
And kill someday he will  
They have trained your boy to die  
And ask no questions why

Papa take a look at your boy  
Take a look at your boy  
Take a look at your boy  
He's a killer, yeah

Mama take a look at your boy  
Take a look at him now  
Take a look at your boy  
He's a soldier, he's colder, he's older, mama

Mama take a look at your boy  
Obey the order  
Mama take a look at your boy  
Like a lamb to the slaughter

They have trained your boy to kill  
And kill someday he will  
They have trained your boy to die  
And ask no questions why

One day, I will write for you a lovesong mother  
As the children say, I love you, please hold me  
And you and I, we will live our life together  
Until that day when we die, I will love you mother  
I will always love you

I'am writing from this war  
Oh mama, I don't know what I'm fighting for  
And have you seen my children?  
God bless them, kiss them  
And tell them that I miss them

See I'm frightened in the dark  
Mama, mama

The blood is ankle-deep  
They have trained your boy to kill  
And kill someday he will  
They have trained your boy to die

Mama take a look at your boy  
Take a look at him now  
Take a look at your boy  
He's marching  
He's a soldier

Oh brother, oh mama  
He's on the street  
He's marching to the backbeat