

Next

Gavin Friday

Naked as sin an army towel covers my body.
Some of us blush, somehow knees turn to jelly -
Next! Next!

I was still just a kid, there were a hundred others like me.
I follow the naked body, the naked body follows me -
Next! Next!

I was still just a kid when my innocence was lost,
In a mobile-army whore house, gift of the army, free of cost!
Next! You're next!

Me? I really would have liked, just a little touch of tenderness,
Mybe a word or smile, some happiness, but oh! No!
Next! Next!

Well it wasn't so tragic the high heavens didn't fall,
But most of that time I hated being there at all ...
Next! Next!

I always recall those flying flags, the army tanks,
Those queer lieutenants who slapped our asses as if we were fags ...
Next! You're next!

I swear on the head of my first case of the pox!
It's that ugly voice that I forever hear ...
Next! Next!

The voice that stinks of corpses of whiskey and mud.
It's the voice of the nations, the thick, thick, voice of blood ...
Next! Next!

And each time I'm with a woman and I take her to my bed,
She whispers and laughs through my head ...
Next! ... You're next!

All the naked and the dead should hold each others hands
As I scream out loud each night in a dream no-one understands ...
Next! ... Next!

And when I'm not screaming in a voice cold, dry and hollow...
I stand on endless, naked lines of the following and the followed ...
Next! Next!

One day I'll cut my legs off, I'll burn myself alive,
I'd do anything, anything, just to keep out of line,
Just to stay out of line and never to be next!
No, never to be next! No! Na! Na! Na! Next!