

Generals

GBH

We'll lead you into victory, you hear the generals say.
Never look behind you, we're with you all the way.
Go to bed early, conserve your energy,
tomorrow we'll be fighting with our enemy.
Polish your boots, clean your gun,
killing those bastards will be a lot of fun.
Take no prisoners, kill them all.
Start to march when you hear the call.

Britain needs you, Britain needs you ..
Britain needs you to die for her.

Marching into victory, marching in the mud.
Fighting for freedom, fighting in the blood.
There's dead bodies all around, you're told to carry on.
Death is not right, war cannot be won.

March along you see a flash,
fall to the ground and make a splash.
You awake you're lying in the bed,
eyes are shut you think you're dead.
Lost your arm, you've lost your leg,
lost you're job, you'll have to beg.
You'll get loads of sympathy, a picture in the Evening Post.
But where were the generals when you needed them most ?