

Guerilla Soldier

Gowan

Ah, ahh
Guerilla soldier, born in Santo Domingo
US Marine, down from his home up in Maine
Big red machine rolls in, patrolling the jungle
All of them baking under tropical rain

Six long months in a foreign wasteland
Scenes of terror so fresh and ripe
Found a place to come face to face
Like the gutter snipes

Whether you like it or not
There ain't no end in sight
For another thousand days
Will it all be over?
And another thousand nights
Will the job get done?
For another thousand days
Will it all make history?
And another thousand nights
Will the war be won?
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Guerilla soldier gives a smile for the camera
US Marine says hi to mom on the news
Big red machine shows how to move in a straight line
Would be shame to see should one of them lose

It's been eighteen months in a foreign wasteland
Scenes of terror still fresh and ripe
Found a place to come face to face
Like the gutter snipes

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Guerilla soldier
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