

# Death 'n' Glory Boys

Ian Hunter

Get your son - young 'n' dumb  
Give him a gun - make him run  
Hot stuff - on a Saturday night  
Wait a minute - this ain't right

It's that same old story  
Talkin' 'bout the death 'n' glory boys  
When your head is on the scaffold  
'N your ass is on the line  
You gotta give it that old religion  
One mo' time  
Get the death 'n' glory boys

Midnight - no light  
Cool sand - like mud in my hands  
Got this feelin' - in my hair  
What's that movin' - I ain't a scared

It's that same old story  
Freak out with the death 'n' glory boys  
When it's down to stealing apples  
'N you been doin' time  
They can buy the hero in you  
For a dime  
You're a death 'n' glory boy

You'd better pack up your troubles  
In your old kit bag  
Say goodbye to your mother  
She's the only friend you have

Long live the leaders  
Long may they reign  
May they live long enough  
To feel every single pain

They don't care about the widows  
They don't give no reasons why  
They just keep on making medals  
You can buy

From the death 'n' glory boys