

There's a soldier marching down the street
There's a couple more in the army jeep
Their guns are loaded - ready to kill
They can stuff their discipline
Rank and drill
You carry your gun like they do in the movies
You think you're great but you're just a phoney
They've got you brainwashed to think to kill
You wouldn't have done it but now you will

Chorus:

You're military
You're military
You've got a uniform and stripes on your arm
You're military
You're military
And you die like pigs in your battlefield abattoir

You gouge straw men in bayonet practice
Well men ain't straw and knives aren't plastic
You learn to drive tanks
False targets you hit
But once you're in the battlefield
You'll know your face don't fit
But you look alright in your camouflage jacket
Gun in hand, grenade in pocket
Yeah! You look alright with your tommy gun
Remember? You used to play with one when you were young

Chorus:

Now you play war with real bullets
At your back theres a guy
And he's gonna let you have it
Now there's no asking why
You signed some papers
That made you a 'butt' for the enemy
You've run out of luck
They've made you a scapegoat to carry their dreams
They think it's a game but it ends up in screams

Tattered khaki in foreign mud
For the world war cameras and lovers of blood
Rifle with bayonet fixed by his side
His 'glory' permitted
But his life, denied.