

Army Dreamers

Kate Bush

"B.F.P.O."
Army dreamers.
"Mammy's hero."
"B.F.P.O."
"Mammy's hero."

Our little army boy
Is coming home from B.F.P.O.
I've a bunch of purple flowers
To decorate a mammy's hero.

Mourning in the aerodrome,
The weather warmer, he is colder.
Four men in uniform
To carry home my little soldier.

"What could he do?
Should have been a rock star."
But he didn't have the money for a guitar.
"What could he do?
Should have been a politician."
But he never had a proper education.
"What could he do?
Should have been a father."
But he never even made it to his twenties.
What a waste --
Army dreamers.
Ooh, what a waste of
Army dreamers.

Tears o'er a tin box.
Oh, Jesus Christ, he wasn't to know,
Like a chicken with a fox,
He couldn't win the war with ego.

Give the kid the pick of pips,
And give him all your stripes and ribbons.
Now he's sitting in his hole,
He might as well have buttons and bows.

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Should have been a father."
But he never even made it to his twenties.
What a waste --
Army dreamers.
Ooh, what a waste of
Army dreamers.
Ooh, what a waste of all that
Army dreamers,
Army dreamers,
Army dreamers, oh...

("B.F.P.O.")
Did-n-did-n-did-n-dum...
Army dreamers.
Did-n-did-n-did-n-dum...
("Mammy's hero.")
("B.F.P.O.")
Army Dreamers.
("Mammy's hero.")
("B.F.P.O.")
No harm heroes.
("Mammy's hero.")
("B.F.P.O.")
Army dreamers.
("Mammy's hero.")
("B.F.P.O.")
No harm heroes.