

I Bury the Living

Morrissey

A wretched outcast
With no point of view
What could I do?
Just military servants
I carry out the powerful vulgarian view
I scatter glue
Do as I say or I scatter you

Oh, no, no, no, no, no
You can't blame me
I'm just an innocent soldier
There would be no war if not for me
I'm just a sweet little soldier
No, no, no, no, no
You can't blame me
I'm just an innocent soldier
Give me an order
I'll blow up a border
Give me an order and I'll blow up your daughter

Call me brave, call me a peace-making hero
Call me anything except what I am
From a class without, I haven't a clue
What the war is about
I haven't got a clue
Have you?

Oh no, no, no
You can't blame me
I'm just an innocent soldier
There would be no war if not for me
I'm just a sweet little soldier
No, no, no, no, no
You can't blame me
After all, I'm just

Honor, mad, cannon fodder
Honor, mad, cannon fodder
I'm honor, mad, cannon fodder
I'm honor, mad, cannon fodder
I'm honor, mad, cannon fodder
I'm honor, mad, cannon fodder
I'm honor, mad, cannon fodder
Honor, mad, cannon fodder
Honor, mad, cannon fodder

Duty done by
The moment at hand
I am answerable
Only to Jesus
And with the grace of God
I will die in my own bed
If you wonder what's in my head
It's just the hatred for all human life
When I lose mine, my mother will say:
"He died doing the job he loved"
But I died with a bullet to the forehead

That wasn't the job I loved
That wasn't the job I loved
That wasn't the job I loved

Funny how the war goes on
Without our John
Without our John
It's funny how the war goes on
Without our John
Without our John

La la la la la la la...

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La la la la la la la...