

Spirit Of The Falklands

New Model Army

The natives are restless tonight, sir
Cooped up on estates with no hope in sight
They need some kind of distraction
We can give them that
'Cause they'd kill if they only had something to kill for
They'd die if they only had something to die for
They'd cheer if they only had something to cheer for
We can give them that
So it's off to war we go (I couldn't believe it)
Bring out all the flags (I never believed it)
Fight the good fight

It's working like a dream, sir
Half the nation are hooked on the bait
Waiting for the next victorious instalment
We can give them that
'Cause it's no surprise that young men are heroes
It's no surprise that young men are strong
It's no surprise that young men are foolish
We've known that all along
Exciting pictures on News at Ten (I couldn't believe it)
Read all the crap on all the front pages (I never believed it)
Fight the good fight
Ch: Dead men in the South Atlantic
It's meant to warm our hearts
They think that they died for you and me
Oh God, what a farce, what a farce

And now it's the repeats
Plugging the Falklands and the Falklands' spirit
Show the pictures again and again
Till the next war comes around
'Cause we'll kill if we only have something to kill for
We'll die if we only have something to die for
We'll cheer if we only have something to cheer for
That is worthy of the name
Oh yes the next war (I never believed it)
See the propaganda in TV fiction (I never believed it)
Enemies with horns and tails
Ch: There are dead men in the South Atlantic
It's meant to warm our hearts
They think that they died for you and me
Oh God, what a farce, what a farce
There's crippled men back home in England
Doesn't it warm your hearts
They think they fought for peace and freedom
Poor boys, what a farce, what a farce