

## Sketches Of Spain

Nits

The streets of Barcelona are filled with blood and rain  
The war is rolling over Spain  
Men and women running with sticks of dynamite  
Storming stone buildings in the middle of the night  
In the window near the last 'o' of the sign 'Hotel Colon'  
Machine guns sweep the square for fun  
The rich draw the steel curtain  
The poor just lock the door  
They don't want this war no more  
It never never never never never stops never stops  
It never never never never never stops never stops  
In the hills round Zaragoza we're waiting to attack  
A knot of dirty men that shiver round their flag  
The boredom and the lack of sleep  
The tin cans in the mud  
Red is the colour of our blood  
We never never never never never stop never stop  
We never never never never never stop never stop  
I have seen the trenches and the blankets on dirt  
I have seen the tears upon a farewell letter  
I have seen the faces that no bullet can hurt  
I have seen the spirit that no bomb can shatter  
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Knives can cut fist can beat