

Belsen was a gas I heard the other day  
In the open graves where the jews all lay  
Life is fun and I wish you were here  
They wrote on postcards to those held dear  
Oh dear

Sergeant majors on the march  
Wash their bodies in the starch  
See them all die one by one  
Guess it's dead guess it's glad  
So bad

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Be a man be a man Belson was a gas  
Be a man kill somone kill yourself be a man  
Be someone kill somone be a man kill yourself