

The soldier boy for his soliders pay  
Obeys the eargent at arms whatever he says

The seargent will for his seargent's pay  
Obey the general order of the battle play

The generals bow to the government  
Obey the charge you must not relent

What of the neighbors and the prophets in bars?  
What are they saying in the publiz bazaar?  
We are tired of the tune  
You must not relent

At every stroke of the bell in the tower there goes  
Another boy from another side

The bulletins that steady come in say those  
Familiar words at the top of the hour

The jamming city increases its hum  
And those terrible words continue to come

Through bras music of government hear those  
Guns tattoo a roll on the drums

No-one mentions the neighboring war  
No one knows what they're fighting for  
We are tired of the tune  
You must not relent