

People that you send to war  
Who don't know what they're fighting for  
Leaving their loved ones at home  
Wondering if they're on their own  
Oh, if they're alone  
Mothers and fathers that wait  
For news of their innocents' fate  
Raising a son for some years  
Only to end it in tears  
Oh, only to end it in tears  
You being masters of war  
You never knew your fathers  
That's for sure  
Just counting the numbers that died  
I hope that you're satisfied  
I hope that you're satisfied  
My friend he's a salesman  
up in Leicestershire  
His wife and baby love him  
To him they're all so dear  
We got talking together  
about some rights and wrongs  
And just before I left there  
I heard him sing this song:  
I love my lady and baby  
And I'm sure that you love yours  
We want to care for each other  
That's what we're here for  
Yes, I love my lady and baby  
And I'm sure that you love yours  
So don't go pulling your switches  
We don't need your wars  
My friend he's a tailor  
up in Leicester town  
He works his own shop there  
And I know he's alright now  
He's got his way of thinking  
And know's that I've got mine  
There's mostly only one thing  
we agree on all the time  
We love our lives and our ladies  
And we're sure that you love yours  
We want to care for each other  
That's what we're here for  
We love our lives and our ladies  
And we're sure that you love yours  
So don't go pulling your switches  
We don't need your wars