

Soldier

The Mekons

Late last year the markets crashed and show business got so boring

Gambling was a part of me, a substitute for thinking
I climbed that ladder of success til I had nowhere to go
Perpendicular to the ground, swaying to and fro

Good bye soldier, wrap up warm, cause you'll be leaving soon
Time to put your affairs in order, prepare to meet thy doom

People say they knew us free, and here they want to be there
>From nearly every one of them, the rest of you and the parties
Harry and nancy(?) and relative, that would be my theory
Perched up there upon the wall, so desperate and so greedy

Your field gray eyes were sparkling bright out on the icy road
That's cluttered up with burning tanks and bodies in the snow
I love the bombs and the frostbite, the wicked way we'd giggle
I want to fly your friendly skies, be your piggie in the middle

Don't you know
Won't you go