

Classified

"Soldier"

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On all sides we're fighting all the time
And there is no escape
We all make it that way
Social grace hides jealousy and hate
Of what we may achieve
Or believe in or praise
Sometimes it makes me feel like
Dying, dying
'Cause dead men don't care
Soldier, hey! Soldier
You don't have to choose
To win or lose, it's the same
Soldier, hey! Soldier
Everywhere I turn
No-one will learn
It's a game
Only strong men can survive for long
Against all odds it seems
And the schemes that we make
All men must return once more to dust
Then realise too late
All the hate was in vain
Sometimes it's hard to keep on
Fighting, fighting
And playing these games
Soldier... etc

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