

Cock Sparrer

"Out On A Island"

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everybody's got a number tattooed on their soul.
and the time's gonna come boy,
when your number's called.
everybody gets a uniform
and a hut to live in.
they tell you your rank,
you tell 'em your next of kin.
and there's no escape for the likes of you, my friend.
but i'm gonna be out on an island.
in the middle of the bright blue sea.
out on an island
where nobody's gonna bother looking for me.
everybody gets the training,
in the wind and the rain.
ten miles cross country,
driving you insane.
everybody gets to jump the hoop
and march in time.
you just gotta remember
you gotta toe the line.
every number's a hero
and every hero's a son.
and every son's just a number,
when the battles begun.

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