

## **Billy Bragg**

# **"Island of No Return"**

Visit "[Island of No Return](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Digging all day and digging all night  
To keep my foxhole out of sight  
Digging into dinner on a plate on my knees  
The smell of damp webbing in the morning breeze

Fear in my stomach, fear in the sky  
I eat my dinner with a weary eye  
After all this it won't be the same  
Messing around on Salisbury plain

Pick up your feet, fall in, move out  
We're going to a party way down south  
Me and the corporal out on a spree  
Damned from here to eternity

I can already taste the blood in my mouth  
We're going to a party way down south

I hate this flat land, there's no cover  
For sons and fathers and brothers and lovers  
I can take the killing, I can take the slaughter  
But I don't talk to Sun reporters

I never thought that I would be  
Fighting fascists in the southern sea  
I saw one today and in his hand  
Was a weapon that was made in Birmingham

Pick up your feet, fall in, move out  
We're going to a party way down south  
Me and the corporal out on a spree  
Damned from here to eternity

I can already taste the blood in my mouth  
We're going to a party way down south

I wish Kipling and the Captain were here  
To record our pursuits for posterity  
Me and the corporal out on a spree  
Damned from here to eternity, oh

