

## **Divine Comedy**

### **"Charge"**

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Ladysmith wants you forthwith to come to her relief  
Burn your briefs you leave for France tonight  
Carefully cut the straps of the booby-traps  
and set the captives free  
But don't shoot 'til you see her big blue eyes  
The sound the charge (breathe your final breath)  
and charge into the valley of death  
Cannon to the left and cannon to the right  
they'll go bang bang bang all night  
We'll fight them on the beaches  
yes we'll fill'm full of lead  
fighting naked in the open air  
We'll fight them in the kitchen, in the bathroom  
in the garden shed  
fighting the good fight any-fighting-where  
So sound the charge (breathe your final breath)  
and charge into the valley of death  
Cannon to the left and cannon to the right  
They'll go bang bang bang all night  
There'll be a cannon to the left and cannon to the right  
They'll go bang bang bang bang bang bang bang all  
night...  
Hey baby, I lurve it when you talk sense to me  
'specially when you say lurve and let lurve  
I hear what your sayin'

I have in ma hand a piece o'paper that says let's make  
lurve, not this  
phoney war thang  
(we're goin' over the top)  
Hah, you're so sexy when you're angry honey-child  
(Roaming around in no-man's land and gettin' caught  
in your barbed wire  
Hey baby gonna set your village on fire...)  
..Come into my parlour said the spider to the fly  
Come inside and make yourself at home  
CHARGE, I'm gonna hit you where it hurts  
CHARGE, so sound the red alert!  
There'll be a cannon to the left...  
..and cannon to the right  
(the hills are alive with the sound of)  
BANG BANG

BANG BANG  
BANG BANG  
BANG BANG  
BANG BANG  
BANG BANG  
BANG BANG BANG  
all night!

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