

Douchka

"Warsong"

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With a downward blast
From his doughy arse
Like a lance of fire
He shot up the mast
As he mumbled blasphemous epitaphs
"I am the sailor!"

And the captain cried with a mighty heave-ho
"Enemy sighted on the starboard bow!
Load your cannons, let 'em go,
For God is on our side, boys."

In the dust and sand
Of a foreign land
With hands afire
He buried his friend
He beat his brow
And cursing fowl, he said,
"I am the soldier."

And the private laughed as he reached the bluff
His gun barrel smoking and enough's enough
"We've done more damage than old MacDuff
And God is on our side, boys."

He flew through the flak
On the first attack
The bomb bay open
On a missile's back
"Here's the payload,"
He crudely spat,
"I am the airman."

And the general sighed, "This is our last stand,
Let every man say 'Amen'.
For we'll not see daylight again
And God is on our side, boys."

Well, the airman plunged into the pine
And the sailor drowned in the briny brine
And the soldier in haste put his foot on a mine

And it comes to all in time, boys
For on the day they died, boys
God was on the other side, boys

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