

## **Echo Helstrom**

### **"Davy Jones"**

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I sent my son off to die  
'Cause of a murderous countries lie  
But the trees still grow  
And the birds still fly  
The ghost of Davy Jones is walking high tonight.

Muster now young soldier boy  
And grab your gun  
The money men they need you now  
You poor man's son  
But the wind still moans  
And the oceans cry  
The ghost of Davy Jones is walking high tonight.

Sally Anne  
Young bride with child  
I've never seen  
Your picture taped inside the door  
Of my Humvee  
When the bullets fly  
The birds they know  
Sally tell our unborn son I  
Died for Rome.

Blackened cash  
The cameras flash  
Decisions made  
The hungry fat cats eagerly  
Dig all our graves  
When the trees won't grow  
And the oceans die  
You're twice removed  
From Davy Jones  
With all your pride.

Fall into line  
I can't  
I can't this time  
Fall into line  
I can't this time

See the red horizon break

Apart the seams  
It's so unending  
We are like a breath of air  
Our days are like a shadow passing  
Nothing more that we would want  
Than endless war fulfilled so we can  
This I think as my turn comes to kill  
My mind's an improvised explosive

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