

Fitzgerald Patrik

"One Little Soldier"

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He put his shoulder to the wheel,
and turned his back against the world,
spoke his mind, too many times,
opened his mouth a little too wide;
they're going to put you in the gas-chamber, sonny;
strap you into the electric chair,
tie you on to the rack,
with paving stones upon your back...
with your friends on the top, to crush you quicker.
Sometimes i wonder
if this is worth all the effort,
sometimes i wonder
if this is all quite fair where
people wait for you to speak their minds, their thoughts,
then take away all of their cares;
that's so convenient with no commitment,
you'll get your hero here on easy terms,
but that's the way things are. you can't change that...
so i'll be here, until your last flame of interest flickers,

until your last flame of interest... flickers.
One little soldier stands alone..
one little soldier for the firing squad;
he turned a traitor overnight,
one little soldier says a last goodnight,
he put his shoulder to the wheel,
but i would say he got an unfair deal..
spoke his mind, too many times...
and he is shot down
(you shouldn't be so naive)
(you shouldn't be so naive)
shot down
(you shouldn't be so naive)
(you shouldn't be so naive)
shot down...
[ad infinitum]

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