

Gary Lewis & The Playboys

"Military Man"

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Papa take a look at your boy
He's a military man
Papa take a look at your boy
He's crying
Papa take a look at your boy
He's a soldier
Papa take a look in his eyes
They're colder

Papa take a look at your boy
He's a military man
Mama take a look at your boy
He's dying
Mama take a look at your boy
He's fighting
Mama take a look at your boy
He's frightened

They have trained your boy to kill
And kill someday he will
They have trained your boy to die
And ask no questions why

Papa take a look at your boy
Take a look at your boy
Take a look at your boy
He's a killer, yeah

Mama take a look at your boy
Take a look at him now
Take a look at your boy
He's a soldier, he's colder, he's older, mama

Mama take a look at your boy
Obey the order
Mama take a look at your boy
Like a lamb to the slaughter

They have trained your boy to kill
And kill someday he will
They have trained your boy to die

And ask no questions why

One day, I will write for you a lovesong mother
As the children say, I love you, please hold me
And you and I, we will live our life together
Until that day when we die, I will love you mother
I will always love you

I'am writing from this war
Oh mama, I don't know what I'm fighting for
And have you seen my children?
God bless them, kiss them
And tell them that I miss them

See I'm frightened in the dark
Mama, mama
The blood is ankle-deep
They have trained your boy to kill
And kill someday he will
They have trained your boy to die

Mama take a look at your boy
Take a look at him now
Take a look at your boy
He's marching
He's a soldier

Oh brother, oh mama
He's on the street
He's marching to the backbeat

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