

## Jacques Brel

### "Next"

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Naked as sin, an army towel  
Covering my belly  
Some of us blush, somehow  
Knees turning to jelly  
Next, next  
I was still just a kid  
There were a hundred like me  
I followed a naked body  
A naked body followed me  
next, next  
I was still just a kid  
When my innocence was lost  
In a mobile army whorehouse  
Gift for the army, free of cost  
Next, next  
Me, I really would have liked  
A little touch of tenderness  
Maybe a word, a smile  
An hour of happiness  
But, next, next  
Oh, it wasn't so tragic  
The high heavens did not fall  
But how much of that time  
I hated being there at all  
Next, next  
Now I always will recall  
The brothel truck, the flying flags  
The queer lieutenant who slapped  
Our asses as if we were fags  
Next, next  
I swear on the wet head  
Of my first case of gonorrhea  
It is his ugly voice  
That I forever hear  
Next, next  
That voice that stinks of whiskey  
Of corpses and of mud  
It is the voice of nations  
It is the thick voice of blood  
Next, next  
And since the each woman

I have taken to bed  
Seems to laugh in my arms  
To whisper through my head  
Next, next  
All the naked and the dead  
Should hold each other's hands  
As they watch me scream at night  
In a dream no one understands  
Next, next  
And when I am not screaming  
In a voice grown dry and hollow  
I stand on endless naked lines  
Of the following and the followed  
Next, next  
One day I'll cut my legs off  
Or burn myself alive  
Anything, I'll do anything  
To get out of line to survive  
Not ever to be next  
Not ever to be next.

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