

## Jalane

### "Little Boy Soldiers"

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LITTLE BOY SOLDIERS - Paul Weller  
Its funny how you never knew what my name was,  
Our only contact was a form for the election.  
These days I find that you don't listen,  
These days I find that we're out of touch,  
These days I find that I'm too busy,  
So why the attention now you want my assistance -  
what have you done for me?  
You've gone and got yourself in trouble,  
Now you want me to help you out.  
These days I find that I can't be bothered,  
These days I find that it's all too much,  
To pick up a gun and shoot a stranger,  
But I've got no choice so here I come - war games.  
I'm up on the hills playing little boy soldiers,  
Reconnaissance duty up at 5:30.  
Shoot shoot shoot and kill the natives,  
You're one of us and we love you for that.  
Think of honour, Queen and country.  
You're a blessed son of the British Empire,  
God's on our side and so is Washington.  
Come out on the hills with the little boy soldiers.  
Come on outside - I'll sing you a lullabye,  
And tell the tale of how goodness prevailed.  
We ruled the world - we killed and robbed,  
The fucking lot - but we don't feel bad.  
It was done beneath the flag of democracy,  
You'll believe - and I do, yes I do - yes I do -  
Yes I do -  
These days I find that I can't be bothered,  
To argue with them - well, what's the point?  
Better to take your shots and drop down dead,  
Then they send you home in a pine overcoat.  
With a letter to your mum  
Saying 'find enclosed one son, one medal' - and a note  
to say he won.

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