

Jam

"Little Boy Soldiers"

Visit "[Little Boy Soldiers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's funny how you never knew what my name was
Our only contact was a form for the election
These days I find that I 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 honor, 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 up on the hills with the little boy soldiers
Come out on the hills by little boy soldiers

Come on outside, I'll sing you a lullaby
Or tell a tale 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, yes, I do, yes, I do, oh

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

Visit [Jam](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.