## John Lodge "Armies"

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And every scene is seen as obscene
The spoken word should never be heard
And every nude is soon subdued
And every thought should end in nought
(Repeat)

We're pushing up daisies we're falling apart Their armies are marching we're playing the part The scissors are coming to cut out your heart The sensors are pointing before you can start

The armies are marching
The sensors are coming
An end or beginning
Depend whose defending
Depend on whose listening
Depend on whose defending
Depend on whose listening
We're pushing up daisies we're falling apart
Their armies are marching we're playing the part
The scissors are coming to cut out your heart
The sensors are pointing before you can start
We're pushing up daisies we're falling apart
Their armies are marching we're playing the part
The scissors are coming to cut out your heart
The scissors are coming to cut out your heart
The sensors are pointing before you can start

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