

## Mott The Hoople

### "1916"

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Sixteen years old  
When I went to the war  
To fight for a land fit for heroes  
God on my side  
And a gun in my hand  
Chasing my days down to zero

And I marched, and I fought  
And I bled, and I died  
And I never did get any older  
But I knew at the time  
That a year in the line  
Was a long enough life for a soldier

We all volunteered  
And we wrote down our names  
And we added two years to our ages  
Eager for life  
And ahead of the game  
Ready for history's pages

And we brawled, and we fought  
And we hoped to be stoned  
Ten thousand shoulder to shoulder  
At thirst for the Hun  
We were food for the gun  
And that's what you are when you're soldiers

I heard my friend cry  
As he sank to his knees  
Coughing blood as he screamed for his mother  
And I fell by his side  
And that's how we died  
Clinging like kids to each other

And I lay in the mud, and the guts and the blood  
And I wept as his body grew colder  
And I called for my mother, but she never came  
Though it wasn't my fault, and I wasn't to blame  
The day not half over, and ten thousand slain  
And now there's nobody remembers our names

And that's how it is  
For each soldier

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