

Queen

"Warboys"

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"Warboys"

They were born with the knowledge of the struggle to survive

They were raised, learning only ways to stay alive

Their language is the language of the bullet and the gun

If you can see them coming, baby better run

Here come the warboys

Here come the warboys

Well they look so pretty as they march and drill

It's such, a pity that they're dressed to kill

Soldiers marching two by two

When it all comes down they know exactly what to do

Here come the... war

Warboys, warboys, children and their toys

Warboys, warboys, make lot a noise

Warboys, when the lightning explodes

I pray for your soul

Hup...2...3...4

Well they look so fierce they're gonna tear out your heart

When they get near we're gonna see what they got

Hold on to your soul, friend of mine

I'll see you in hell, some other time

Here come the boys

Helping to kill, those who deserve to die

Tell me who decides

You and I

We have the power

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