

Motörhead

"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 stuped
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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