

Swingers

"Hit The Beach"

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Sixth of June, Nineteen Fourty-Four
We're off the coast, we're off the shore
Of Normandy!
We're going to hit the beach
Men and machines, and ships of war
Hoping to blast their way through the door
To liberty - Allied Victory
la-la-lala la-da-genie, la-la-lala la-da-genie
Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!
oh oh Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!
Men around me, men I know
Got their stomachs in the throats
But they don't let it show, no-no-no!
I got my carbine, I got my bayonet, I got my hand
grenades
And my steel helmet
And a picture of my girl, and a picture of my girl
la-la-lala la-da-genie, la-la-lala la-da-genie
Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!
oh oh Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach! Hit the Beach!
And now we're going in, we wanna get blown away
don't wanna die
It's too late now, the ramp goes down
No turning back, we're going in
All around me I see death and destruction,
and the sea is red with blood
Pushing through the waves, through the blinding
smoke
God it's raining steel
Soldier in front of me is terrified, he doesn't want to die
I don't want to die!
Three seconds later, shrapnel wipes off his face,
and it goes floating by
whoa-oh-oh, oh, oh Hit the Beach!
oh-oh-oh, oh oh-o Hit the Beach!
there are bodies and there are bullets
but they're exploding into little bits
god I mean it, oh god I mean it
Hit the Beach!
I Hit the Beach...

