

## **The Clash**

### **"Inoculated City"**

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The soldier boy for his soldier's pay  
Obeys the sergeant at arms whatever he says  
The sergeant will for his sergeant's pay  
Obey the captain 'till his dying day

The captain will for his captain's pay  
Obey the general order of battle play  
The generals bow to the government  
Obey the charge you must not relent

What of the neighbors and the prophets in bars?  
What are they sayin' in the public bazaar?  
We are tired of the tune you must not relent

At every stroke of the bell in the tower there goes  
Another boy from another side  
The bulletins that steady come in say those  
Familiar words at the top of the hour

The jamming city increases its hum  
And those terrible words continue to come  
Through brass music of government hear those  
Guns tattoo a roll on the drums

No one mentions the neighboring war  
No one knows what they're fighting for  
We are tired of the tune you must not relent

The generals bow to the government  
We are tired of the tune you must not relent

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