

Coppelius **"1916"**

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16 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 whored 'til we
stood
Ten thousand shoulder to shoulder
A 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 and 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, an' the guts and the blood,
And I wept as his body grew colder
And I called for my mother and she never came
Though it wasn't my fault and I wasn't to blame
The day not half over and tenthousand slain,
And now there's nobody remembers our names,
And that's how it is for a soldier.

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