

The Jam

"Little Boy Soldiers"

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Its funny how you never knew what my name was,
Our only contact was a form for the election.
These days I find that I don't listen,
These days I find that we're out of touch,
These days I find that I'm too busy,
So why the attention now you want my assistance -
What have you done for me.

You've gone and got yourself in trouble,
No you want me to help you out.

These days I find that I can't be bothered,
These days I find that its all too much,
To pick up a gun and shoot a stranger,
But I've got no choice so here I come - war games.

I'm up on the hills, playing little boy soldiers,
Reconnaissance duty up at 5:30.
Shoot shoot shoot and kill the natives,
You're one of us and we love you for that.

Think of honour, Queen and country,
You're a blessed son of the British Empire,
God's on our side and so is Washington.

Come out on the hills with the little boy soldiers.

Come on outside - I'll sing you a lullaby,
Or tell a tale of how goodness prevailed.

We ruled the world - we killed and robbed,
The fucking lot - but we don't feel bad.

It was done beneath the flag of democracy,
You'll believe and I do - yes I do - yes I do -
yes I do -

These days I find that I can't be bothered,
To argue with or well, what's the point?
Better to take your shots and drop down dead,
then they send you home in a pine overcoat

With a letter to your mum

Saying find enclosed one son - one medal and a note -
to say he won.

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