

Patrick Sky

"Luang Prabang"

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When I came back from Luang Prabang
I didn't have a thing where my balls used to hang,
But I got a wood medal and a fine harangue.
Now I'm a fucking hero.

Mourn your dead land of the free!
If you want to be a hero follow me.
Mourn your dead land of the free!
If you want to be a hero follow me.

And now the boys all envy me:
I fought for Christian Democracy
With nothing but air where my balls used to be.
Now I'm a fucking hero

Mourn your dead land of the free!
If you want to be a hero follow me.
Mourn your dead land of the free!
If you want to be a hero follow me.

When one and twenty cannon thunder
Into the bloody wild blue yonder
For a patriotic ball-less wonder.
Now I'm a fucking hero.

Mourn your dead land of the free!
If you want to be a hero follow me.
Mourn your dead land of the free!
If you want to be a hero follow me.

In Luang Prabang there is a spot
Where the corpses of your brothers rot,
And every corpse is a patriot,
And every corpse is a hero.

Mourn your dead land of the free!
If you want to be a hero follow me.
Mourn your dead land of the free!
If you want to be a hero follow me.

