

Bush Kate

"Army Dreamers"

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Our little Army Boy,
Is coming home from B.F.P.O.
I've a bunch of purple flowers
To decorate a mammy's hero.
Mourning in the aerodrome,
The weather warmer, he is colder,
Four men in uniform to carry home
My little soldier.

Chorus

What could he do? Should have been a rock star.
But he didn't have the money for a guitar.
What could he do? Should have been a politician,
But he never had a proper education.
What could he do? Should have been a father,
But he didn't even make it to his twenties.
What a waste,
Army Dreamers.

Tears o'er a tin box.
Oh Jesus Christ, he wasn't to know,
Like a chicken with a fox,
He cannot win the war with ego.
Give the kid the pick of pips,
And give him all your stripes and ribbons,
Now he's sitting in his hole,
He might as well have buttons and bows.

Chorus

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