

Snuff "Ticket"

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They called his name when he was 18.
He couldn't wait to go.
He knew that there was glory waiting, he knew all there
was to know.
So when they called his name he joined the line.
Turned into a number, got tickets for the show.
Eyes front join the line he signed his name, faded into
khaki.
Got seats in the front row.
He knew it would be high adventure, a big pub brawl in
the sun.
He'd come home to a heroes welcome, he knew the
time would come.
But then three days forced march later through the
debris of hell,
all his preconceptions blown away into nightmare.
Wasted numbers.
So when they called his name he joined the line to do
his bit for king & country,
took the shilling, sang the songs, took the tin hat and
showered spirit.
Got seats in the front row.

Thanks to **maia (mr_jiggly@hotmail.com)** for
these lyrics

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