

## Divine Comedy, The "Charge"

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Ladysmith wants you forthwith to come to her relief  
Burn your briefs you leave for France tonight  
Carefully cut the straps of the booby-traps  
and set the captives free  
But don't shoot 'til you see her big blue eyes

Then sound the charge breathe your final breath  
and charge into the valley of death  
Cannon to the left and cannon to the right  
they'll go bang bang bang all night

We'll fight them on the beaches  
yes, we'll fill'm full of lead  
fighting naked in the open air  
We'll fight them in the kitchen, in the bathroom  
in the garden shed  
fighting the good fight any-fighting-where

So sound the charge breathe your final breath  
and charge into the valley of death  
Cannon to the left and cannon to the right  
They'll go bang bang bang all night  
There'll be a cannon to the left and cannon to the right  
They'll go bang bang bang bang bang bang all  
night...

Baby baby, I love the way you talk sense to me  
especially when you say 'Neil, you got love'  
I hear what you're saying  
I have in my hand a piece of paper that says  
'Let's make lurve, not this phoney war-thang'  
We goin' over the top  
But you're so sexy when you're angry, honey-chile

Roamin' around in no man's land  
gettin' caught in your barbed wire  
Baby baby, gonna set your village on fire

Charge, I'm gonna hit you where it hurts  
Charge, so sound the red alert!  
There'll be a cannon to the left...and cannon to the right

(The hills are alive with the sound of)  
Bang bang bang bang bang, bang bang bang bang  
bang,  
Bang bang bang bang bang  
All night!

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