

Ted Leo & The Pharmacists

"Army Bound"

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Some modest dreams, they just don't pay out
Some modest means don't leave much way out
In every cradle there's a grave now
In every owner there's a slave now

Heard somewhere that there is a place now
Someone who'll catch you on your way down
But in every captain there's a kid now
In every chaplain there's an ID now

So make sure you keep your bunk beds made
One day you'll see your bunker walls degrade
And in every garden there's a snake now
In every pardon there's mistake now

When you fall on the ground, not a sound, army bound
When you're all no account, no amount, army bound
When your vests
(Or your gowns)
Hand me downs, army bound

When what's next looks unsound, shaky ground, army
bound
Workin' hard for a round to the crown, army bound
While you march from your town to renown, army
bound

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