

The Indelicates

"The Last Bomed City"

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I would sound a battle cry
If I were not afraid to die
I, her lover, fight for England's glory
Fighting enemies, such bravery she sees in me.

I slept in the mud all night
Shared with rugged boys the pictures of our princesses
This is not the roaring twenties yet
And we're old enough not to forget...

God bless the warring nations
Every soldier at his station
I can tell my girl how pretty
The fires of the last bombed city
And hereafter I'll be a killer
And I'll drink out my days with a century who'll hate me
forever

Poets wrote about my rights and wrongs
Music halls filled up for wartime song
And gentlemen in wigs said "Jolly Good lad!
You've made this country what it is"
And what it is...

The greatest war in History
That memory is not ours, it isn't mine
I remember all that is not fiction
I was cheated, retreating defeated.

God bless the warring nations
Every soldier at his station
I can tell my girl how pretty
The fires of the last bombed city
And hereafter I'll be a killer
And I'll drink out my days with a century who'll hate me
forever

God bless the warring nations
Every soldier leaves his station
We'd know nothing of defeat
As every army would retreat

And thereafter, I'd be a father
And my girl'd be a mother
And we'd drink to eachother forever...!

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