

Down By Law, Soldier Boy

soldier of fortune
you go wherever the call is
soldier of fortune
you go wherever it is
thirty three and a third
revolutions per minute
bright lights go through his head
gonna bring down the government
gonna write to that girl
but first he puts on his walkman instead
retreats to a world where no one can hurt him
at least till the batteries die
soldier of fortune . . .
revolutions per minute!
A thousand miles an hour!
This is another call to arms
do you know where you're going?
Do you know what you're doing?
Or are you gonna stick to your guns?
But he made a vow that he would never run away
I am a lonely soldier boy
thousands of miles from my home
soldier of fortune . . .
not me