

Flash And The Pan, War Games

Here we are my old friend
Looking at the photographs
Isn't that Jimmy and his dear old dad
Isn't it a pity that he turned out mad
What about Jack off the drink
Makes you wonder, makes you think

Chorus:

Bring on the soldiers
Bring on the guns
Bring out the bullets
Bring on the sons
Bring out the haircut
Bring out the draft
Bring on the war

What you say my old friend
Wasn't that a pleasant time
Wasn't that funny when she lost her head
Gave away the wedding for the team instead
And what about Jack turning grey
Makes you wonder what you say

(chorus)

Bring out the Catholics
Bring out the Jews
Bring out the Protestants
And the Arabs too
Bring out your Russians
And bring out your Yanks
Bring out your missiles
And bring out your tanks
Bring out your capitalists
Bring out your Reds
Bring out your socialists
And you're sick in the head
Bring out your hammer
Bring up the fist
Bring out the sober
And let's all go and get fucking pissed
Go have your wars