

Gowan, Guerrilla Soldier

Guerilla Soldier born in Santo Domingo
U.S. Marine down from his home up in Maine
Big Red Machine rolls in patrolling the jungle
All of them baking under tropical rain
Six long months in a foreign wasteland
Scenes of terror so fresh and ripe
Found a place to come face to face
Like the gutter-snipes
Whether you like it or not
There ain't no end in sight
(chorus)
For another thousand days
Will it all be over
And another thousand nights
Will the job get done
For another thousand days

Will it all make history
And another thousand nights
Will the war be won
Guerilla Soldier gives a smile for the camera
U.S. Marine says hi to mom on the news
Big Red Machine shows how to move in a straight line
Would be a shame to see
Should one of them lose
Eighteen months in a foreign wasteland
Scenes of terror still fresh and ripe
Found a place to come face to face
Like the gutter-snipes
Whether you like it or not
There ain't no end in sight
repeat chorus