

Pete Doherty, 1939 Returning

Captured Clandestine,
Crawled into the light,
Knew he was in for a shoe-in,
Just wasn't to be his night.
Dragged out of the frozen Rhine,
For the Motherland,
and the third reich,
always good to be shoe in,
when it's not to be your night,
your night.

Tred carefully,
so carefully,
on the drifting ice
behind enemy lines,
In 1939,
for Germany,
he sacrificed his life,
caught behind enemy lines,
in 1939.

Kids knee deep in rubble,
London urchins grey with dust,
Back of fout west in evacuation,
the farmers life singing pleasent lies,
far from the doodblebugs.

Nana doll still remembers,
leaving town in worn-out shoes,
Now she's back out west,
in sheltered accomodation,
Homes for the old,
where pills arent the only blues.

Tred carefully,
so carefully,
on the drifting ice
staring into the tv guide,
In 2009,
oh how it hurts me,
I've only seen her twice
since she went west for the second time
since 1939.