

Snuff, Ticket

They called his name when he was 18.

He couldn't wait to go.

He knew that there was glory waiting, he knew all there was to know.

So when they called his name he joined the line.

Turned into a number, got tickets for the show.

Eyes front join the line he signed his name, faded into khaki.

Got seats in the front row.

He knew it would be high adventure, a big pub brawl in the sun.

He'd come home to a heroes welcome, he knew the time would come.

But then three days forced march later through the debris of hell,

all his preconceptions blown away into nightmare.

Wasted numbers.

So when they called his name he joined the line to do his bit for king & country,

took the shilling, sang the songs, took the tin hat and showered spirit.

Got seats in the front row.