

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, Army Bound

Some modest dreams, they just don't pay out
Some modest means don't leave much way out
In every cradle there's a grave now
In every owner there's a slave now
Heard somewhere that there is a place now
Someone who'll catch you on your way down
But in every captain there's a kid now
In every chaplain there's an id now
So make sure you keep your bunk beds made
One day you'll see your bunker walls degrade
And in every garden there's a snake now
In every pardon there's mistake now
When you fall on the ground, not a sound: army bound
When you're all no-account, no amount: army bound
When your vests (or your gowns), hand-me downs: army bound
When what's next looks unsound, shaky ground: army bound
Workin' hard for a round to the crown: army bound
While you march from your town to renown: army bound