

# The Beautiful South, Poppy

(Heaton/Rotheray)

'I fought hard in the Second World War'  
You hear them shout  
No good bragging about the Afrika Korps  
It was Beadle's About

They dressed you up and took you off to World War One  
Armed you and surrounded you with wire  
Sat in stinking mud you sung your stupid songs  
And waited till they told you when to fire

Cause the rulers always laugh  
At a video bloodbath  
Nothing makes them laugh  
Like a video bloodbath

From the First World War to the Yom-Kippur  
It was Beadle's About  
The bayonets slice, the rockets roar  
And he jumps out

Fond memories of the bloody bridge you failed to hold  
Many of your buddies killed or maimed  
You would've shot at rabbits if that's what you'd been told  
Till the General said 'I'm sorry you've been framed'

Cause the rulers always laugh  
At a video bloodbath  
And nothing gets a laugh  
Like a video bloodbath

Chorus:  
Keep those entries coming  
Leave those cameras running  
Keep those entrails coming  
Leave those soldiers gunning  
Because you're sure to get a laugh  
With a video bloodbath  
Nothing gets a laugh  
Like a video bloodbath

Here's a wacky video we got last week  
A bomb catches Arthur unawares  
He's lost both his arms and he can't see or speak  
But thank you for the memory you shared

Cause the rulers always laugh  
At a video bloodbath  
And nothing gets a laugh  
Like a video bloodbath

Chorus