

The Casualties, Unknown Soldier

Oh (x8) 1,2,3,4

Oh (x8)

Joey is out of school, didn't fucking ask for much

Couldn't get a job, the marines his last hope

Down at the frontline, with a gun not a toy

Kill many men, not asking what for

Oh (x8)

Joey's family, the comrades next to him

Die one by one, his luck is running out

Joey wrote back home, his parents unemployed

The rich is fuckin laughing, profits from the war

Oh (x8) GO!

Joey is off to die, for another senseless war

No arms, no legs - his mother cries at home

Joey wears the flag, so proud to fight for us

And for a government, that doesn't give a fuck

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Marching to the left, marching to the right

Marching on the frontline, what a fuckin sight

Marching to the left, marching to the right

Marching on the frontline, what a way to die

Joey, Joey, Joey Tell me what you see now

Joey, Joey, Joey Please come back home now

Marching to the left, marching to the right

Marching on the frontline, what a fuckin sight

Marching to the left, marching to the right

Marching on the frontline, what a way to die