

# Between The Buried And Me, Us And Them

(Pink Floyd cover)

Us, and them  
And after all we're only ordinary men.  
Me, and you.  
God only knows it's noz what we would choose to do.  
Forward he cried from the rear  
and the front rank died.  
And the general sat and the lines on the map  
moved from side to side.  
Black and blue  
And who knows which is which and who is who.  
Up and down.  
But in the end it's only round and round.  
Haven't you heard it's a battle of words  
The poster bearer cried.  
Listen son, said the man with the gun  
There's room for you inside.

"I mean, they're not gunna kill ya, so if you give 'em a quick short,  
sharp, shock, they won't do it again. Dig it? I mean he get off  
lightly, 'cos I would've given him a thrashing - I only hit him once!  
It was only a difference of opinion, but really...I mean good manners  
don't cost nothing do they, eh?"

Down and out  
It can't be helped but there's a lot of it about.  
With, without.  
And who'll deny it's what the fighting's all about?  
Out of the way, it's a busy day  
I've got things on my mind.  
For the want of the price of tea and a slice  
The old man died