

Connells, Over There

All right, pure delight
to see you stand in
all your glory.
Oh the joys when your boys
hit distant soil.

And I hope to try
to answer those who criticize you.
Lead the sheep in their sleep
to slaughter.

Won't abide, pushed aside
Let me know when you've decided
I'll decline when the sign
says "Over There";

Your game has a name
force and fury, fact and fiction.
Sound the call, and the walls
will tumble.