

English Dogs, Your Country

So you wanna join the army
And you wanna be a man
You wanna go to Ireland
And get killed by a bomb
Does your family want to
See you as a corpse
Because you're wrapped around
In your empty thoughts

[Chorus:]

Fighting for the army
Marching for the army
Just another part of
Your death in the army
Rules and regulations
Imprinted in your brain
Your brothers been killed
Oh! What a shame
Left, right, Left, right
That's right son
Marching all together
It'll be a lot of fun
You're in the army now so
Get that gun clean
Switch off your brain
You're now a machine
Slaughtered like cattle
You hear it on the news
Quite country lane
Victim of their views