

Hot leg, Trojan Guitar

mm humming,
do you hear the distant strumming,
the humming and the strumming are coming from afar,
ooh do i hear drumming,
in amidst the humming and strumming,
they'll never see us coming,
we're be-neath the radar
Oh they must be joking,
I can see the tops of their heads poking
O'er the top of the Trojan Guitar
well they marched on to-wards the front line
together they roared,
we run them down by our swords
they'd live and they'd know
that none of this matters to us anymore
and you may have won the battle...
but you'll never win the war