

# Hubert Kah, Military Drums

I don't play these military drums on the head of my soul

I don't pray for missionary stunts on the way to my goal.

Jack is crying  
looking so bizarre

And he got his joints already broken in that beat

He's divin' and we'll see him nevermore!  
I don't play these military drums on the head of my soul  
. . .

Who came  
who came to me

And drummed the prayers  
I can't move from now

And my eyes collide with energy  
they're leavin' me no more

Those words are beatin' drums!  
I don't play these military drums on the head of my soul  
. . .

No more tears and guns  
no more deals in sons  
no more guns!

I don't play these military drums on the head of my soul  
. . .  
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. . .  
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. . .