

# Nazareth, Back To The Trenches

Presidents and peace spreading poets  
Getting gunned down in the streets  
Shown to us on our prime time screens  
For our tea time treat  
Lunatics we voted for denying  
Everything that they swore  
We sit around and shout about it  
But we don't do nothing more

Drafted for police action  
But they decided on a war  
Telling us we were saving mankind  
Why don't you ask Cambodia  
We were solving it with marijuana  
We were sure that we could  
Always leavin' it to someone else  
Just knocking on wood

We're goin' back to the trenches  
We're goin' back to the trenches

Well you say you got a say so  
But you're knowin' that it ain't so  
And you turn away  
You think it's safer to ignore it  
But the score is your children have to pay  
Everybody wants better  
Everybody talkin' 'bout it  
Are we wastin' time  
Gotta stop only lookin', talkin'  
We're all guilty of the crime

We're goin' back to the trenches  
We're goin' back to the trenches

We gotta move, we got everything to lose  
We gotta move, we got everything to lose

We're all headed for the front  
But everybody's fightin' for a good address  
It's time we made the changes  
Or we'll be burnin' with the rest  
We just ain't communicatin' and I don't  
Mean conversations on the telephone  
When Nero starts to fiddle this time  
There's a lot more gonna burn than Rome

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(written by Nazareth)  
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