

# Stone Gossard, Hellbent

We go marching off to war  
And the Richter scale swings  
Pile on those trains  
Pile in that hearse  
Pools congregate the men  
And segregate the girls  
I don't feel clean  
Where are my girls?  
Like hell bent inn  
Like hell bent inn  
Theres an old man in his chair  
With a leather shaven grin  
I don't want war  
I don't need plays  
Like hell bent inn  
Like hell bent inn  
Like hell bent inn  
Like hell bent inn  
Its like hell bent inn  
Like hell bent inn  
Its like hell bent inn...