

# The Connells, Over There

All right, pure delight  
to see you stand in  
all your glory.  
Oh the joys when your boys  
hit distant soil.

And I hope to try  
to answer those who criticize you.  
Lead the sheep in their sleep  
to slaughter.

Won't abide, pushed aside  
Let me know when you've decided  
I'll decline when the sign  
says "Over There";

Your game has a name  
force and fury, fact and fiction.  
Sound the call, and the walls  
will tumble.