

# The Decemberists, The Soldiering Life

Ambling madly all over the town  
The call to arms you likened to a whisper  
I likened to a radio  
You were a brick bat, a bowery tuff, so rough  
They culled you from a cartoon  
Pulled out of your pantaloons

But you  
My brother in arms  
I'd rather I'd lose my limbs  
Than let you come to harm

But you  
My bombazine doll  
The bullets may singe your skin  
And the mortars may fall

But I  
I never felt so much life  
Than tonight  
Huddled in the trenches  
Gazing on the battle field  
Our rifles blaze away  
We blaze away

Corporal Bradley of regiment five  
In proud array standing by the bathing  
Soldiers and the stevedores  
We laid on the mattress and tumbled to sleep  
Our eyes aligned, swaddled in our civies  
Cradled in our dungarees

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