

# The Jam, Little Boy Soldiers

Its funny how you never knew what my name was,  
Our only contact was a form for the election.  
These days I find that you don't listen,  
These days I find that we're out of touch,  
These days I find that I'm too busy,  
So why the attention now you want my assistance -  
What have you done for me.

You've gone and got yourself in trouble,  
No you want me to help you out.

These days I find that I can't be bothered,  
These days I find that its all too much,  
To pick up a gun and shoot a stranger,  
But I've got no choice so here I come - war games.

I'm up on the hills, playing little boy soldiers,  
Reconnaissance duty up at 5:30.  
Shoot shoot shoot and kill the natives,  
You're one of us and we love you for that.

Think of honour, Queen and country,  
You're a blessed son of the British Empire,  
God's on our side and so is Washington.

Come out on the hills with the little boy soldiers.

Come on outside - I'll sing you a lullaby,  
Or tell a tale of how goodness prevailed.

We ruled the world - we killed and robbed,  
The fucking lot - but we don't feel bad.

It was done beneath the flag of democracy,  
You'll believe and I do - yes I do - yes I do -  
yes I do -

These days I find that I can't be bothered,  
To argue with them well what's the point,  
Better to take your shots and drop down dead,  
then they send you home in a pine overcoat

With a letter to your mum

Saying find enclosed one son - one medal and a note -  
to say he won.