

# The Zombies, Butcher's Tale (Western Front 1914)

A butcher, yes that was my trade  
But the King's shilling is now my fee  
A butcher I may as well have stayed  
For the slaughter that I see

And the preacher in his pulpit  
Sermoned "Go and fight, do what is right"  
But he don't have to hear these guns  
And I bet he sleeps at night

And I...  
And I can't stop shaking  
My hands won't stop shaking  
My arms won't stop shaking  
My mind won't stop shaking  
I want to go home  
Please let me go home  
Go home

And I have seen a friend of mine  
Hang on the wire like some rag toy  
Then in the heat the flies come down  
And cover up the boy

And the flies come down in Gommecourt,  
Thiepval, Mametz Wood, and French Verdun  
If the preacher, he could see those flies  
Wouldn't preach for the sound of guns

And I...  
And I can't stop shaking  
My hands won't stop shaking  
My arms won't stop shaking  
My mind won't stop shaking  
I want to go home  
Please let me go home  
Go home