

## Guns Before Butter

Gang of Four

All this talk of blood and iron  
Is the 'cause of all my shaking  
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All this talk about blood and iron  
It's the 'cause of all my shaking  
The fatherland's no place to die for  
It makes me want to run out shaking

I hear some talk of guns and butter  
That's something we can do without  
If men are only blood and iron  
O Doctor Doctor, what's in my shirt?

Just keep quiet, no room for doubt

I'm hearing talk of joy in labour  
I'll tell you this, you can leave me out  
The motherland's no place to cry for  
I want some sand to hide my head in

I'm hearing talk of strength in labour  
That's something I can do without  
If I'm only blood and iron  
O Doctor Doctor, what's in my shirt?

Just keep quiet, no room for doubt

All this talk of blood and iron  
It's the 'cause of all my shaking  
The fatherland's no place to cry for  
It makes me want to run out shouting

I hear some talk of guns and butter  
That's something I can do without  
If men are only blood and iron  
O Doctor Doctor, what's in my shirt?

Just keep quiet, no room for doubt