Island Of No Return

Digging all day and digging all night To keep my foxhole out of sight Digging into dinner on a plate on my knees The smell of damp webbing in the morning breeze Fear in my stomach, fear in the sky I eat my dinner with a weary eye After all this it won't be the same Messing around on Salisbury Plain

Pick up your feet, fall in, move out We're going to a party way down South Me and the Corporal out on a spree Damned from here to eternity

I hate this flat land, there's no cover For sons and fathers and brothers and lovers I can take the killing, I can take the slaughter But I don't talk to Sun reporters I never thought that I would be Fighting fascists in the Southern Sea I saw one today and in his hand Was a weapon that was made in Birmingham

Pick up your feet, fall in, move out We're going to a party way down South Me and the Corporal out on a spree Damned from here to eternity

I wish Kipling and the Captain were here To record our pursuits for posterity Me and the Corporal out on a spree Damned from here to eternity

Billy Bragg