Your Country

English Dogs

So you wanna join the army
And you wanna be a man
You wanna go to Ireland
And get killed by a bomb
Does you family want to
See you as a corpse
Because you're wrapped around
In your empty thoughts

Fighting for the army Marching for the army Just another part of Your death in the army

Rules and regulations
Imprinted in your brain
You brother's been killed
Oh! What a shame
Left, right, Left, right
That's right son
Marching all together
It'll be a lot of fun

You're in the army now so Get that gun clean Switch off your brain You're now a machine Slaughtered like cattle

You hear it on the news Quite country lane Victim of their views