

Death 'n' Glory Boys

Ian Hunter

Get your son - young 'n' dumb
Give him a gun - make him run
Hot stuff - on a Saturday night
Wait a minute - this ain't right

It's that same old story
Talkin' 'bout the death 'n' glory boys
When your head is on the scaffold
'N your ass is on the line
You gotta give it that old religion
One mo' time
Get the death 'n' glory boys

Midnight - no light
Cool sand - like mud in my hands
Got this feelin' - in my hair
What's that movin' - I ain't a scared

It's that same old story
Freak out with the death 'n' glory boys
When it's down to stealing apples
'N you been doin' time
They can buy the hero in you
For a dime
You're a death 'n' glory boy

You'd better pack up your troubles
In your old kit bag
Say goodbye to your mother
She's the only friend you have

Long live the leaders
Long may they reign
May they live long enough
To feel every single pain

They don't care about the widows
They don't give no reasons why
They just keep on making medals
You can buy

From the death 'n' glory boys