

# Trenches

John Mayall

In the middle of summer nineteen fourteen  
The young men of Europe all in their prime  
Ahead lay the horrors of a world insane  
It haunts me now to think about that time  
One assassination leads to a clash of nations

Everybody talkin' war, a country worth fighting for  
But how was anyone to know that hell was in store  
Sign a dotted line and give a man a gun

Don't worry boys, you'll all be home by Christmas  
But little by little the lights were going out  
And heading for the front line the men were listless  
Wondering in the rain will they ever see home again  
Slaughter is about to start, best friends are blown apart

Never been a bloodier war in memory before  
Shelling day and night driving men insane  
Screams of the dying in no man's land  
Nowhere to run from the gas attacks

And everywhere you turn there's another blind man  
Losing life and limb, gangrene and rot set in  
Weapons out to kill and maim, the boys are cryn' out in pain  
Never be the same again, never see an end

If you ever get to France see the poppies in the fields  
Just think about the red of the blood of heroes  
Who died in the fury of battle day and night  
The carnage of war all around when the sun rose  
All the mud and rain, machine gun fire again

Never gonna leave that trench, wallow in the mud ad stench  
Dyin' on a stretcher bench, time to say goodbye  
A generation lost, four deadly years  
Families left behind to a life of grieving  
Ten million graves to be left untended  
Nothing anymore left to believe in

Bodies ripped and torn long before I was born  
But all those fine young men, never see their like again  
I can vividly recall the pain down through the years