

1916

Motörhead

capo I

**A** **E**  
16 years old when I went the war,  
**D** **A**  
To fight for a land fit for heroes,  
**A** **E**  
God on my side, and a gun in my hand,  
**D** **A**  
Chasing my days down to zero,  
**A** **E**  
And I marched and I fought and I bled and I died,  
**D** **A**  
And I never did get any older,  
**A** **E**  
But I knew at the time that a year in the line,  
**D** **A** **A, A, A,**  
Is a long enough life for a soldier,  
**A** **E**  
We all volunteered, and we wrote down our names,  
**D** **A**  
And we added two years to our ages,  
**A** **E**  
Eager for life and ahead of the game,  
**D** **A**  
Ready for history's pages,  
**A** **E**  
And we brawled and we fought and we whored 'til we stood,  
**D** **A**  
Ten thousand shoulder to shoulder,  
**A** **E**  
A thirst for the Hun, we were food for the gun,  
**D** **A** **A,**  
And that's what you are when you're soldiers,

**A E D A A E D A A A A**

**A** **E**  
I heard my friend cry, and he sank to his knees,  
**D** **A**  
Coughing blood as he screamed for his mother,  
**A** **E**  
And I fell by his side, and that's how we died,  
**D** **A**  
Clinging like kids to each other,  
**A** **E**  
And I lay in the mud and the guts and the blood,  
**D** **A**  
And I wept as his body grew colder,  
**A** **E**  
And I called for my mother and she never came,  
**G** **D**  
Though it wasn't my fault and I wasn't to blame,  
**A** **E**  
The day not half over and ten thousand slain,  
**G** **D**  
And now there's nobody remembers our names,

**D**

**A**

And that's how it is for a soldier.