

# World War I

Sandi Thom

What did I do in the great world war  
I learned to peel potatoes and scrub the floor  
I watched the British sunset  
Go down behind the skyline forevermore

I learned to ride as soldiers to the line  
For days and nights in cattle trucks of swine  
I learned to shave myself in tea  
With the fragments of a mirror on my knee, ohh

So much for what I did  
Not for what I've done  
I never played a hero  
But I faced a gun  
This is World War I  
Your fallen son  
I'm a hundred years young

I learned to dodge the flying lumps of led  
To keep the earth between the sniper and my head  
Where life is one hard labour and a soldier gets his rest  
When they lay him in the daisies with a puncture in his chest

So much for what I did  
Not for what I've done  
I never played a hero  
But I faced a gun  
This is World War I  
Your fallen son  
I'm a hundred years young

Ooh, sweet mother don't you cry  
Ooh, this will be the day that I die

I gathered souvenirs for home that I hoped to send  
I carried around for months just to dump them in the end  
Where all is done in darkness, where all is still in day  
Where living men are buried and the dead unburied lay

So much for what I did  
Not for what I've done  
I never played a hero  
But I faced a gun  
This is World war one  
And its just begun  
This is world war one  
Your fallen son  
This is world war one  
I'm just a hundred years young