

Ten Trenches Deep

The Wonder Stuff

Full Metal Racket

Someone direct me please
I cant see the woods for the trees
God, I've been praying "please"
I ache from my heart and my knees

Think of me overseas
The natives and me thick as theives
God, I could use some sleep
So I'll dig down the ten trenches deep

Please leave a gap for my head to poke through
I will leave a space in my diary for you

Jerry, Pierre and me
We're just kicking around in the leaves
There not all what they seem
In fact we're getting along famously

But my life is out of my hands
In fact we'd like to go out with a bang
And yessir we're really keen
So we'll dig down the ten trenches deep

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I will leave a space in my diary for you