Military Man

Gary Moore

Mama, take a look at your boy
He's a military man
Papa, take a look at your boy
He's cryingPapa, take a look at your boy
He's a soldier
Mama, take a look in his eyes
They're colderPapa, take a look at your boy
He's a military man
Mama, take a look at your boy
He's dyingPapa, take a look at your boy
He's fighting
Mama, take a look at your boy
He's frightenedThey have trained your boy to kill
And kill some day, he will
They have trained your boy to die
And ask no questions whyPapa, take a look at your boy
Take a look at your boy
Take a look at your boy
He's a killer, yeahMama, take a look at your boy
Take a look at him now
Take a look at your boy
He's a soldier, he's colder, he's older, mamaMama, take a look at your boy
Obey the order
Mama, take a look at your boy
Like a lamb to slaughterThey have trained your boy to kill
And kill some day, he will
They have trained your boy to die
And ask no questions whyOne day I will write for you a love song, mother
As the children say, "I love you", please hold me
And you and I, we will live our life together
Until that day when we die, I will love you, mother
I will always love youI am writing from this war
Oh mama, I don't know what I'm fighting for
And have you seen my children?
God bless them, kiss them
And tell them that I miss themSee I'm frightened in the dark
Mama, mama, the blood is ankle deep
They have trained your boy to kill
Kill someday, he will

They have trained your boy to diePapa, take a look at your boy
Take a look at your boy
Take a look at your boy
He's marching, he's a soldierOh mama, oh mama
He's on the street
He's marching to the back beat

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