

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 crying Papa, take a look at your boy
He's a soldier
Mama, take a look in his eyes
They're colder Papa, take a look at your boy
He's a military man
Mama, take a look at your boy
He's dying Papa, take a look at your boy
He's fighting
Mama, take a look at your boy
He's frightened They have trained your boy to kill
And kill some day, he will
They have trained your boy to die
And ask no questions why Papa, take a look at your boy
Take a look at your boy
Take a look at your boy
He's a killer, yeah Mama, 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, mama Mama, take a look at your boy
Obey the order
Mama, take a look at your boy
Like a lamb to slaughter They have trained your boy to kill
And kill some day, he will
They have trained your boy to die
And ask no questions why One 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 you I 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 them See 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 die Papa, take a look at your boy
Take a look at your boy
Take a look at your boy
He's marching, he's a soldier Oh mama, oh mama
He's on the street
He's marching to the back beat

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