

# Guerilla Soldier

Gowan

Guerilla Soldier born in Santo Domingo  
U.S. Marine down from his home up in Maine  
Big Red Machine rolls in patrolling the jungle  
All of them baking under tropical rain  
Six long months in a foreign wasteland  
Scenes of terror so fresh and ripe  
Found a place to come face to face  
Like the gutter-snipes  
Whether you like it or not  
There ain't no end in sight  
(chorus)  
For another thousand days  
Will it all be over  
And another thousand nights  
Will the job get done  
For another thousand days  
Will it all make history  
And another thousand nights  
Will the war be won  
Guerilla Soldier gives a smile for the camera  
U.S. Marine says hi to mom on the news  
Big Red Machine shows how to move in a straight line  
Would be a shame to see  
Should one of them lose  
It's been eighteen months in a foreign wasteland  
Scenes of terror still fresh and ripe  
Found a place to come face to face  
Like the gutter-snipes  
Whether you like it or not  
There ain't no end in sight  
repeat chorus  
Guerilla Soldier  
Will the war be won

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