

# 1916

## Jeff Martin

16 years old when I went to the war  
To fight for a land fit for heroes  
God on my side and a gun in my hand  
Chasing my days down to zero And I marched and I fought and I bled and I died  
And I never did get any older  
But I knew at the time that a year in the line  
Was a long enough life for a soldier We all volunteered and we wrote down our names  
And we added two years to our ages  
Eager for life and ahead of the game  
Ready for history's pages And we brawled and we fought and we whored till we stood  
Ten thousand shoulder to shoulder  
A thirst for the hun, we were food for the gun  
And that's what you are when you're soldiers I heard my friend cry and he sank to his knees  
Coughing blood as he screamed for his mother  
And I fell by his side and that's how we died  
Clinging like kids to each other And I lay in the mud and the guts and the blood  
And I wept as his body grew colder  
And I called for my mother and she never came  
Though it wasn't my fault and I wasn't to blame The day not half over and ten thousand slain  
And now there's nobody remembers our names  
And that's how it is for a soldier

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