Soldier Boy

Swingin' Utters

Good solid build, this ripe young kid has sharpened up for killing men. polished new shoes and uniform not a bad sort "just came here on a whim"

And now our soldier boy is missing home and now our little boy is dead as a stone.

Big toothy grin, peach fuzz on cheeks, snow-white combed hair, lanky physique. Mobile, but awkwardly madeup like some wannabe debutante.

And now our soldier boy is leaving his own and this old rag-tag neighborhood has folded and gone

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/