

Brothers in Arms

Maeve O'Boyle

Brothers in arms
Don't raise no glass for me
I'm not proud of the battle,
The King or country,
I drew blood from my father, husband and son,
Man who was loved,
To will never return,

All my brothers in arms,
Don't raise no glass for me,
I'm no hero my comrades,
Just another casualty,
Though I stand on two legs,
And I am not blind,
My soul lies in pieces behind enemy lines,

Doubt my mother or father will recognise me,
I been stripped to the core but the horrors I've seen,
So friends fill your glasses,
And drink by all means,
But brothers in arms,
Don't raise no glass for me,

Mmmmm,

Brothers in arms,
Don't raise no glass for me,
Coz I can't toast a victory,
It aches like defeat,
Though we won a few battles,
The wars cost us dear,
An programmed to fire,
And never recognise fear,

Doubt my mother or father will recognise me,
I been stripped to the core but the horrors I've seen,
So friends fill your glasses,
And drink by all means,
But brothers in arms,

Don't raise no glass for me,

Brothers in arms
Don't raise no glass for me
I'm not proud of the battle,
The King or country,
I drew blood from my father, husband and son,
Man who was loved,
To will never ever return,

No glass for me,

An all my brothers in arms,

No glass for me,

An all my brothers in arms

Lyrics Submitted by MonkeyLady

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