

The Call Up

The Clash

It's up to you, not to heed the call up
And you must not act, the way you were brought up
Who knows the reasons, why you have grown up?
Who knows the plans or why they were drawn up? It's up to you, not to heed the call up
I don't wanna die
It's up to you, not to hear the call up
I don't wanna kill For he who will die
Is he who will kill?
Maybe I wanna see the wheatfields
Over Kiev and down to the sea It's up to you, not to heed the call up
I don't wanna die
It's up to you, not to hear the call up
I don't wanna kill All the young people down the ages
They gladly marched off to die
Proud city father used to watch them
Tears in their eyes It's up to you, not to heed the call up
I don't wanna die
It's up to you, not to hear the call up
I don't wanna kill For he who will die
Is he who will kill? There is a rose, that I want to live for
Although, God knows, I may not have met her
There is a dance and I should be with her
There is a town, unlike any other It's up to you not to hear the call up
And you must not act, the way you were brought up
Who gives you work, why should you do it?
At fifty five minutes past eleven, there is a rose It's up to you not to hear the call up
It's up to you not to hear the call up
I don't wanna die
There is a rose, that I want to live for
It's up to you not to hear the call up

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