

Next

Alex Harvey

Naked a sin
An army towel, covering my belly
Some of us weep, some of us howl
Knees turn to jelly, but Next! Next!
I was just a child
A hundred like me
I followed a naked body
A naked body followed me, Next! Next!
I was just a child when my innocence was lost
In a mobile army whorehouse
A gift of the army, free of cost. Next! Next! Next! Me, I really would have liked a little bit of tenderness
Maybe a word, maybe a smile, maybe some happiness, but Next! Next!
Oh, it was not so tragic
and heaven did not fall
But how much at that time
I hated being there at all, Next! Next!
I still recall the brothel trucks, the flying flags
The queer lieutenant slapped our arses
He's thinking we are fags. Next! Next! Next! I swear on the wet head of my
First case of gonorrhea
It is his ugly voice that I forever fear, Next! Next!
A voice that stinks of whiskey, corpses and of mud
The voice of nations
The thick voice of blood, Next! Next!
Since then each woman I have taken into bed
They seem to lie in my arms
And they whisper in my head, Next! Next! Oh, the naked and the dead
Could hold each others hands
As they watch me dream at night
In a dream that nobody understands
And though I am not dreaming in a voice grown dry 'n' hollow
I stand on endless naked lines of the following and the followed
The Next! Next!

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