

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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