

Bunker Soldiers

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark

Trained bodies in coordination
Is that a better way for bunker soldiers?
But it's a nicer way to spend a war
On lava beaches and sandy seaside
The rusting bodies are surplus now, then
We never taught them how to fight like that
The object's exercise is so compulsive
It's not a better way, but it still suits us
I'd give up rice fields to fight like you
It's not a better way
Though we are here to stay
Well, that might seem okay
Waves of people in strange directions
It's no use talking, there's no decisions
They gave up houses to be refugees
The mud in ditches is over their knees
The sand-bagged trenches are over our heads
This kind of warfare's become hide and seek
Though khaki uniforms are universal
Your propaganda is losing appeal
I'd give up rice fields to fight like you
I'd give up rice fields to fight like you
I'd give up rice fields to fight like you
It's not a better way
Though we are here to stay
Well, that might seem okay

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