

Tomorrow's Soldier

Vice Squad

A gang outside the chemists restless in the night
Conversation turns to the war they have to fight
Worried passers by too old to understand
How kids in thirty years have gained the upper hand
Tomorrow's soldier is on the street
Jeans to the knee boots on his feet
Tomorrow's soldier's first battle is won
When his life has only just began
The mind of a schoolboy, sees it crystal clear
Warriors from down the road, nothing to fear
Gone through the basic training, taught by higher ranks
Today it's fists and monkey boots, tomorrow bombs and tanks
The children don't die from their tribal warring
But at twenty one it's a different story
The uniform must change, die to save your land

Songwriters

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