1916

Better Dead Than Red

16 years old when I went to the war
To fight for a land fit for heroes
God on my side and a gun in my hand
Chasing my days down to zeroAnd I marched and I fought and I bled and I died
And I never did get any older
But I knew at the time that a year in the line
Was a long enough life for a soldierWe all volunteered and we wrote down our names
And we added two years to our ages
Eager for life and ahead of the game
Ready for history's pagesAnd we brawled and we fought and we whored till we stood
Ten thousand shoulder to shoulder
A thirst for the hun, we were food for the gun
And that's what you are when you're soldiersI heard my friend cry and he sank to his knees
Coughing blood as he screamed for his mother
And I fell by his side and that's how we died
Clinging like kids to each otherAnd I lay in the mud and the guts and the blood
And I wept as his body grew colder
And I called for my mother and she never came
Though it wasn't my fault and I wasn't to blameThe day not half over and ten thousand slain
And now there's nobody remembers our names
And that's how it is for a soldier

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