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Larrikin Music Pty Limited - 4/30-32 Carrington Street, - Sydney, NSW, - Australia, 2000

Soldier, Soldier

Soldier, soldier, will you fight for me, march away with your fife and your drum?
Oh how can I fight for Truth and Liberty, when I've got no shoes to put on?
So off they went to that big old chest as fast as they could run
And they brought him a pair of the finest leather boots
And the soldier put them on, the soldier put them on

Refrain

The carpenter from Galilee hung from the crucifixion tree
Gazing down with dying eyes at the soldiers there below
Who laughed and swore and threw their dice as the prophet they called
Jesus Christ
With his dying breath prayed for the soldiers' souls
As they gambled for his torn and bloody robe

Soldier, soldier, will you fight for me, march away with your fife and your drum?
Oh how can I fight for Truth and Liberty when I've got no coat to put on?
So off they went to that big old chest as fast as they could run
And they brought him a coat of the finest cloth
And the soldier put it on, the soldier put it on

Refrain

Abraham's children burned and died in the flames of genocide
In the ovens of the death camps six million souls were lost
For six years Mercy hid her face, while the soldiers of the master race
Goose-stepped madly though the holocaust
And on their arms they wore a crooked cross

Soldier, soldier, will you fight for me, march away with your fife and your drum?
Oh, how can I fight for Truth and Liberty, when I've got no hat to put on?
So off they went to that big old chest as fast as they could run
And they brought him a hat with a white cockade
And the soldier put it on, the soldier put it on

Refrain

The people's poet heard the death drum beat in the sound of the soldiers'
marching feet
In triumph and in hate they came, their promise to fulfil
Before they murdered him they cut off his hands,
And thought they'd crushed the song he sang
But it was only the man the soldiers killed
The song – ah the song is living still

Soldier, soldier, will you fight for me, march away with your fife and your drum?
Oh how can I fight for Truth and Liberty when I've got no sword to put on?
So off they ran to that big old chest as fast as they could run
And they brought him a sword of the finest steel
And the soldier put it on, the soldier put it on

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Refrain

Soldier, soldier, since time began, we've put the weapons in your hands
And while you kill at our command we pretend our hands are clean
Dressed in the patriot's bloody rags, we chant our slogans ,wave our flags
Like children in a dark and threatening dream
Trying to scare away the shadows with our screams.

Coda:

Soldier, soldier, you frighten me
In your blind brutality
For behind the soldier's mask I see
A man – just like me