

The First Article of War



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Refrain:

c e d e f d d d c
 This war ain't a war. It's a funeral
 c A A f A A g f e
 Attended by men dressed in their youth.
 c A A g f g e e f f e d e
 The saddest thing of all is they haven't heard the call
 d e f f e e d c b d
 And they die so easily in their silence.

e e d f d d d c A A A f A A g f e
1 Darling, I think of you often. When I do I'm sure I must be mad
 c A A g f g e e f g e c
 To leave one such as you for these hills of slaughter
 c c f g f e c
 On a world's bloody altar
 f f g f e d c b d
2 —After all it's us out there dying.

1 The sergeant is a sadist and a killer.
 The corporal resembles one, too. When I see a mirror
 The stripe on my shoulder has grown very much bolder,
 It's feeding while I die inside!

1 This war ain't a war. It's a funeral.
 The victims are the ones who stand alone,
 To question how they live while everyone is dying.
 There's millions like me lying,
 Can a man cheat himself and not do wrong?

1 "Soldier," the chaplain was saying,
 "Insanity's an article of war. Very soon you'll learn
 The sin is how you're turned when the bullet
 Strikes you down and leaves you dying."

1 Darling, I've written you this letter.
 Read it once and tear it all to bits.
 Pray for our souls and bless the steel so cold.
2 (After all, you know God is a General.)
2 (His angels sit in Councils of War.)
2 (Only peaceful men may dream of peace.)
2 (Someday peace may come)

Refrain:

