

Nazareth, Back To The Trenches

Presidents and peace spreading poets
Getting gunned down in the streets
Shown to us on our prime time screens
For our tea time treat
Lunatics we voted for denying
Everything that they swore
We sit around and shout about it
But we don't do nothing more

Drafted for police action
But they decided on a war
Telling us we were saving mankind
Why don't you ask Cambodia
We were solving it with marijuana
We were sure that we could
Always leavin' it to someone else
Just knocking on wood

We're goin' back to the trenches
We're goin' back to the trenches

Well you say you got a say so
But you're knowin' that it ain't so
And you turn away
You think it's safer to ignore it
But the score is your children have to pay
Everybody wants better
Everybody talkin' 'bout it
Are we wastin' time
Gotta stop only lookin', talkin'
We're all guilty of the crime

We're goin' back to the trenches
We're goin' back to the trenches

We gotta move, we got everything to lose
We gotta move, we got everything to lose

We're all headed for the front
But everybody's fightin' for a good address
It's time we made the changes
Or we'll be burnin' with the rest
We just ain't communicatin' and I don't
Mean conversations on the telephone
When Nero starts to fiddle this time
There's a lot more gonna burn than Rome

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(written by Nazareth)
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