

this is a rifle, this is a gun
this is for killing and this is for fun
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when the boys cry, in the morning light
and they take their guns and leave their girls and step outside
and they all feel blue, ´cause they're waiting still
for the enemy on the other side they're going to kill

you better kill somebody, you better kill somebody
you better kill somebody, you better kill somebody
you better kill

when the bombers come, with the rising sun
and the dreams of glory and blue eyed heros all have gone
on the other side sits the enemy
and I'm sure he won't invite for a cup of tea