

Both Eric and his publisher would like you to have access to the lyrics of his songs for your own enjoyment but, should you wish to reproduce copies for any purpose, you should first seek permission from the Publisher at the following address: -  
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

Both Eric and his publisher would like you to have access to the lyrics of his songs for your own enjoyment but, should you wish to reproduce copies for any purpose, you should first seek permission from the Publisher at the following address: -  
Larrikin Music Pty Limited - 4/30-32 Carrington Street, - Sydney, NSW, - Australia, 2000

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