

Johnny's gone to be a soldier

Johnny's gone to be a soldier
Far across the sea
Me, I chose to be a conchie
To keep my conscience free
Jonny's everybody's hero
Everyone hates me,
Being true to yourself -
It's the hardest thing to be.

He and I grew up together
In the years before the war
I was always thinking too much
He was always sure
That serving King and Country
Was a duty and a thrill
While I was always thinking
Bout the people I would kill

How the years have passed away
And how the memories fade
And how the world so soon forgets
The price that we both paid

So I joined the medics
while our Johnny marched away
I've not talked about the things I did
From then until today
I don't know if shifting bodies
Is a blessing or a curse
I was the devils undertaker
Not an angel or a nurse

Then came the day I dreaded
But I always knew it could
We were clearing up the carnage
Up the line at Sanctuary Wood
He was crying like a baby
But there was no wound I could find
I'd rather lose my arms and legs
Than lose my mind

Johnny's gone to be a soldier,
he's never coming back
I never thought that he would be
the one Of us who'd crack
Johnny's gone to be a soldier
fighting his own war,
And I'm the one still asking
What the hell we did it for.

© Tony Phillips 2004

