

THE WAR MACHINE (D)

Sue Gilmurray

In eastern skies the great hawks fly
Over bloodied hills where children lie
And the instruments of tyranny
Were bought from Britain plc
As the war machine rolls round

Chorus:

And the war machine
Rolls round and round
And the poor and the weak
Get trampled on the ground
And from where we stand
Their cries are drowned
By the clink (of the) franc
(and the) dollar (and the) pound
As the war machine rolls round

And the prisoner sleeping where he fell
Will awake to one more day of hell
From a US baton's searing pain
His body bound by a Sheffield chain
As the war machine rolls round.

We've an industry that lives and thrives
Making tools to shatter human lives
And our honest workers ply their skill
Helping distant tyrants maim and kill
As the war machine rolls round

It is time my friends for us to say
We will not sell death to earn our pay
It is time for arms exports to cease
For the world can never live in peace
While the war machine rolls round.