

# Guerilla Soldier

Gowan

Ah, ahh  
Guerilla soldier, born in Santo Domingo  
US Marine, down from his home up in Maine  
Big red machine rolls in, patrolling the jungle  
All of them baking under tropical rain

Six long months in a foreign wasteland  
Scenes of terror so fresh and ripe  
Found a place to come face to face  
Like the gutter snipes

Whether you like it or not  
There ain't no end in sight  
For another thousand days  
Will it all be over?  
And another thousand nights  
Will the job get done?  
For another thousand days  
Will it all make history?  
And another thousand nights  
Will the war be won?  
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Guerilla soldier gives a smile for the camera  
US Marine says hi to mom on the news  
Big red machine shows how to move in a straight line  
Would be shame to see should one of them lose

It's been eighteen months in a foreign wasteland  
Scenes of terror still fresh and ripe  
Found a place to come face to face  
Like the gutter snipes

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Guerilla soldier  
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