

# The Fighting Line

John Mayall

It had to be me of all the ones to choose  
The way my luck is going, I always seem to lose  
They're sending me to the fighting line  
I hope the Army don't leave me dead in my grave

Hey give me a pen, I'll do the paperwork  
I'm the typewriter king, I'd make a damn good clerk  
Don't put me on the fighting line  
Cause I won't give you my life just to throw away

They've given me furlough till they take me away  
But there's not enough time when you want to stay  
Soon it's off to the fighting line  
And I'll be waiting and writing home every day

It's a little too long to live on borrowed time  
While they're having their peace talks, they're killing friends  
of mine  
I'll be running from the fighting line  
If it's gonna mean I'll be walking out of here alive