

White Boots Marching In a Yellow Land-crd

C Am F C
 The swamps are turning red along the fevered jungle days;
 C Am F Dm
 Their casualties are counted in so many different ways,
 C Am F G
 For the killing of a soldier is the murder of a man,
 C Em7 F G C
 When you're white boots marching in a yellow land.

It's written in the ashes of the village towns we've burned,
 It's written in the empty chairs of fathers unreturned;
 And the hatred in the children's eyes is clear to understand,
 When you're white boots marching in a yellow land.

Train them well, the men who will be fighting by your side,
 And never turn your back when the battle turns her tide;
 For the colour of the enemy speaks louder than commands,
 When you're white boots marching in a yellow land.

Flush them from the forest 'til you're sure they all are gone,
 Tie their hands behind their backs and question them 'til dawn;
 But when the firing squad is ready they'll be spitting where they stand
 At the white boots marching in a yellow land.

Helicopters hound the skies and circle in the night
 And lead the boys to victory in a thousand little fights,
 But every battle won is just another grain of sand,
 When you're white boots marching in a yellow land.

Oh, the brave bombs of the wealthy will shatter as they shine,
 But the bloodiest of course can only buy a little time,
 And history is waiting for the very best of plans,
 By the white boots marching in a yellow land.

Centuries of colonies, of slavery and worse
 Now lead us to a future of their past all in reverse;
 Yes we're fighting in a war we lost before that war began,
 For we're white boots marching in a yellow land.