

Dogs Of War...Barking, Barking, Barking

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Since back in Nineteen-Thirty-Nine,
The 'Dogs Of War' still holler ;
Those men who build the tanks and bombs
Still seek The Mighty Dollar.
Young soldiers sweat and bleed and die,
Their widows still shed tears ;
Young sailors drown on sinking ships –
Things haven't changed for years !
When will our Leaders face the facts ?
There IS no 'win' or 'loss' –
Despite the Terms of Armistice,
All children bear the cost.
The War-Lords disregard our pleas,
Though, Heaven knows, we're trying ;
The old men rant in Parliament –
While young men do the dying.
Let's take a pledge, let's change this trend,
And end this senseless slaughter ;
Let's make this World a peaceful place
For all our sons and daughters !
The Dogs of War don't need to bark,
Nor lust for blood or battle ;
Let's train these canine beasts instead
To herd our sheep and cattle !
Much better it would be I think,
When we buy ourselves a hound,
To train him for a household pet,
For kids to cuddle 'round.
To fetch my pipe and slippers,
To march in school-parades,
But not to snap and growl and bite,
Or carry hand-grenades.
To sit beside my rocking-chair,
The fire-place warm and sparking ;
Oh, Dogs of War, just go to sleep –
And stop that senseless barking !