

# R.E.M., Body Count

All the young kids learn to dance in the combat zone  
Never dared to take a chance  
Goin' home alone

But it gets so very cold  
When it's late at night

Leave the foxholes on their own  
Do you sleep well at night?

Bodycount...feeling hot  
Bodycount...keeping warm

Friends are playing with danger  
They don't know where it's found  
With their casual letters  
It's just another chain

You've lost the innocence  
That you've never found  
Standing in the DMZ  
Don't get turned around

Body count...feeling hot  
Body count...Vietnam

It's not the game..well, it's a scar  
And they won't let you wear your khakis  
And your Izods anymore

You can go get shot to hell  
They don't want you anymore because..

All the young kids learn to dance  
In the combat zone  
Never dare to take a chance  
You're going home alone  
Military metaphors  
Are metaphors no more

Keeping up with protocol

You're dancin' off to war

Body count feeling hot  
Body count Vietnam

Do you sleep well at night?

Body Count...Vietnam

They can say what they want  
But you have your doubts

It's not what you've lost  
It's what your without

When I ran so far  
And they just turned away

I doesn't bother me by the light of day  
But at night...I hear your call  
Late at night...I hear your call

I saw the mirror that you broke today  
I saw the ceiling falling down your way

When they looked at you, you could turn away

You didn't bother then by the light of day...you'll stay

But at night...I hear your call  
Late at night...I hear your call

You said that you could turn away  
I knew that you going to stay

The walls are falling all around  
They pinned you down onto the ground  
But at night...I hear your call  
Vietnam...I hear you call