

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