

Kids were rolling around in the dirt,
thumping each other and getting hurt.

Bloody noses and cauliflower ears,
the noise of jeering and lusty cheers.

*It wasn't just a war between the Germans and the Brits
it was a war between the vackies and the village kids.*

It was big 'uns bullying and little 'uns crying,
it was twisted arms and fists that were flying.

It was, 'See you later for a fight after school!'
and, 'Chicken if you don't show, that's the rule.'

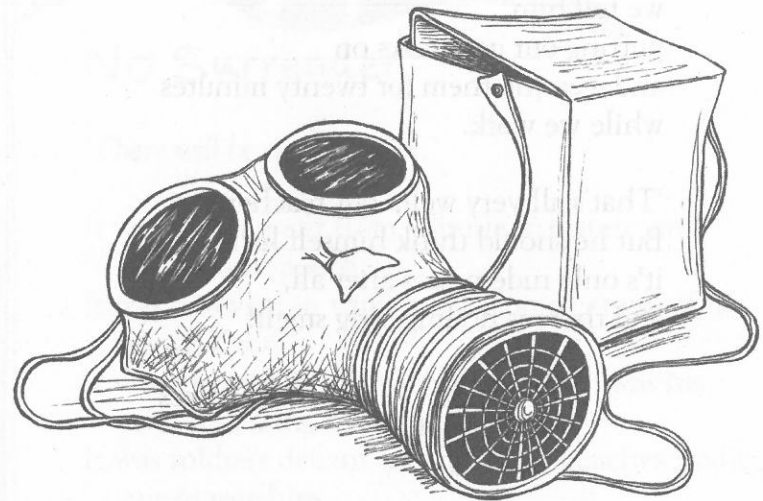
'You vackies will regret ever leaving your town
because we're the gang here and we'll knock you
down.'

*And it wasn't just a war between the Germans and the
Brits
it was a war between the vackies and the village kids,
it was a war between the vackies and the village kids.*

Brian Moses

Rude Noises

It winds our teacher up
when we make rude noises
through our gas masks.



We take it in turns
to breathe out quickly
till the rubber vibrates
and the noise escapes.

Then if we're feeling
that he deserves
some real aggravation,
we start up our
rude-noise orchestra.