(verso 3)

E5 F#5

G5

A5

E5

F#5

G5

```
Bloodsports
New Model Army
(intro 4x) E5 F#5 G5 A5
(verso)
              F#5
                             A5
                                      E5
         E5
                         G5
                                                      F#5
There are boxes packed with bullets, there are crates all stacked with boxes
              F#5
                     G5 A5 E5 F#5
There are uniforms and hardware, there are meals all wrapped in plastic
          E5
                    F#5
                              G
                                   A5
                                          E5
                                                      F#5
Through the night the ships are loading, every night these ships are loading
                                Α
Beneath the glare of the burning floodlights and the dancing of the swarmed
mosquitoes
(refrão)
                        Α
                                         G
                                                           F#
And into the fire and the blood red sun the old and rich still send the young
Bm
Into a world of twisted steel and the acrid smell of metal burning
And on the streets of hometown now, we watch each other as if we re strangers
But say it loud, scream it loud: I am not at war
(verso 2)
   E5
        F#5
                    G5
                        A5
                                E5
                                                F#5
He says: this body I have been given shall be returned unto its maker
        E5
              F#5 G5
                             A5
                                       E5
                                                 F#5
Beneath my clothes these secrets hidden, the sacrifice that I have to offer
          E5
                    F#5
                                      A5
                                            E5
                                                       F#5 G5
                              G
By the checkpoint there are soldiers and the cypress branches waving
And the light is hard as glass and the sky is blue and cool and waiting
( E5 F#5 G5 A5 ) (2x)
(refrão)
                                     F
                    Αm
These stupid empty words could all be written on the cold pale skin
Of the dead laid out in shallow graves along the road of bombed out palm trees
( E5 F#5 G5 A5 ) (4x)
```

And in the corners of the bars and cafes, in every town, in every nation

A5 E5 F#5 G5 A5 E5 F#5 G

There are these blood-sports on the TVs and the loaded toneless voices

A5 E5 F#5 G A5 E5 F#5 G5

There are cameras by the gravesides and in the executioners chambers

A5 G A G

There are cameras high above us to guide the missiles down from the heavens

(refrão)

Bbm

I am not at war,

G/B G/D A/E

I am not at war