

# Soldiers

ABBA

Do I hear what I think I'm hearin'?  
Do I see the signs, I think I see?  
Or is this just fantasy Is it true that the beast is wakin'?  
Stirrin' in his restless sleep tonight in the pale moonlight  
In the grip of this cold December  
You and I have reason to remember Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing  
The songs that you and I don't sing  
They blow their horns and march along  
They drum their drums and look so strong  
You'd think that nothin' in the world was wrong Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing  
The songs that you and I won't sing  
Let's not look the other way, takin' a chance  
'Cause if the bugler starts to play  
We too must dance What's that sound, what's that dreadful rumble?  
Won't somebody tell me what I hear?  
In the distance but drawin' near Is it only a storm approachin'?  
All that thunder and the blinding light in the winter night  
In the grip of this cold December  
You and I have reason to remember Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing  
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They blow their horns and march along  
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