Say It With Flowers

Missing Presumed Dead

The Christmas cards and greetings are arriving
Across the shifty sands to the war
By the time I get to read them, she'll be rising
To a fifty, fifty chance and nothing moreThrough the sleet and drizzle
You can hear the sounds of soldiers
The Kalashnikov and splutter
On a sunny dayFrom the east of middle
To the north and south of nowhere
People earn their bread and butter
In some funny waysIn the corridors of power
Where the talks are in full swing
If you can't say it with flowers
Then don't say anythingI want to see my children
Grow up into healthy human beings
I want to see them walking, running
Playing, laughing and singingIn the corridors of power
Where the talks are in full swing
If you can't say it with flowers
Then don't say anythingI'm just outside the home of Christmas, now
And I'm dying, all across the shifty sand there's blood and guts
By the time I get to Jesus, she'll still be crying
I guess a fifty, fifty chance wasn't good enough

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/