Done With Bonaparte

Mark Knopfler

We've paid in hell since Moscow burned
As cossacks tear us piece by piece
Our dead are strewn a hundred leagues
Though death would be a sweet release
And our grand army is dressed in rags
A frozen starving beggar band
Like rats we steal each other's scraps
Fall to fighting hand to hand
Save my soul from evil, Lord
And heal this soldier's heart
I'll trust in Thee to keep me, Lord
I'm done with Bonaparte
What dreams he made for us to dream
Spanish skies, Egyptian sands
The world was ours, we marched upon
Our little Corporal's command
And I lost an eye at Austerlitz
The sabre slash yet gives me pain
My one true love awaits me still
The flower of the Aquitaine
Save my soul from evil, Lord
And heal this soldier's heart
I'll trust in Thee to keep me, Lord
I'm done with Bonaparte
Well, I pray for her who prays for me
A safe return to my belle France
We prayed these wars would end all wars
In war we know is no romance
And I pray our child will never see
A little Corporal again
Point toward a foreign shore
Captivate the hearts of men
Save my soul from evil, Lord
And heal this soldier's heart
I'll trust in Thee to keep me, Lord
I'm done with Bonaparte

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