

Fortunes of War (Live Acoustic)

Fish

Rosebuds scattered across the lawn like the squares at Waterloo
With bayonets of thorns repelling small children in search of lost tennis balls
Imaginary cannonballs that were fired at the legs of galloping cavalry
Resting their dreams in the shade of the apple trees
Toy soldiers drunk on warm lemonade
And the children dream of glory and Fortunes of War
Safe in bed with stories of Fortunes of War, Fortunes of WarAs the sun sets low on these playing fields
An army returns bearing swords and shields
Dustbin lids and raspberry canes they'll live to fight another day
For warriors medals, milk bottle tops
Battle flags fashioned from mother's old table cloths
Bright colours run in the summer rainSometimes when they fall they will pretend that their hankie is a bandage
to stop the bleeding
And imagine city streets and desert storms and foreign fields
There's bullets flying, these are the Fortunes of WarI heard a wheelchair whisper across a stale, stagnant
gymnasium
Trailing an ivy league jacket like a matador
Through the jitterbug steps of the night before
I followed him down to the church parade
Where he makes his peace every armistice day
I watched him fade away, melt in the autumn rain

Songwriters

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