

# Goodnight Saigon

Billy Joel

We met as soul mates on Parris Island  
We left as inmates from an asylum  
And we were sharp, as sharp as knives  
And we were so gung ho to lay down our lives  
We came in spastic like tameless horses  
We left in plastic as numbered corpses  
And we learned fast to travel light  
Our arms were heavy but our bellies were tight  
We had no home front, we had no soft soap  
They sent us Playboy, they gave us Bob Hope  
We dug in deep and shot on sight  
And prayed to Jesus Christ with all our might  
We had no cameras to shoot the landscape  
We passed the hash pipe and played our Doors tapes  
And it was dark, so dark at night  
And we held on to each other  
Like brother to brother  
We promised our mothers we'd write  
And we would all go down together  
We said we'd all go down together  
Yes we would all go down together  
Remember Charlie, remember Baker  
They left their childhood on every acre  
And who was wrong? And who was right?  
It didn't matter in the thick of the fight  
We held the day in the palm of our hand  
They ruled the night, and the night  
Seemed to last as long as six weeks  
On Parris Island  
We held the coastline, they held the highlands  
And they were sharp, as sharp as knives  
They heard the hum of our motors  
They counted the rotors  
And waited for us to arrive  
And we would all go down together  
We said we'd all go down together  
Yes we would all go down together

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