

Sayonara Saigon

Mikhael Paskalev

Got her song,
In my head.
I can taste
The colour red.
Oh Beth,
You've been gone.
It's warm here in Saigon. Oh your brothers,
Tell your sisters,
And our mothers,
And our dead fathers.
Though in war, we are lovers,
We kill for our dead fathers. It is wrong, what they do,
So we changed their colour to blue.
Shed their blood, red and warm,
Summer in Saigon. Oh my god, won't you please?
Sayonara Saigon.
So long, everyone.
Sayonara Saigon.
So long, everyone. Many cried
In the west,
For the brothers
Left back in the East.
Oh darling,
Please take me home. In the arms of a man,
I miss my wife, she understands,
I'm dying lonesome. Sayonara Saigon.
So long, everyone.
Sayonara Saigon.
So long, everyone. Got her song,
In my head,
I can taste
The colour red.
Oh Beth,
Now you've been gone,
It is warm here in Saigon. Remember me,
I fought for you,
And your freedom,
Now what do you do?
Geez, Louise.

My little one,
I will never have your song. But it ain't right,
The things they do,
So we changed
Their colour to blue.
Shed their blood, red and warm,
Summer in Saigon. Oh my god, won't you please?
Sayonara Saigon.
So long, everyone.
Sayonara Saigon.
So long, everyone.

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