

# James Joyce Soles

## Deacon Blue

Here's the pictures and see the airbase  
Where we were sent  
Now the winter has started to descend  
Your loving son was sent here I got your letter from Boise Idaho  
James Joyce Soles, James Joyce Soles  
I went down at midnight to the Holy Loch shore  
Scattered the ashes of James Joyce Soles He knew the reasons why we were here  
He loved your parcels and all your care  
You're so thoughtful, they're so fair  
I know my friend thought so, was James Joyce Soles He's not just a soldier, he's not just a friend  
He's been in the wars in a foreign land  
He's been on the payphone when it was so cold  
He was my comfort, was James Joyce Soles

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