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 hereI 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 SolesHe 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 SolesHe'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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