Song for the Dead

Randy Newman

Deep in the field
A lone soldier stands
With mud on his boot
And blood on his hands
They left him behind
To bury the dead
And to say a few words on behalf of the leadershipPardon me, boys
If I sleep off my pack
And sit for a while with you
I'd like to explain
Why you fine young men had to be blown apart
To defend this mud holeNow our country, boys
Though it's quite far away
Found itself jeopardized
Endangered, boys
By these very gooks
Who lie here beside you
Forever near
ForeverWe'd like to express
Our deep admiration
For your courage under fire
And your willingness to die
For your country, boys
We won't forget
We won't forget

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