

Protocol

Gordon Lightfoot

Who are these ones who would lead us now
To the sound of a thousand guns
Storm the gates of hell itself
To the tune of a single drum Where are the girls of the neighborhood bars
Whose love's were lost at sea
In the hills of France and on German soil
From Saigon to wounded knee Who come from long lines of soldiers
Whose duty was fulfilled
In the words of a warriors will
And protocol Where are the boys in their coats of blue
Who flew when their eyes were blind
Was God in town for the Roman games
Was He there when the deals were signed Who are the kings in their coats of mail
Who rode by the cross to die
Did they all go down into worthiness
Is it wrong for a king to cry And who are these ones who would have us now
Whose presence in concealed
Whose nature is revealed
In a time bomb And last of all you old sea dogs
Who travel after whale
You'd storm the gates of hell itself
For the taste of a mermaids tail Who come from long lines of skippers
Whose duty was fulfilled
In the words of a warriors will
And protocol

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