

Two Soldiers

David Byrne

She was just a blue eyed Boston girl
Her voice was low with pain
I'll do your bidding comrade mine
If I ride back againBut if you ride back and I am dead
You'll do as much for me
Mother, you know, must hear the news
So write her tenderlyShe's awaiting at home like a patient saint
Her fallen face paled with woe
Her heart would be broken when I am gone
I'll see her soon, I knowJust then the order came to charge
For an instant hand touched hand
They said, aye and away they rode
That brave and devoted bandStraight was the course to the top of the hill
And the rebels they shot and shelled
Plowed furrows of death through the toiling ranks
And guarded them as they fellThere soon was a horrible dying yell
From heights that they could not gain
And those who doom and death had spared
Rode slowly back againBut among the dead that were left on the hill
Was the girl with the curly hair
The tall dark man who'd fought by her side
Lay dead beside her thereThere was was no one to write the green-eyed girl
The words that her lover had said
While mother at home is awaiting her girl
She'll only know she is deadShe'll only know she's dead
She'll only know she's dead

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