Saigon Bride

Joan Baez

Farewell my wistful Saigon bride
I'm going out to stem the tide
A tide that never saw the seas
It flows through jungles, round the trees
Some say it's yellow, some say red
It will not matter when we're deadHow many dead men will it take
To build a dike that will not break?
How many children must we kill
Before we make the waves stand still?Though miracles come high today
We have the wherewithal to pay
It takes them off the streets you know
To places they would never go alone
It gives them useful trades
The lucky boys are even paidMen die to build their Pharaoh's tombs
And still and still the teeming wombs
How many men to conquer Mars
How many dead to reach the stars?Farewell my wistful Saigon bride
I'm going out to stem the tide
A tide that never saw the seas
It flows through jungles, round the trees
Some say it's yellow, some say red
It will not matter when we're dead

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/