

Lost Patrol

The John Barry Seven and Orchestra

We lay the night in anguish, snakes drawn out by the tide
The compass of decision falls always on one side
But many went before us and still the cries are clear
There is no beauty here, just the stench of wine and beer
We save no souls
We break no promises
We can do nothing more than move headlong through the gloom
The thorn between our lips is the missionaries tune
Our men with open arms turn their faces half away
Observe as we approach that we have not come to save
We stand as thick as vines though the fruit is torn away
There is no beauty here, friends, just death and dark decay
We save no souls
We break no promises
We save no souls
We break no promises

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