Brothers In Arms

Joan Baez

These mist covered mountains Are a home now for me But my home is the lowlands And always will be Some day you'll return to Your valleys and your farms And you'll no longer burn To be brothers in arm Through these fields of destruction Baptism of fire I've watched all your suffering As the battles raged higher And though they did hurt me so bad In the fear and alarm You did not desert me My brothers in armsThere's so many different worlds So many different suns And we have just one world But we live in different ones Now the sun's gone to hell And the moon's riding high Let me bid you farewell Every man has to die But it's written in the starlight And every line on your palm We're fools to make war On our brothers in arms

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