Sidney Street

Chris Difford

He went off to battle
He went off to war
At twenty-one years old
He walked out the door

With bags on his shoulders
And under his eyes
He hadn't been sleeping
In fear of his life

But this was the moment
When he had to leave
His girlfriend beside him
With tears on her sleeve

He slept on a blanket
In darkness and fear
His boots by his rucksack
A fag by his ear

Like hundreds of others
Across the rough sea
He feared for his future
And what that might be

But they pulled together
Like men often will
In the trenches and dugouts
On the side of the hill

So Hallelujah
Hallelujah he's home
They walked out together
But he travelled alone

He marched across Europe
And did what he did
I'm not sure what that was
He kept a tight lip

On all that had happened
While he was at war
I asked him to tell me
But I was ignored

There were no heroics
No tales of great plight
He lost many good friends
On dark, scary nights

But he came home in one piece
And there on the door
My mother and brother
Well, they just couldn't stop

From waving their flags
And crying with joy
My dad had come back
To meet his young boy

So Hallelujah
Hallelujah he's home
They walked out together
But he travelled alone

Oh Hallelujah
They knew he'd come home
Oh Hallelujah
He travelled alone

Today flags are lowered
And roses are thrown
The passing dead soldiers
(So Hallelujah)
As they travel home
As they travel home

Lyrics submitted by KDL.

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