

Harold Land

Yes

Harold Land, with a wave of his hand
Said goodbye to all that
He paid his bills and stopped the milk
Then put on his hatHe tried to say his last farewells
As quickly as he could
Promising that he would return
But doubted that he would
Doubted that he would, doubtedNow he's marching soldiers in the rain
As on to war they rode
A long thin line of human mind
Damnation as their loadIn the mud in coldness dark
He'd shiver out his fear
What disappointing sights he'd seen
Instead of ones so dear
Instead of ones so dear, so dearGoing home, he's going home
To the land he loved so well
Going home, he fought for two whole years
He never fell
Going home, he's going home
Going home, he's going homeHarold Land, with a wave of his hand
Stood sadly on the stage
Clutching red ribbons from a badge
But he didn't look his ageOnly two years had passed
Between his leaving home and back
He had lost his love and youth
While leading the attack
Leading the attackIn conversation it could be said
Well after war your heart is dead
Well it's not hard to understand
There is no heart in Harold Land

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