

# You Say the Battle Is Over

John Denver

And you say that the battle is over  
And you say that the war is all done  
Go tell it to those with the wind in their nose  
Who run from the sound of the gun  
And write it on the sides of the great whaling ships  
Or on ice floes where conscience is tossed  
With the wild in their eyes it is they who must die  
And it's we who must measure the loss  
And you say that the battle is over  
And finally the world is at peace  
You mean no one is dying and mothers don't weep  
Or it's not in the papers at least  
There are those who would deal in the darkness of life  
There are those who would tear down the sun  
And most men are ruthless but some will still weep  
When the gifts we were given are gone  
Now the blame cannot fall on the heads of a few  
It's become such a part of the race  
It's eternally tragic that which is magic  
Be killed at the end of the glorious chase  
From young seals to great whales from waters to wood  
They will fall just like weeds in the wind  
With fur coats and perfumes and trophies on walls  
What a hell of a race to call men  
And you say that the battle is over  
And you say that the war is all done  
Go tell it to those with the wind in their nose  
Who run from the sound of the gun  
And write it on the sides of the great whaling ships  
Or on ice floes where conscience is tossed  
With the wild in their eyes it is they who must die  
And we who must measure the loss  
With the wild in their eyes it is they who must die  
And we who will measure the cost

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