

# 1917

## Fabricantes

The strange young man who comes to me  
A soldier on a three day spree  
Who needs one night's cheap ecstasy  
And a woman's arms to hide himHe greets me with a courtly bow  
And hides his pain by acting proud  
He drinks too much and he laughs too loud  
How can I deny him?Let us dance beneath the moon  
I'll sing to you, "Claire de Lune"  
The morning always comes too soon  
But tonight the war is overHe speaks to me in schoolboy French  
Of a soldier's life inside a trench  
Of the look of death and the ghastly stench  
I do my best to please himHe puts two roses in a vase  
Two roses sadly out of place  
Like the gallant smile on his haggard face  
Playfully I tease himHold me neath the Paris skies  
Let's not talk of how or why  
Tomorrow's soon enough to die  
But tonight the war is overWe make love too hard too fast  
He falls asleep his face a mask  
He wakes with the shakes and he drinks from his flask  
I put my arms around himThey die in the trenches and they die in the air  
In Belguim and France the dead are everywhere  
They die so so fast there's no time to prepare  
A decent grave to surround themOld world glory old world fame  
The old worlds gone gone up in flames  
Nothing will ever be the same  
And nothing lasts foreverOh I'd pray for him but I've forgotten how  
And there's nothing, nothing that can save him now  
But there's always another with the same funny bow  
And who am I to deny themLux aeterna, Luce-at e-is  
Domine cum sanctic tu-is in aeternum  
Qui-a pius es  
Requiem aeternaum dona e-is Domine  
Qui-a pius es  
Tonight the war is overRequiem aeternaum dona e-is Domine  
Qui-a pius es  
Et lux perpetua luce-at- e-is Cum sancris tu-is in  
Aeternum qui-api-us es

Tonight the war is over

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