Soldiers

James Taylor

It was just after sunrise
And down by the sea
Down on the sand flats
Where nothing will grow
Come drumming and footsteps
Like out of a dream
Where the golden green waters come in

Just nine lucky soldiers had come
Through the night
Half of them wounded
And barely alive
Just nine out of twenty was headed for home
With eleven sad stories to tell

I remember quite clearly when I got out of bed
I said, oh, good morning what a beautiful day

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