

# 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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