

# Goodnight Saigon

## Billy Joel

We met as soul mates  
On Parris Islands  
We left as inmates  
From an asylum  
And we were sharp  
As sharp as knives  
And we were so gung ho  
To lay down our lives

We came in spastic  
Like tameless horses  
We left in plastic  
As numbered corpses  
And we learned fast  
To travel light  
Our arms were heavy  
But our bellies were tight

We had no home front  
We had no soft soap  
They sent us Playboy  
They gave us Bob Hope  
We dug in deep  
And shot on sight  
And prayed to Jesus Christ  
With all of our might

We had no cameras  
To shoot the landscape  
We passed the hash pipe  
And played our Doors tapes  
And it was dark  
So dark at night

And we held on to each other  
Like brother to brother  
We promised our mothers we'd write  
And we would all go down together  
We said we's all go down together

Yes we would all go down together

Remember Charlie  
Remember Baker  
They left their childhood  
On every acre  
And who was wrong?  
And who was right?  
It didn't matter in the thick  
Of the fight

We held the day  
In the palm  
Of our hand  
They ruled the night  
And the night  
Seemed to last as long as  
Six weeks on Parris Islands

We held the coastline  
They held the highlands  
And they were sharp  
As sharp as knives  
They heard the hum of our motors  
They counted the rotors  
And waited for us to arrive

And we would all go down together  
We said we'd all go down together  
Yes we would all go down together

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