

Soldiers

ABBA

Do I hear what I think I'm hearin'?
Do I see the signs, I think I see?
Or is this just fantasy
Is it true that the beast is wakin'?
Stirrin' in his restless sleep tonight in the pale moonlight
In the grip of this cold December
You and I have reason to remember
Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing
The songs that you and I don't sing
They blow their horns and march along
They drum their drums and look so strong
You'd think that nothin' in the world was wrong
Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing
The songs that you and I won't sing
Let's not look the other way, takin' a chance
'Cause if the bugler starts to play
We too must dance
What's that sound, what's that dreadful rumble?
Won't somebody tell me what I hear?
In the distance but drawin' near
Is it only a storm approachin'?
All that thunder and the blinding light in the winter night
In the grip of this cold December
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