

# Abba "Soldiers"

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## SOLDIERS

Do I hear what I think Iâ€™m hearing?  
Do I see the signs I think I see?  
Or is this just a fantasy?  
Is it true that the beast is waking  
Stirring 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 donâ€™t sing  
They blow their horns and march along  
They drum their drums and look so strong  
Youâ€™d think that nothing in the world was wrong  
Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing  
The songs that you and I wonâ€™t sing  
Letâ€™s not look the other way  
Taking a chance  
â€™cause if the bugler starts to play  
We too must dance

Whatâ€™s that sound, whatâ€™s that dreadful rumble?  
Wonâ€™t somebody tell me what I hear?  
In the distance but drawing near

Is it only a storm approaching?  
All that thunder and the blinding light  
In the winter night  
In the grip of this cold December  
You and I have reason to remember

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They blow their horns and march along  
They drum their drums and look so strong  
Youâ€™d think that nothing in the world was wrong  
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