

## **B Yellow**

### **"Where Real Soldiers Roam"**

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Run, run, run right away,  
The battle is coming, they will take you away.  
Theyâ€™ve claimed our land as their own,  
Theyâ€™ll drive you from our homes.

War-torn fields of red, white and blue,  
The cavalry will charge, charge towards you.  
The fires are starting to burn all that is dear,  
Grab your loved ones; Run right from here!

Growing up in valley far from life,  
The campfires flicker the outlines of here.  
A distant drum that was shaking your homes,  
Was it just dreams or where real soldiers roam?

Singing the songs that symbolise,  
The beauty of love and tranquillity,  
And liberty, so long-lost and gone,  
Take your blades; youâ€™re feeling so alone.

Run, run, run right away,  
The battle is coming, they will take you away.  
Theyâ€™ve claimed our land as their own,  
Theyâ€™ll drive you from our homes.

War-torn fields of red, white and blue,  
The cavalry will charge, charge towards you.  
The fires are starting to burn all that is dear,  
Grab your loved ones; Run right from here!

Your mothers been taken, your father too,  
Now all thatâ€™s left is your sister to hold,  
A distant drum it was shaking your home,  
Now you all know thatâ€™s where real soldiers roam.

Run, run, run right away,  
The battle is coming, they will take you away.  
Theyâ€™ve claimed our land as their own,  
Theyâ€™ll drive you from our homes.

War-torn fields of red, white and blue,

The cavalry will charge, theyâ€™ll charge towards you.  
The fires are starting to burn all that is dear,  
Grab your loved ones; Run right from here!

Cold and brittle, unwanted people.  
Snowstorms surround the darkest of wilderness.  
The red, the white, the blue, theyâ€™re coming after  
you!

Run, run, run right away,  
The battle is coming, they will take you away.  
Theyâ€™ve claimed our land as their own,  
Theyâ€™ll drive you from our homes.

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The cavalry will charge, charge towards you.  
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