

Elton John

"The Retreat"

Visit "[The Retreat](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

They laid beneath the pine trees with their caps over
their eyes
They were drunk with home and mama as they brushed
away the flies
In an instant before the sunrise they had gunned the
rebels down
As their flags were torn at half mast in the ruins of the
town

There were white sails on the water for the crippled on
the beach
There was a lack of ammunition so the cause was
incomplete
When the bugle blew at breakfast and they knew their
ships were in
Signs of grand assurance were carried on the wind

Take it home, take it low, take responsibilities
Came the message from the front
For the captains, captains quarters must retreat
Pack the compass, pack the tents, take the bunks

They just chalked it down in history but they kept their
uniforms
They put their medals on the sideboards and they went
back to their farms
For it was just a mere reminder that they stood beside
the best
That God had saved the chosen few and the devil took
the rest

On the planes above the rock face where the
sculptured eagles swoop
There's a haunted yell for action among the specters of
his troops
It was silent on the coastline as the crazy angels
danced
With the sound of retreating footfall from his military
camp

Visit [Elton John](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.
