## Emmylou Harris & Linda Ronstadt "1917"

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The strange young man who comes to me A soldier on a three day spree Who needs one night's cheap ecstasy And a woman's arms to hide him

He greets me with a courtly bow And hides his pain by acting proud He drinks too much and he laughs too loud How can I deny him?

Let us dance beneath the moon I'll sing to you, "Claire de Lune' The morning always comes too soon But tonight the war is over

He speaks to me in schoolboy French
Of a soldier's life inside a trench
Of the look of death and the ghastly stench
I do my best to please him

He puts two roses in a vase Two roses sadly out of place Like the gallant smile on his haggard face Playfully I tease him

Hold me neath the Paris skies Let's not talk of how or why Tomorrow's soon enough to die But tonight the war is over

We make love too hard too fast He falls asleep his face a mask He wakes with the shakes and he drinks from his flask I put my arms around him

They die in the trenches and they die in the air In Belguim and France the dead are everywhere They die so so fast there's no time to prepare A decent grave to surround them

Old world glory old world fame The old worlds gone gone up in flames Nothing will ever be the same And nothing lasts forever

Oh I'd pray for him but I've forgotten how And there's nothing, nothing that can save him now But there's always another with the same funny bow And who am I to deny them

Lux aeterna, Luce-at e-is Domine cum sanctic tu-is in aeternum Qui-a pius es Requiem aeternaum dona e-is Domine Qui-a pius es Tonight the war is over

Requiem aeternaum dona e-is Domine Qui-a pius es Et lux perpetua luce-at- e-is Cum sancris tu-is in Aeternum qui-api-us es Tonight the war is over

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