

## **Gordon Lightfoot "Protocol"**

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Who are these ones who would lead us now  
To the sound of a thousand guns  
Storm the gates of hell itself  
To the tune of a single drum

Where are the girls of the neighborhood bars  
Whose love's were lost at sea  
In the hills of France and on German soil  
From Saigon to wounded knee

Who come from long lines of soldiers  
Whose duty was fulfilled  
In the words of a warriors will  
And protocol

Where are the boys in their coats of blue  
Who flew when their eyes were blind  
Was God in town for the Roman games  
Was He there when the deals were signed

Who are the kings in their coats of mail  
Who rode by the cross to die  
Did they all go down into worthiness  
Is it wrong for a king to cry

And who are these ones who would have us now  
Whose presence in concealed  
Whose nature is revealed  
In a time bomb

And last of all you old sea dogs  
Who travel after whale  
You'd storm the gates of hell itself  
For the taste of a mermaids tail

Who come from long lines of skippers  
Whose duty was fulfilled  
In the words of a warriors will  
And protocol

