

John Denver

"And You Say That The Battle Is Over"

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And you say that the battle is over
And you say that the war is all done
Go, tell it to those with the wind in their nose
Who run from the sound of the gun

And write it on the sides of the great whaling ships
Or on ice floes where conscience is tossed with the wild
in their eyes
It is they who must die
And it's we who must measure the loss

And you say that the battle is over
And finally the world is at peace
You mean, no one is dying and mothers don't weep
Or it's not in the papers at least

There are those who would deal in the darkness of life
There are those who would tear down the sun
And most men are ruthless but some will still weep
When the gifts we were given, are gone

Now the blame cannot fall on the heads of a few
It's become such a part of the race
It's eternally tragic that, that which is magic
Be killed at the end of the glorious chase

From young seals to great whales from waters to wood
They will fall just like weeds in the wind
With fur coats and perfumes and trophies on walls
What a hell of a race to call men

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And you say that the war is all done
Go, tell it to those with the wind in their nose
Who run from the sound of the gun

And write it on the sides of the great whaling ships
Or on ice floes where conscience is tossed with the wild
in their eyes
It is they who must die
And it's we who must measure the loss

With the wild in their eyes
It is they who must die
And it's we who must measure the cost

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