

## John Mayer Trio

### "Christmas In The Trenches"

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Oh my name is francis tolliver, I come from liverpool  
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school  
From belgium and to flanders, germany to here  
I fought for king and country I love dear.

Twas christmas in the trenches and the frost so bitter  
hung  
The frozen fields of france where still no christmas  
songs were sung  
Our families back in england were toasting us that day  
There brave and glorious lads so far away.

I was lying with my mess mates on the cold and rocky  
ground  
When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar  
sound  
Says I now listen up me boys, each soldier strained to  
hear  
As one young german voice sang out so clear.

He's singing bloody well you know, my partner says to  
me  
Soon one by one each german voice joined in in  
harmony  
The cannons rested silent and the gas cloud rolled no  
more  
As christmas brought us respite from the war.

As soon as they were finished and a reverent pause  
was spent  
God rest ye merry gentlemen struck up some lads  
from kent  
The next thing sang was stille nach tis silent night says  
i  
And in two tongues one song filled up that sky

There's someone coming towards us now the front line  
sentry said  
All sights were fixed on one lone figure trudging from  
their side  
His truce flag like a christmas star shone on the plane

so bright  
As he bravely trudged unarmed into the night.

Then one by one on either side, walked in to no mans  
land  
With neither gun nor bayonet, we met there hand to  
hand  
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each  
other well  
And in a flare lit football game we gave them hell.

We traded chocolates, cigarettes and photographs  
from home  
These sons and father far away from families of their  
own  
Ton sanders played the squeeze box and they had a  
violin  
This curious and unlikely band of men.

Soon daylight stole upon us and france was france  
once more  
With sad farewells we each began to settle back to war  
But the question haunted every heart that lived that  
wonderous night  
Whose family have I fixed within my sights.

Twas christmas in the trenches and the frost so bitter  
hung  
The frozen fields of france were warmed, the songs of  
peace were sung  
For the walls they'd kept between us to exact the work  
of war  
Had been crumbled and were gone forever more.  
Oh my name is francis tolliver, from liverpool I dwell  
Each christmas comes since world war I have learned  
it's lesson well  
For the one who calls the shots won't be among the  
dead and lame  
And on each end of the rifle we're the same

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