

Chris Cummings

"Say Goodbye To It All"

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No borderline, no borderline...

Took a boat over Lake Geneva,
It was raining all night long,
We were lucky and we saw no enemy,
And came from Switzerland, poor refugees,
Far from the guns of war,
We said goodbye to it all;

They brought us in to a nurse's station,
Half a mile behind the lines,
Oh Lord, how my heart was breaking,
To see the children, and the walking wounded,
Hoping for a ticket home,
And say goodbye to it all;

I woke up on a cold blue morning,
To see her there, standing right beside me,
Long years since I left her at the borderline,
And how she found me I'll never know,
But we decided there and then,
To say goodbye to it all;

To it all,
Say goodbye to it all,
Say goodbye to it all;

Took a train from Paris to the ocean,
Found a small hotel by the coast,
As we walked along the beaches of Normandy,
We came to Juno, Omaha and Gold,
And whispered a prayer for the boys,
Who said goodbye to it all;

Now we've got our own place by the water,
And I have a job in the old hotel,
She is ready and she's hoping for a daughter,
Well I don't mind, we've made our choice,
We've got all the time in the world,
We said goodbye to it all,
We said goodbye to it all;

'Bye to it all,
Say goodbye to it all,
Say goodbye to it all,
Say goodbye to it all,
Say goodbye to it all,
Say goodbye,
Say goodbye...

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