

Christy Moore "A Letter To Syracuse"

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I wrote me a letter to Syracuse, it was a letter full of
Lies
I told them that we were doing fine, very much to their
Surprise
For how were they to know that here the ground was
soaked
In red
Or that we could fill the valley with our dead.
I started out and told them that by Christmas we'd
begin
To pack our bags and head on home to bring the new
year
In
While all around me boys who help me sow last
season's
Crop
By charging at the cannons till they drop

I told my mother not to write cause we're always
moving

On
I told my brother not to join cause he'd only fight me
Gun
But if we keep on much further retreating all the way
Oh we'd all be going home just any day.

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