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Crosby Stills Nash "Shadowland"

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Behind a nation's blind salute Behind my country 'tis of thee Behind the pain that won't compute Erase the memory of Shadowland

An open wound that never heals A bone that never seems to set A mind that thinks but never feels The face we've never met from Shadowland

They tell us time and time again They only want a few good men They lead us through the lion's den To Shadowland

The world would just as soon forget And watch the wreckage drift ashore Ten years reduced to one regret The baggage of war, Shadowland

Don't ask us how our names were lost Our nation did a sleight of hand We never saw the line we crossed That took us into Shadowland

They tell us time and time again They only want a few good men They lead us through the lion's den To Shadowland

The son will reap what fathers sow But mothers have to hear the sound Of the last breath of the boy next door Whose life has ended

Shadowland, Shadowland Shadowland, Shadowland Shadowland, Shadowland

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