

## Yes "Harold Land"

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Harold Land, with a wave of his hand  
Said goodbye to all that  
He paid his bills and stopped the milk  
Then put on his hat

He tried to say his last farewells  
As quickly as he could  
Promising that he would return  
But doubted that he would  
Doubted that he would, doubted

Now he's marching soldiers in the rain  
As on to war they rode  
A long thin line of human mind  
Damnation as their load

In the mud in coldness dark  
He'd shiver out his fear  
What disappointing sights he'd seen  
Instead of ones so dear  
Instead of ones so dear, so dear

Going home, he's going home  
To the land he loved so well  
Going home, he fought for two whole years  
He never fell  
Going home, he's going home  
Going home, he's going home

Harold Land, with a wave of his hand  
Stood sadly on the stage  
Clutching red ribbons from a badge  
But he didn't look his age

Only two years had passed  
Between his leaving home and back  
He had lost his love and youth  
While leading the attack  
Leading the attack

In conversation it could be said  
Well after war your heart is dead

Well it's not hard to understand  
There is no heart in Harold Land

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