

Lightfoot Gordon

"Protocol"

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Who are these ones who would lead us now
To the sound of a thousand guns
Who'd storm the gates of hell itself
To the tune of a single drum
Where are the girls of the neighborhood bars
Whose loves were lost at sea
In the hills of France and on German soil
>From Saigon to Wounded Knee
Who come from long lines of soldiers
Whose duty was fulfilled
In the words of a warriors will
And protocol

Where are the boys in their coats of blue
Who flew when their eyes were blind
Was God in town for the Roman games
Was he there when the deals were signed
Who are the kings in their coats of mail
Who road by the cross to die
Did they all go down into worthiness
Is it wrong for a king to cry
And who are these ones who would have us now
Whose presence in concealed
Whose nature is revealed
In a time bomb

Last of all you old seadogs
Who travel after whale
You'd storm the gates of hell itself
For the taste of a mermaid's tail
Who come from long lines of skippers
Whose duty was fulfilled
In the words of a warrior's will And protocol

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