

New Mastersounds

"Soldier"

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I imagine a dream in which I'm a soldier
And I'm walking on the faces of dead women
And everyone I've left behind me
It's the year when the troops entered
The thirty ninth, thirty ninth parallel

Send me home restless
Send me home damaged and wanting

It's the year when some poet said
We must love or accept the consequences
I want you to share every pin prick of guilt
That I have felt, that I have felt

Send me home restless
Send me home damaged
Send me home dispossessed
Send me home damaged and wanting

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