

## Guadalcanal Diary

### "Trail Of Tears"

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The sun hangs low in the western sky  
I bow my head and remember now  
Someone's lips pressed close to mine  
Her cool hand upon my brow

Hell burns hot for a killer's heart  
A shallow grave in an unmarked plot  
Crack of gunfire in the dark  
Hand in hand we'll walk at daybreak

One wore black  
One wore black  
One wore black

The trail of tears is winding on  
Many pass along the road  
Dusty soldiers march along  
As they file one by one

One wore black  
One wore black  
One wore black

Trail of tears is winding on  
Frightened soldier run no more  
Arm and arm with lovers gone  
No one passes on the road

Two girls wait at the railroad track  
For their soldiers to come back  
Knowing this will be their last  
One wore blue and one wore black

One wore black

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