

Chris Rea, Cenotaph Letter from Amsterdam

Snow hard up against my doorway
And it's falling twice as fast
Funny I was just thinking of you my friend
How long you were gonna last
Driving those blizzards cross Europe
Snow chains on you back
64 feet of mobile thunder, leaving a ten wheel track
It's good to hear from you, go easy when you can
My day is better for your letter from Amsterdam
I stand alone by the Cenotaph
Where the unknown soldier lies
And it's somewhere out there that you are
This freedom angel died
To save us from depression
Today I look around, boys our age and younger
I fear we let them down
It's good to hear from you, go easy when you can
My day is better for your letter from Amsterdam
The town square's disappearing
It drifts up to my knees
Midnight silence deafening
And my feet begin to freeze
Is it because we don't remember?
We cannot understand?
But me and the unknown soldier
Got your letter from Amsterdam