

Christy Moore, A Letter To Syracuse

I wrote me a letter to Syracuse, it was a letter full of lies
I told them that we were doing fine, very much to their surprise
For how were they to know that here the ground was soaked in red
Or that we could fill the valley with our dead.

I started out and told them that by Christmas we'd begin
To pack our bags and head on home to bring the new year in
While all around me boys who help me sow last season's crop
By charging at the cannons till they drop

I told my mother not to write cause we're always moving on
I told my brother not to join cause he'd only fight me gun
But if we keep on much further retreating all the way
Oh we'd all be going home just any day.

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