

Ennio Morricone, La Storia De Un Soldato

Bugles are calling from prairie to shore,
"Sign up" and "Fall In" and march off to war.
Blue grass and cotton, burnt and forgotten
All hope seems gone so soldier march on to die.
Bugles are calling from prairie to shore,
"Sign up" and "Fall In" and march off to war.
There in the distance a flag I can see,
Scorched and in ribbons but whose can it be,
How ends the story, whose is the glory
Ask if we dare, our comrades out there who sleep.