

# Erasure, The Soldier's Return

(Bell/Clarke)

slow the years go by  
they stole your man off to war  
will you see the child  
as you sing battle songs  
and it pains me  
to think of the soldier's plight  
i will pray  
for your heart to guide you home

and she cries for the soldier's return  
despair of feeling alone for so long  
by the light of the candle that burns  
for his life  
for the day of the soldier's return

hear the cannon fire  
lost voices echo in the night  
see the spoils of war  
young men are falling, ooh  
hear the drummer marching o'er the hill  
love returning and the graves of the battle lie still

and she cries...(chorus)

hear the drummer marching o'er the hill  
love returning and the graves of the battle lie still

and she cries...(chorus)

young men are falling, young men are falling...