

Gary Brooker, Symphathy For The Hard Of Heari

(Brooker)

Called up to Camberley in '39
To play his part on the French front line
He was full of hope, overflowing with tears
He'd been on the earth barely nineteen years
but he was willing

Sailed across the Channel for to meet his foe
Marched from Le Havre to Forge-les-Eaux
There were sounds of battle that assailed his ears
They moved that night with the taste of fear
to the killing

Got dug down in Deauville
His young life on the line
Had time to think about her
His first love he'd left behind

The battle lost
at heavy cost
To life and limb
but not for him
He was caught
and marched away
to darker days
a prisoner

He walked to Poland
with thousands of others
Their common plight
would make them brothers
For years of cold and fear
and lonely tears
for four long years
The Allies came
to liberate
They found him in rags
In a pitiful state
But alive
Taken at the very start
Not freed until the last

Lest we forget the sacrifice
That young men make for what seems right
We lose them
confuse them
abuse them

Young rose waiting on the English shore
To hold her boy, now a man of twenty-four
Hard of hearing, no feeling
What do we know of pain and healing?
Hard of hearing, hard of hearing.