

Ian Brown, So Many Soldiers

Woke up so fresh this morning
Love to wake up to your heat
Smiles at traffic lights
I'm so selective with the company I keep
Some never gonna see the evening
Picking one too many fights
Hear a new born baby getting stronger
Through the freezing winter nights
Some never get to see the morning
Claiming darkness feeds their needs
Some are breathing underwater
On a river in the reeds
But only so many soldiers come home
Only so many soldiers come home
Woke up so fresh this morning
Love to wake up to your heart
Smiles at traffic lights
I'm so selective with the company I keep
Only so many soldiers come home
So many soldiers
So many soldiers come home
This road you walk
This path you tread
Sweet I shall see
And heaven fed
These avenues
And bridges far
These narrow streets and these backyards
Only so many soldiers
Only so many soldiers come home
So many soldiers
So many soldiers come home
Soldiers
Soldiers come home
Soldiers come home
Come home