

James Taylor, Native Son

Mount up, move on, may you find the way back home.

Down and down we go, down into bright October,
brothers in arms no more now that the war is over.
Have you waded in and been to hell? Will you lie upon the sofa,
see to the decoration of your shell now that the war is over?

Mount up, move on, damn the darkness, speed the dawn, they lost, we won.
Try to find your way back home, native son.

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