

Barclay James Harvest, Summer Soldier

I feel sorry for the soldier who is shot and stoned in anger
I feel sorry for his wife and child at home
I feel sorry for the bomber who all life and limb dishonours
For the people that he's maimed and left alone
The Lord God said love thy neighbour
Though in human life he trades, he's still a man
I feel sorry for the children who with open mind are willing
To fight for ideals aged and past their time
I feel sorry for the children who will join the vicious circle
Of instinct fear bred from their parents' minds
The Lord God said love thy neighbour
Break the circle, free the hater, call him a friend

Wake up, wake up, there's a man by your side
With a knife and a gun in each hand
Wake up, wake up, you're one and the same
It's time to stop and decide
Is it love or hate?
Is it peace or war?
It's for sure there's no inbetween
Politicians point views
But they're pointing for you
The solution has to be seen

I thought I saw a summer soldier, helmet on his brow
His silver rifle clutched beneath his armour-plated shroud
I fire in hate, he cried aloud
To protect myself from defeat
My shield's my cause, my cause is war
And from war I'll make no retreat

I dreamt I saw an angel bright, a halo on his brow
His golden sword lay in its sheath beneath his silver shroud
I drwa thee not, he cried aloud
Though your deeds like spears strike my soul
My shield's my love, my cause is peace
Faith be sure I shall not retreat