

Chris D. Morton, Every Dead Soldier

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Miscellaneous

Every Dead Soldier

"Come join the army" the posters cry out

We'll teach you to shoot, to kill and to fight

The pleasures are many, the dangers are few

You'll have a good pension when your service is through

Every dead soldier is somebody's father

Somebody's husband or somebody's son

Every dead soldier is gone and forgotten

No matter who lost or who won

There are tombstones and graveyards in many far lands

There are numbers and crosses stuck into the sand

But the names and the numbers have faded and died

Now the hunters and the hunted lie side by side

Every dead soldier is somebody's father

Somebody's husband or somebody's son

Every dead soldier is gone and forgotten

No matter who lost or who won

Why can