

# Deacon Blue, Kings Of The Western World

Here`s the pictures  
I promised to send  
You see the airbase  
Where we were sent  
Now the winter  
Has started to descend  
Your loving son was sent here  
I got your letter  
From Boise Idaho  
To James Joyce Soles  
To James Joyce Soles  
I went down at midnight  
To the Holy Loch shore  
And scattered the ashes  
Of James Joyce Soles  
He knew the reasons  
Why we were here  
He loved your parcels  
And all your care  
You`re so thoughtful  
They`re so fair  
I know my friend thought so  
Was James Joyce Soles  
He`s not just a soldier  
He`s not just a friend  
He`s been in the wars  
In a foreign land  
He`s been on the payphone  
When itr was so cold  
He was my comfort  
Was James Joyce Soles  
He was my comfort  
In a country so old  
He was my comfort  
Was James Joyce Soles