

Elton John, All Quiet On The Western Front

All quiet on the Western Front, nobody saw
A youth asleep in the foreign soil, planted by the war
Feel the pulse of human blood pouring forth
See the stems of Europe bend under force

All quiet
All quiet
All quiet on the Western Front

So tired of this garden's grief, nobody cares
Old kin kiss the small white cross, their only souvenir
See the Prussian offense fly, weren't we grand
To place the feel of cold sharp steel in their hands

It's gone all quiet on the Western Front, male angels sigh
Ghosts float in a flooded trench as Germany dies
Fever reaps the flowers of France, fair-haired boys
String the harps to Victory's voice, joyous noise