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