

James Taylor, Soldiers

It was just after sunrise and down by the sea,
down on the sand flats where nothing will grow,
come drumming and footsteps like out of a dream
Where the golden green waters come in.
Just nine lucky soldiers had come through the night,
Half of them wounded and barely alive.
Just nine out of twenty was headed for home with eleven sad stories to tell.

I remember quite clearly when I got out of bed,
I said, oh, good morning what a beautiful day.