

John Denver, And You Say That The Battle Is Over

And you say that the battle is over,
And you say that the war is all done

Go tell it to those with the wind in their nose
Who run from the sound of the gun,
And write it on the sides of the great whaling-ships,
Or on ice floes where conscience is tossed
With the wild in their eyes, it is they who must die
And it's we who must measure the loss.

And you say that the battle is over,
And finally the world is at peace

You mean no one is dying, and mothers don't weep,
Or it's not in the papers, at least.
There are those who would deal in the darkness of life,
There are those who would tear down the sun,
And most men are ruthless, but some will still weep
When the gifts we were given are gone.

Now the blame cannot fall on the heads of a few,

It's become such a part of the race;

It's eternally tragic that that which is magic
Be killed at the end of the glorious chase.
From young seals to great whales, from waters to wood,
They will fall just like weeds in the wind;
With furcoats, and perfumes, and trophies on walls:
What a hell of a race to call men.

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And you say that the war is all done

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Who run from the sound of the gun,
And write it on the sides of the great whaling-ships,
Or on ice floes where conscience is tossed
With the wild in their eyes, it is they who must die
And it's we who must measure the loss.
With the wild in their eyes, it is they who must die,
And it's we who must measure the cost.