

# Mark Knopfler, Done With Bonaparte

We've paid in hell since Moscow burned  
As Cossacks tear us piece by piece  
Our dead are strewn a hundred leagues  
Though death would be a sweet release  
And our grande arme is dressed in rags  
A frozen starving beggar band  
Like rats we steal each other's scraps  
Fall to fighting hand to hand

Save my soul from evil, Lord  
And heal this soldier's heart  
I'll trust in thee to keep me, Lord  
I'm done with Bonaparte

What dreams he made for us to dream  
Spanish skies, Egyptian sands  
The world was ours, we marched upon  
Our little Corporal's command  
And I lost an eye at Austerlitz  
The sabre slash yet gives me pain  
My one true love awaits me still  
The flower of the aquitaine

Save my soul from evil, Lord  
And heal this soldier's heart  
I'll trust in thee to keep me, Lord  
I'm done with Bonaparte

I pray for her who prays for me  
A safe return to my belle France  
We prayed these wars would end all wars  
In war we know is no romance  
And I pray our child will never see  
A little Corporal again  
Point toward a foreign shore  
Captive the hearts of men

Save my soul from evil, Lord  
And heal this soldier's heart  
I'll trust in thee to keep me, Lord  
I'm done with Bonaparte