

Murray McLauchlan, La Gurre C'est Fini Pour Moi

It was down by the Atlantic Sea
Where the concrete bunkers lay
And the rusty eighty-eights
Look down where the seagulls play

I heard the ghost bugles reveille
For the young men who sailed away
For the young men who had to stay
On the beach where the barbed-wire lay

See the memory of Billy and John
Proudly standing in their uniforms
See the silver medals they won
That the government sent to their Mom
Now some boy painted j'taime Annette
On the walls where the shells were kept
In the corridors young children run
And shout out the barrels of the guns

La guerre c'est fini pour moi
La guerre ne m'amuse pas
La guerre c'est fini pour les esprits des morts
La guerre c'est fini pour moi

If you want another war for peace
Just to kill other men to make them free
I feel that I must inform you
You won't get any help from me
There is plenty of suffering and dying
Tragedy wins over joy
I'd rather run 'round the rust guns
Than to die like a brave soldier boy

La guerre c'est fini pour moi
La guerre ne m'amuse pas
La guerre c'est fini pour les esprits des morts
La guerre c'est fini pour moi