

The Incredible String Band, Dear Old Battlefield

just another rusty brother
seeing his old role replayed
looking in the world like a broken mirror
seeing his old face displayed
they come and go, come and go
why do you advertise goodbye
living a lie will lay you low, what can I tell you, what can I sell you
but the truth will make you high

death is unreal that's the way I feel
there's more to be revealed
lovers and friends meet again and again
on the dear old battlefield

I will see my memory lightly let me go
I know that we will always be but time pass fast and slow
agelong cradlesong almost had me sleeping for good
if not for the plan of the magic man who finally helped me out of the wood.