

Tom McRae, Soldier Song

Rest your eyes
I'll be your guide
And this soldier's song
Will bring us home
Let down your guard
The battle's done
And all the shame,
Will fall away
And I will
I will
Be here
I will be here

Through this rain
I feel the heat
And trumpet's sound
In my sleep
Memories, call to us
And all I hear
Are soldier's songs

I wish, I wish
You were here
I wish you were here

So burn all your photographs
Your images of war
Blindfold to history
You fall against, fall against
You fall against the wall

And I've burned all your photographs
And your images of war
And I'm blindfold to history
And I fall against the wall