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