

Soldiers

ABBA

Do I hear what I think I'm hearing?
Do I see the signs I think I see?
Or is this just a fantasy?
Is it true that the beast is waking
Stirring in his restless sleep tonight
In the pale moonlight
In the grip of this cold december
You and I have reason to remember

Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing
The songs that you and I don't sing
They blow their horns and march along
They drum their drums and look so strong
You'd think that nothing in the world was wrong
Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing
The songs that you and I won't sing
Let's not look the other way
Taking a chance
'cause if the bugler starts to play
We too must dance

What's that sound, what's that dreadful rumble?
Won't somebody tell me what I hear?
In the distance but drawing near
Is it only a storm approaching?
All that thunder and the blinding light
In the winter night
In the grip of this cold december
You and I have reason to remember

Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing...

Soldiers write the songs that soldiers sing
The songs that you and I won't sing
Let's not look the other way
Taking a chance
'cause if the bugler starts to play
We too must dance