

It was cold, not feeling the cold eyes  
were where they belong  
Huddled together feel the warmth  
Thoughts were where they belong.  
I walk down the road, leap a ditch  
And mount a hill despite the wind.  
And he bowed on the point of going  
How loyal had they been  
Make up matters by a grand funeral  
How loyal had they been.  
I could say that to anyone else,  
there was no such guilt.  
Do I have to say it to you I refuse  
to set foot.  
Tired out by play and performance  
Heroic but unsung.  
Final attempt gaining guidance  
Heroic but unsung.  
I see what is right and I do so approve  
But I'd rather be lost and feel the groove.