

## 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...

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