

# Goodnight Saigon

Billy Joel

We met as soul mates on Parris Island,  
we left as inmates from an asylum.  
And we were sharp, as sharp as knives  
and we were so gung-ho to lay down our lives.

We came in spastic like tameless horses,  
we left in plastic as numbered corpses.  
And we learned fast to travel light,  
our arms were heavy but our bellies were tight.

We had no home front, we had no soft soap.  
They sent us Playboy, they gave us Bob Hope.  
We dug in deep and shot on sight  
and prayed to Jesus Christ with all of our might.

We had no cameras to shoot the landscape  
we passed the hash pipe and played our Doors tapes.  
And it was dark, so dark at night  
and we held on to each other, like brother to brother,  
we promised our mothers we'd write.

And we would all go down together,  
we said we'd all go down together,  
yes, we would all go down together.

Remember Charlie, remember Baker,  
they left their childhood on every acre.  
And who was wrong? And who was right?  
It didn't matter in the thick of the fight.

We held the day in the palm of our hand.  
They ruled the night and the night seemed to last  
as long as six weeks on Parris Island.  
We held the coastline, they held the highlands,  
and they were sharp, as sharp as knives,  
they heard the hum of motors, they counted the rotors  
and waited for us to arrive.

And we would all go down together,  
we said we'd all go down together,  
yes, we would all go down together.