

The Dying Soldier

Christy Moore

'Look at the dying soldier,'
I heard someone whisper
And then I saw the blood come through my shirt
Am I going to die here?
I don't want to die here.
Someone come and pick me from the dirt.
I don't belong here,
I don't want to die here, oh no.
I don't belong here,
Don't let me die here, oh no.
My hands get colder
My thoughts grow weaker.
This must be the way it is.
Stop the shooting,
Don't you see I'm dying,
Someone come and say a prayer.
I don't belong here,
I don't want to die here, oh no.
I don't belong here,
Don't let me die here, oh no.
My eyes are closing,
I see someone coming
But he turns his back and runs away.
They've stopped shooting,
It's started raining,
This must be the way.
I don't belong here,
I don't want to die here, oh no.
I don't belong here,
Don't let me die here, oh no..
I want to go back home where my friends are,
I want to go on living there...
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I want to go on living there...
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I want to go on living there... REPEAT