

James Joyce Soles

Deacon Blue

Here's the pictures
I promised to send
You see the airbase
Where we were sent
Now the winter
Has started to descend
Your loving son was sent here

I got your letter
From Boise Idaho
To James Joyce Soles
To James Joyce Soles
I went down at midnight
To the Holy Loch shore
And scattered the ashes
Of James Joyce Soles

He knew the reasons
Why we were here
He loved your parcels
And all your care
You're so thoughtful
They're so fair
I know my friend thought so
Was James Joyce Soles

He's not just a soldier
He's not just a friend
He's been in the wars
In a foreign land
He's been on the payphone
When it was so cold
He was my comfort
Was James Joyce Soles
He was my comfort
In a country so old
He was my comfort
Was James Joyce Soles