

## Broken Blossoms

Dusty Springfield

I walk where once the grass was green  
And mourn the lark that sings no more  
What bird could sing whose eyes have seen  
Broken blossoms on the field of war?

And as they lie there in the sun  
How unimportant now it seems  
Just who has lost and who has won  
When with them have died so many dreams

They dreamed that endless hate would end  
Unceasing fear, one day, would cease  
They dreamed that foe would turn to friend  
And eternal war would turn to peace

But who can say how many more  
Will join these young and hopeful men?  
In fields they've never seen before  
Far from fields they'll never see again