

# All Quiet On The Western Front

Elton John

All quiet on the Western Front, nobody saw  
A youth asleep in the foreign soil, planted by the war  
Feel the pulse of human blood pouring forth  
See the stems of Europe bend under force

All quiet  
All quiet  
All quiet on the Western Front

So tired of this garden's grief, nobody cares  
Old kin kiss the small white cross, their only souvenir  
See the Prussian offense fly, weren't we grand  
To place the feel of cold sharp steel in their hands

It's gone all quiet on the Western Front, male angels sigh  
Ghosts float in a flooded trench as Germany dies  
Fever reaps the flowers of France, fair-haired boys  
String the harps to Victory's voice, joyous noise