

Protocol

Gordon Lightfoot

Who are these ones who would lead us now?
To the sound of a thousand guns
Who'd storm the gates of hell itself?
To the tune of a single drum

Where are the girls of the neighborhood bars?
Whose loves were lost at sea?
In the hills of France and on German soil
From Saigon to Wounded Knee

Who come from long lines of soldiers?
Whose duty was fulfilled?
In the words of a warrior's will
And protocol

Where are the boys in their coats of blue?
Who flew when their eyes were blind?
Was God in town for the Roman games?
Was he there when the deals were signed?

Who are the kings in their coats of mail?
Who road by the cross to die
Did they all go down into worthiness?
Is it wrong for a king to cry?
And who are these ones who would have us now
Whose presence in concealed
Whose nature is revealed
In a time bomb

Last of all you old sea dogs
Who travel after whale
You'd storm the gates of hell itself
For the taste of a mermaid's tail
Who come from long lines of skippers
Whose duty was fulfilled?
In the words of a warrior's will
And protocol