

Trail Of Tears

Guadalcanal Diary

The Sun hangs low in the Western sky
I bow my head and remember now
Someone's lips pressed close to mine
Her cool hand upon my brow

Hell burns hot for a killer 's heart
A shallow grave in an unmarked plot
Crack of gunfire in the dark
Hand in hand we'll walk at daybreak

One wore black
One wore black
One wore black

The trail of tears is winding on
Many pass along the road
Dusty soldiers march along
As they file one by one

One wore black
One wore black
One wore black

Trail of tears is winding on
Frightened soldier run no more
Arm and arm with lovers gone
No one passes on the road

Two girls wait at the railroad track
For their soldiers to come back
Knowing this will be their last
One wore blue and one wore black
One wore black