

All the Fine Young Men

Mary Black

They told all the fine young men,
"Ah, when this war is over,
There will be peace,
And the peace will last forever."
In Flanders Fields,
At Lone Pine and Bersheeba,
For king and country,
Honour and for duty,
The young men fought and cursed and wept and died.

They told all the fine young men,
"Ah, when this war is over,
In your country's grateful heart
We will cherish you forever."
Tobruk and Alamein,
Bhuna and Kokoda,
In a world mad with war,
Like their fathers before,
The young men fought and cursed and wept and died.

For many of those fine young men
All the wars are over,
They've found their peace,
It's the peace that lasts forever.
When the call comes again,
They will not answer,
They're just forgotten bones,
Lying far from their homes,
Forgotten as the cause for which they died.
Ah, Bluey, can you see now why they lied?