

# Song for the Dead

Randy Newman

Deep in the field  
A lone soldier stands  
With mud on his boot  
And blood on his hands  
They left him behind  
To bury the dead  
And to say a few words on behalf of the leadership

Pardon me boys  
If I slip off my pack  
And sit for awhile with you  
I'd like to explain  
Why you fine young men had to be blown apart  
To defend this mud hole

Now our country boys  
Though it's quite far away  
Found itself jeopardized  
Endangered, boys  
By these very gooks  
Who lie here beside you  
Forever near  
Forever

We'd like to express  
Our deep admiration  
For your courage under fire  
And your willingness to die  
For your country, boys  
We won't forget  
We won't forget