

Broken Heroes

Saxon

They came to fight for glory in their thousands
Young men with their dreams
They died before the guns for their country
A book of faded pictures, broken dreams

Where are they now
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The broken heroes

Uncle Sam is waiting with the draft card
He says you've got to fight the Vietcong
The stations full of flags and rule Britannia
The engine pulls you out towards the Somme

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The pipes are calling young men back to Belfast
The general says you march to Stalingrad
You rode into the valley with the hundred
Seven lonely graves on Goose Green

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