

Poor Old Soldier

Steeleye Span

Oh, you poor old soldier, what will you become
When there's no one left marching to the beat of your drum?
You fought all the battles and survived every one
Old soldier march on, march on

Will you join all the wounded old soldiers like you
And reflect on the glory like old soldiers do?
Will you tell of your comrades as they tell of you?
Old soldier march on, march on.

Will you relive each battle with toy tin soldiers so
That those who were lost can survive?
Will you still see those eyes under dark smokey skies?
All those comrades who kept you alive

Oh, you poor old soldier what will you become
When there's no one left marching to the beat of your drum?
Will the band still be playing as you lay down your gun?
Old soldier march on, march on
Old soldier march on, march on