

He's a long way from home  
And the shots cut him him down  
I saw it in a dream I had last night

I saw the shots cut him down  
And smoke all around  
And his broken body lying in the sand

Though I know that my son died for a new day  
And for all the millions that would pass this way  
If God himself should knock on my door  
I'd turn him away, say I ain't got no more to give

Well, the prince keeps us down  
Steals our money for his crown  
And the lies he tells us never go away

In the darkest night  
We had to stand up and fight  
It was that or die forever on our knees

The day he left for war,  
Silhouetted against the door,  
I had to look away and hide my face for shame.