

Native Son

James Taylor

Mount up, move on
May you find the way back home

Down and down we go
Down into bright october
Brothers in arms no more
Now that the war is over
Have you waded in and been to hell
Will you lie upon the sofa
See to the decoration of your shell
Now that the war is over

Mount up, move on
Damn the darkness, speed the dawn
They lost, we won
Try to find your way back home
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