

Soldiers

James Taylor

It was just after sunrise and down by the sea
down on the sand flats where nothing will grow
come drumming and footsteps like out of a dream
where the golden green waters come in.

Just nine lucky soldiers had come through the night
half of them wounded and barely alive
Just nine out of twenty was a-headed for home
with eleven sad stories to tell.

I remember quite clearly when I got out of bed
I said, "Oh, good morning. What a beautiful day."