

Remembrance Day

The 4-Skins

Remember the fields all full of red
The Rows of Poppies growing over the dead
Sent to die in a far off field
A part of land that will never heal

Chorus:

Lest we ever do forget the price that had to be paid
Lest we ever do forget the sacrifices they made

Never mind the rights and wrongs of war
The young men fell in their scores
Men of all classes and men of all age
Men who would never live for today

For the men who fought against the scourge of power
We celebrate their death by wearing a flower

The call will come again and again
The lines will be formed and men go away
Left to wonder the truth of it all
But will you be able to resist that call

Remembrance Remembrance Remebrance Day!