

Harold Land

Yes

Harold Land with a wave of his hand,
said goodbye to all that,
He paid his bills, stopped the Milk, and then put on his hat,
He tried to say his last farewells as quickly as he could,
Promising that he would return, but doubted that he would,
doubted that he would.

Now he's marching soldiers in the rain
as on to war they rode.
A long thin line of human mind,
damnation as their load!
In the mud in coldness dark he'd shiver out his fear,
What disappointing sights he'd seen instead of one's so dear
instead of one's so dear

Going home, He's going home to the land he loved so well,
Going home, he fought for two whole years he never fell,
He's going home, He's going home.
Harold Land with a wave of his hand stood sadly on the stage,
Clutching red ribbons from a badge but he didn't look his age,
only two years had passed between his leaving home and back,
He had lost his love and youth while leading the attack
Leading the attack

In conversation it could be said,
Well after war your heart is dead,
Well it's not hard to understand,
There is no heart in Harold Land.