

No Mans Land

Well, how do you do, Private William Mc-Bride
Do you mind if I sit here, down by your grave-side
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done

And I see by your gravestone, you were only nine-teen
When you joined the great fallen in nineteen six-teen
I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean
Or Willie Mc-Bride, was it slow and ob-scene

Did they beat the drum slowly?
Did they sound the pipes lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er ye as they lowered you down?
Did the band play The Last Post in chorus?
Did the pipes play The Flowers Of The For-est?

And did you leave a wife or a sweetheart be-hind?
In some faithful heart is your memory en-shrined
And though you died back in nineteen-six-teen
To that loyal heart are you always nine-teen

Or are you a stranger without even a name
Enshrined for-ever be-hind a glass pane
In an old photo-graph, torn and tattered and stained
And fading to yellow in a brown leather frame

Chorus

Well the sun's shining now on these green fields of France
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance
The trenches are vanished, now under the plough
No gas, no barbed-wire, no guns firing now

But here in this graveyard, it's still No Man's Land
and the countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind in-difference to his fellow man
And a whole gener-ation who were butchered and downed

Chorus

And I can't help but wonder now, Willie Mc-Bride
Do all those who lie here know why they died
Did you really be-lieve them when they told you the cause
Did you really be-lieve that this war would end wars

Well the suffering, the sorrow, the glory, the shame
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain
For Willie Mc-Bride, it's all happened a-gain
And A-gain and A-gain and A-gain and A-gain

Chorus