

## Remembrance

How many men can you lose in a day?

In a week, in a month, in a year?

And a hundred years on, who'd give a damn?

Consciences, perfectly clear.

So, we smoked, sang, and slept, then slept some more

Dreaming of those left behind

Who dreamt of us too, in their warm feather beds

Of the halt, and the mad, and the blind.

If the Hun didn't get you, the bloody lice would

Or the cold, or the fear, or the mud

But we'd wait, hold our tongues, keep our thoughts to ourselves

With no talk of the dead or the blood.

When finally it came, the whistle's long blast

Sent a stab, made of ice, to the heart

'Helmets secured! Bayonettes in place!

Chins up! Chests out! Play your part!'

And that's when it started, and ended for some,

The whites of their eyes turned to red

The name of their mother, their sweetheart, their wife,

The very last word that they said.

And for what, can you tell me, did they forfeit their lives

Their futures, their families, their homes?

For a hundred-yard crossing, a wasteland, a swamp

Where their spirits forever must roam.

So, how many men can you lose in a day?

In a week, in a month, in a year?

And a hundred years on, who'd give a damn?

Consciences, perfectly clear.