



Light of a Gold Star

By John Stea

Sometimes a battle becomes a war
Flags unfurl, boots land on a shore
Voices on the line, knocks on the door
Twenty-one guns, now its quarter to four
In the morning, without warning
Golden lights fall from a star-spangled sky
And I hear your voice saying it's all right: it's all right
You found your way home from so very far
Under the light of a gold star
Shine on, shine on, shine on
Shine on, shine on, shine on
Plans are laid, soldiers march in time
You'll be back, a promise with goodbye
Pictures on a wall, light hearted smiles
Take me to: those memories in my mind
Through the night mist, where a storm lifts
Golden lights fall from a star-spangled sky
And I hear your voice saying it's all right: it's all right
You found your way home from so very far
Under the light of a gold star
Shine on, shine on, shine on
Shine on, shine on, shine on
A blue star turned to Gold
As a flag began to fold
Still through it all You kept your promise
Golden lights fall from a star-spangled sky
And I hear your voice saying it's all right: it's all right
You found your way home from so very far
Under the light of a gold star
Shine on, shine on, shine on
Shine on, shine on, shine on
Shine on, shine on, shine on
Shine on, shine on, shine on