

A SOLDIER'S DAY



A soldier's day is never done,
Up at dawn before the sun.
With the roar of explosives in your head,
Wishing you could have stayed in bed.

Food is a dream, fried eggs and such,
Yet we won't have time to eat too much.
Going over at five, the soldiers are there,
Crossing their fingers, looking up into air.



See to your grenades, ammunition and guns,
For you and the boys know it is not for fun.
God will be there, high up in the blue,
Waiting for someone, perhaps for you.



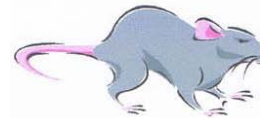
The air is cold, just fifty below,
You need to keep warm so you don't freeze a toe.
Sharp lookout boys, the target is near,
We don't want to meet the enemy here.



Put on your mask, the air's getting thin,
Return to the battle, some with a grin,
Over the wire clutching a gun,
ENEMY FIRE! Here comes the fun.



There goes one down, another one too,
Our soldiers, too busy to see none gets through.
You hear screams of pain, as another goes down,
They gasp yell and stumble right down to the ground.



We're tired, dirty, thirsty and sore,
The sun has gone down an hour before.
First clean your guns, and do it good boys!
The guns that you hold have your life, they're not toys.



Then you head for the trench, too tired to care,
Yet, a letter from home, another from her!
I love you she wrote, then you know you've won,
A soldier's day is never done.

