

1928 Saigon, a heavy monsoon took a grip on the Mekong
there was something wrong
an air of fear In a colonised land started off by some offbeat
coolie gang
1968 Saigon, the sound of rotary blades, birds of prey
family men led astray, there was something wrong
biting their lips in the ranks
nervously glancing at the tanks rolling off the gang planks
can we make it pay, can we make it safe?
can we make things clear on the new frontier
I don't wish to worry you
but an the mud and the madness
the bullets riddled this place with a history of sadness
the unsung heroes struck a chord deep in me
I was maybe six or seven when I saw it on TV
just Buddy and Charlie and you on your own
some guns and a six pack and a patched up radio
no sense no sanity, is it safe to go alone?
no loving arms like you got back home
did you do the right thing?
did you do the right thing?
(come on where's the fighting spirit? dry your tears)
there's a man spitting poison at a girl 'bout seventeen
with a gun held at her head, to blow away her dreams
and I sometimes start to wonder if there's any hope at all
and after two world wars, you'd have thought we'd learnt by now
there are too many madmen in this world, too may trigger happy
weirdos
and the tears she cried streaming down her face
for a million unsung heroes
we're all loners in this world, always waiting for the lid to b
low
and if the time it takes, takes too long, then it's off to figh
t we go
and at night I search my thoughts for any sanity left at all
and after three world wars, there'll be no one left at all...
we felt like pioneers in the fields of Tonking
we fought for all those years in the blood and the tears (rpt)
we felt like pioneers on the west frontier (to be free)