

Broken Blossoms

Dusty Springfield

I walk where once the grass was green
And mourn the lark that sings no more
What bird could sing whose eyes have seen
Broken blossoms on the field of war?

And as they lie there in the sun
How unimportant now it seems
Just who has lost and who has won
When with them have died so many dreams

They dreamed that endless hate would end
Unceasing fear, one day, would cease
They dreamed that foe would turn to friend
And eternal war would turn to peace

But who can say how many more
Will join these young and hopeful men?
In fields they've never seen before
Far from fields they'll never see again