Trail Of Tears

Guadalcanal Diary

The Sun hangs low in the Western sky I bow my head and remember now Someone's lips pressed close to mine Her cool hand upon my brow

Hell burns hot for a killer 's heart A shallow grave in an unmarked plot Crack of gunfire in the dark Hand in hand we'll walk at daybreak

One wore black One wore black One wore black

The trail of tears is winding on Many pass along the road Dusty soldiers march along As they file one by one

One wore black One wore black One wore black

Trail of tears is winding on Frightened soldier run no more Arm and arm with lovers gone No one passes on the road

Two girls wait at the railroad track For their soldiers to come back Knowing this will be their last One wore blue and one wore black One wore black