

# You Say That the Battle Is Over

John Denver

And you say that the battle is over  
And you say that the war is all done  
Go tell it to those  
With the wind in their nose  
Who run from the sound of the gun

And write it on the sides  
Of the great whaling ships  
Or on ice floes where conscience is tossed  
With the wild in their eyes  
It is they who must die  
And it's we who must measure the loss

And you say that the battle is over  
And finally the world is at peace  
You mean no one is dying  
And mothers don't weep  
Or it's not in the papers at least

There are those who would deal  
In the darkness of life  
There are those who would tear down the sun  
And most men are ruthless  
But some will still weep  
When the gifts we were given are gone

Now the blame cannot fall  
On the heads of a few  
It's become such a part of the race  
It's eternally tragic  
That that which is magic  
Be killed at the end of the glorious chase

From young seals to great whales  
From waters to wood  
They will fall just like weeds in the wind  
With fur coats and perfumes  
And trophies on walls  
What a hell of a race to call men

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With the wild in their eyes  
It is they who must die  
And it's we who must measure the cost