

To the Top of the Hill

Lee Kernaghan

Early dawn, the Dardanelles
Johnny Turk won't know what hit him
Drop the ladders down the side
Thirty men to every lifeboat

Silence shattered, rifle crack
And hell breaks loose with spiteful flashes
Easy targets, hit the beach
And run like hell through blood and water

And it's heads down lads, there's shrapnel flyin'
To the left and right, men are dyin'
And there's no retreat, no standing still
Onwards boys to the top of the hill

Run for cover, drop your kit
Under scrub fix bayonet
Trench by trench, and hand to hand
Up Scrubby Knoll and Chunuk Bair

And it's heads down lads, there's shrapnel flyin'
To the left and right, men are dyin'
And there's no retreat, no standing still
Onwards boys to the top of the hill

Some have stood, and some have fallen
Some are lying, torn and bleeding
And for us who still remain
We'll show their loss was not in vain

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And there's no retreat, no standing still
Onwards boys to the top of the hill
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Whoa oh oh oh, whoa oh oh oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh oh-oh
Whoa oh oh oh, whoa oh oh oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh oh-oh
Oh-oh, oh oh-oh