

Golden Ribbons

Loggins & Messina

Listen to the people crying
Hoping for the day they'll be free
I don't have to tell you they're dying
Just wake up, take a look, what do you see?

I see young men my own age in coffins
And mothers in tears for their sons
And sweethearts and wives alone with their memories
And golden ribbon's those fortunes of war

Thousands and thousands
Shall gather together
To seek and find the way we all need
And the son, we can bring him to glory
(Hallelujah)
And rid ourselves of the pain we all see

We see young men our own age in coffins
And mothers in tears for their sons
And sweethearts and wives alone with their memories
And golden ribbon's those fortunes of war

What does it avail a man
To gain fortune and lose his soul?
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