

Done With Bonaparte

Mark Knopfler

capo I

A D Bm E (3x) A D E A

F#m

We've paid in hell since Moscow burned

A

As Cossacks tear us piece by piece

E

Our dead are strewn a hundred leagues

D

Though death would be a sweet release

F#m

And our grande armee is dressed in rags

A

A frozen starving beggar band

E

Like rats we steal each other's scraps

D

E

A

Fall to fighting hand to hand

D

Save my soul from evil, Lord

A

F#m

And heal this soldier's heart

A

Bm

I'll trust in thee to keep me, Lord

D

A

D

Bm

E

I'm done with Bonaparte

A D Bm E A D E A

What dreams he made for us to dream

Spanish skies, Egyptian sands

The world was ours, we marched upon

Our little Corporal's command

And I lost an eye at Austerlitz

The sabre slash yet gives me pain

My one true love awaits me still

The flower of the aquitaine

Save my soul from evil, Lord

And heal this soldier's heart

I'll trust in thee to keep me, Lord

I'm done with Bonaparte

I pray for her who prays for me

A safe return to my belle France

We prayed these wars would end all wars

In war we know is no romance

And I pray our child will never see

A little Corporal again

Point toward a foreign shore

Captivate the hearts of men

Save my soul from evil, Lord

And heal this soldier's heart

I'll trust in thee to keep me, Lord

I'm done with Bonaparte