

The Sad & Silent Song Of A Soldier

Phil Ochs

And the flag draped coffins are a sailin' home
And the waves are watching as the engine drones
As the ship draws near, hear the bugle moan
The sad and silent song of a soldier

With a hero's greeting we will welcome him,
With hero's speeches we will honor him,
With a hero's ending we will bury him,
That's the sad and silent song of a soldier.

And comfort his family with a telegram,
We regret to inform you we have lost a man,
But we gave him the highest medal of the land,
That's the sad and silent song of a soldier.

We know what an awful price he had to pay,
But the enemy was contained for another day,
We trained him well, but he would have wanted it that way,
That's the sad and silent song of a soldier.

Oh, the weary wounded they wait by his side,
Wondering why they hadn't also died,
the picture of victory on its pride,
That's the sad and silent song of a soldier.

And the flag is at half mast wet with foreign rain,
Ignored by the stranger he had helped to train,
To him it was his duty to them again,
That's the sad and silent song of a soldier.

At Arlington he's lowered down without a pause,
And his native land welcomes him with open jaws,
And the tombstone reads such a noble cause,
That's the sad and silent song of a soldier.

Now a moment of silence for the broken man,
While the president proudly crows "we'll never bend",
And cheers their replacements marching off again,
That's the sad and silent song of a soldier.

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As the ship draws near, hear the bugle moan
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