

## Soldier Song

Piano Magic

Poor little soldier, the war is all done  
So tug off your medal and empty your gun  
They found you a pillow to lay down your head  
So hang up your hang-ups and climb into bed

There's a chime on the hour and a light in the hall  
And a picture of nothing in a frame on the wall  
And there's rain on the rooftops to the north of the  
shire  
And the trains run the coal through the heart of the  
night

You fought for your country you fought for your queen  
Now everyone's happy, now everyone's free  
And God help the bastard who says it's not so  
And God help the bastard 'cause what does he know?

Sleep in the knowledge that England is brave  
For each loss of breath is a life that you saved  
The angels will guard you, they'll tend to your brow  
Poor little soldier, come lay your head down

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