

No Man's Land

Tony Carey

He was my brother
he was born the day I left
he took the mother lode
and I took all the rest
he was a fighter
he was always in control
he kept a candle burning
way down in his soul

Shots fired in anger
and a widow cries alone
just one more mother's son
who wo'nt be coming home
they speak in whispers
there are riders to the east
the blind man says
"Mister bring a bottle and a priest"

That's the way it always goes
that's the way it's always been
who you are or what you know
you're like a feather on the wind

let the river wash you 'way
reach the river if you can
past the blue and past the grey
all the way to no man's land

There was no shelter
there was nowhere left to run
they came like eagles screaming
down out of the sun
I heard the whistle sound
the engine pulled away
I saw my brother down
I left him where he lay

Some fight for honor
there are those that fight for gold
some die believing
all the fairy tales they're told

there are no heroes
and there is no marching band
there are no miracles down here
in no man's land

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