NO MAN'S LAND
Eric Bogle- Larrikin Music/Music Sales

Well how do you do Private William McBride
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?
I'll rest for awhile in the warm summer sun
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done

And I see by your gravestone you were only 19
When you joined the glorious fallen in 1916
And I hope you died quick and I hope you died clean
Or William McBride was it slow and obscene?

Chorus:
Did they beat the drum slowly, did they sound the pipes lowly?
Did the rifles fire o'er you as they lowered you down?
Did the bugle play the last post and chorus?
Did the pipes play the "Flowers o' the Forest"?

Well the sun it shines now on these green fields of France
The warm wind blows gently and the red poppies dance
The trenches have vanished now under the plow
No gas and no barbed wire, no guns fire now

For here in this graveyard it's still no man's land
And the countless white crosses in mute witness stand
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man
And a whole generation who butchered and damned

(Chorus)

Well I can't help but wonder now, Willie McBride
Do all those who lie here know just why they died?
Did you really believe them when they told you the cause?
Did you really believe this war would end all wars?

But the suffering the sorrow the glory the shame
The killing, the dying, it was all done in vain
For William McBride it's all happened again
And again and again and again and again.
(Chorus)